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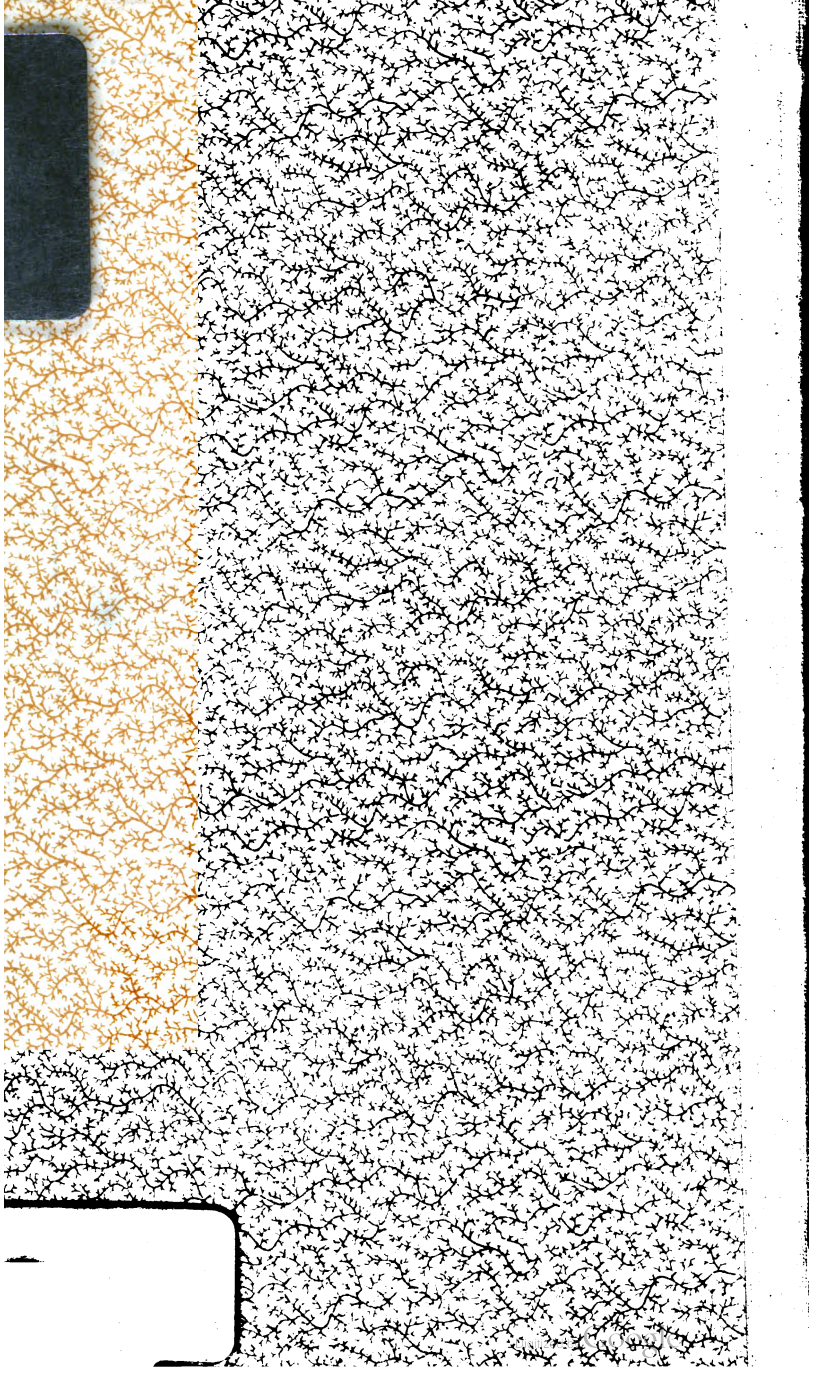
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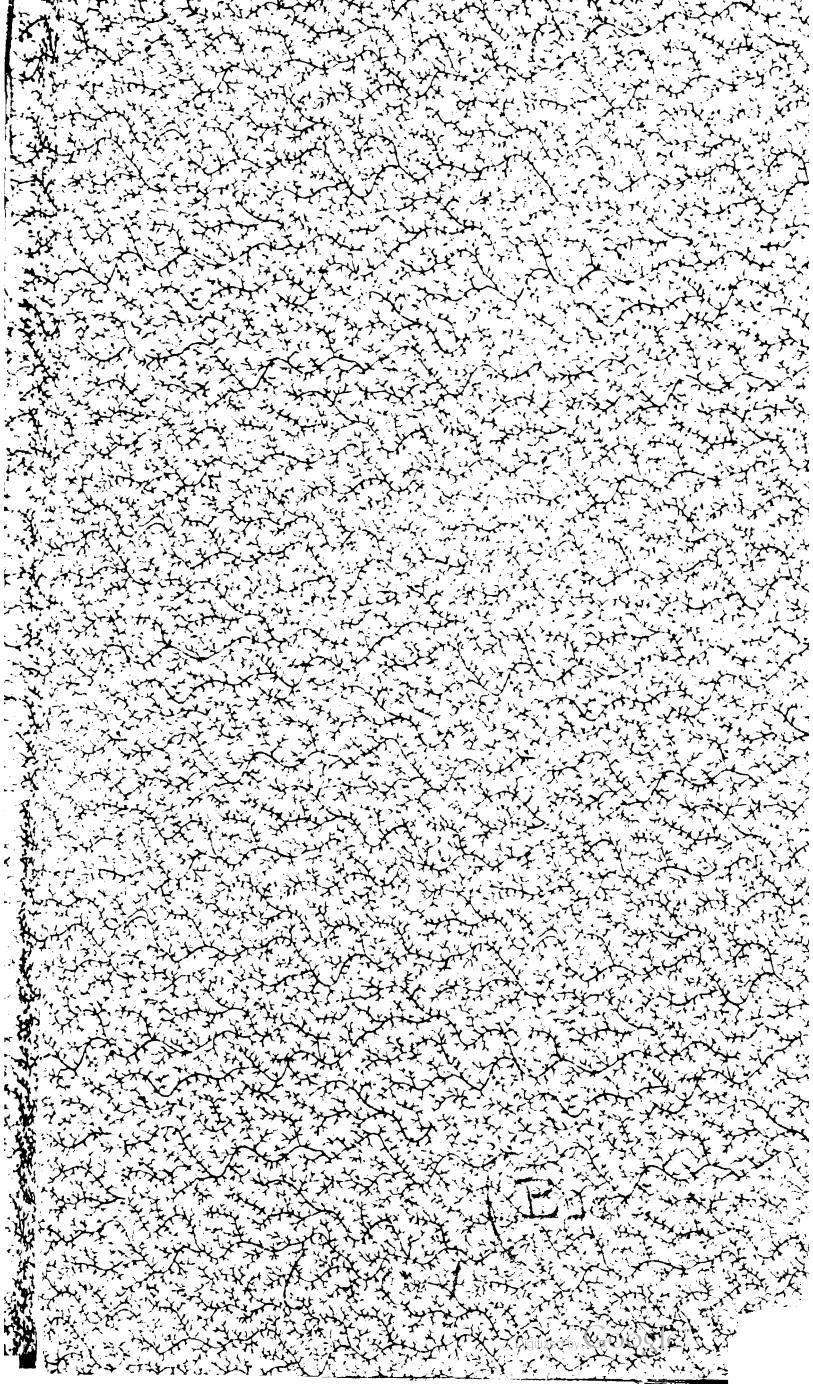
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**Buckingham's Reminiscences.**

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**A NECDOTES,  
PERSONAL MEMOIRS,  
AND  
BIOGRAPHIES OF LITERARY MEN,  
CONNECTED WITH  
NEWSPAPER LITERATURE,**

FROM 1690 TO 1800.

**BY JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.**

*With Fine Steel Portraits of*  
**ISAIAH THOMAS AND BENJAMIN RUSSELL.**

**VOL. I.**

**BOSTON:**  
**REDDING & CO., 8 STATE STREET.**  
**1852.**

*Buckingham*

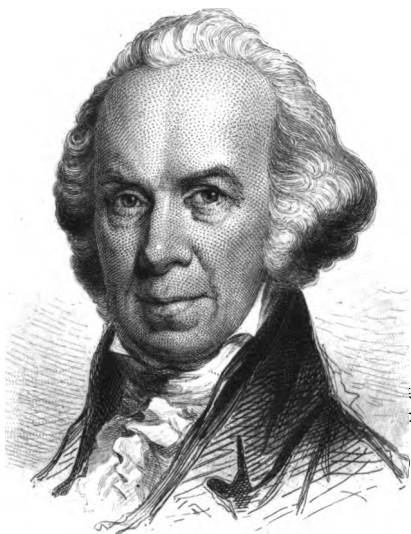












*Isiah Thomas*

BOSTON.

~~PUBLISHED~~ BY CHARLES C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN.

[illegible]

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

U.S. NAVY DEPARTMENT ASSEMBLY HALL

1. *Chrysomelids*

JOHN F. BASTON, JR.

Figure 1 consists of three scatter plots, each with 'Number of children' on the x-axis and 'Number of mothers' on the y-axis. The left plot shows a positive correlation with a regression line sloping upwards. The middle plot shows a negative correlation with a regression line sloping downwards. The right plot shows no correlation with a horizontal regression line.

1954

LONDON:  
C. F. FINE AND CO. LTD.

10



**SPECIMENS**

**OF**

**NEWSPAPER LITERATURE:**

**WITH**

**PERSONAL MEMOIRS, ANECDOTES,**

**AND**

**REMINISCENCES.**

**BY**

**JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.**

**VOL. I.**

**BOSTON:  
REDDING AND COMPANY.**

**1852.**

428

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TO  
ALL PRINTERS  
AND  
CONDUCTORS OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS,  
WHO ENTERTAIN  
A TRUE REGARD FOR THE DIGNITY OF THEIR PROFESSION,  
AND A  
DISPOSITION TO RENDER IT A BLESSING TO HUMANITY  
AS WELL AS  
A SOURCE OF PROFIT TO THEMSELVES,  
THESE VOLUMES  
ARE  
RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,  
BY THEIR  
FRIEND AND FELLOW-LABORER,  
J. T. B.

WY WEN  
DLEN  
YSAZEL



## P R E F A C E .

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THE nature of the contents of these volumes is so distinctly described in the title-page, that a preface may be thought rather superfluous than needful. It is not my purpose to forestall objection, to deprecate criticism, or to offer apology for defect.

Some of the "specimens," here exhibited, were preserved during an apprenticeship from 1795 to 1800 ; others, occasionally, in subsequent years. When solicited by my friends, the publishers, *to write a book of reminiscences*, I bethought me of my juvenile repository ; and, on looking it through, it occurred to me that some of its materials, — with an accompaniment of memoirs, anecdotes, and scraps of history, to point out their origin, and, when practicable, identify their authors, — might meet with a degree of favor, sufficient to indemnify the expense of publication. "On this hint" I went to work, and here is the product of my labor.

To the History of Printing, by the late Isaiah Thomas, Esq. I am indebted for many — though not all — the items of personal history of the earliest printers. I know not that those facts can be obtained from any other source. Mr. Thomas's work is not now to be found in the literary

market ; — *it is entirely out of print*. In what I have drawn from it, his own language has been freely preserved ; but seldom, if ever, without some kind of reference acknowledging the obligation.

For most of that, which relates to the history of Thomas Fleet and his descendants, my acknowledgement is due to John F. Eliot, of Boston, a branch of that stock by the maternal line, and, like his venerable father, the late Dr. Ephraim Eliot, a studious preserver of interesting and curious morsels of antiquity.

The relatives of the late Benjamin Russell politely favored me with the examination of all the manuscript papers he left at his decease. But from these little could be extracted to aid in the composition of a memoir, worthy of the subject. They were chiefly letters on business affairs, that possessed no interest for general readers. From the papers of one, who had, for many years, been intimately connected with some of the most celebrated statesmen and politicians of Massachusetts, it was expected that there would remain some tokens of correspondence on matters of public concern ; but nothing of this description was discovered. A short memorandum, on a piece of paper not larger than one of these pages, stating the name and occupation of his father, the time of his own birth, and the number and names of his brothers and sisters, is all the information derived from these papers. I am indebted to Henry Farnum, Esq. of Boston, — long the familiar friend of Mr. Russell, — for suggestions that have been useful in compiling the memoir ; and to the Rev. Dr. Jenks of Boston, for his courteous criticism and kind approbation of my performance. My acquaintance with Mr. Russell began in 1802,

and most of the anecdotes related of him I have heard repeatedly from his own lips. It is regretted that he did not occupy some of the latter years of his life in writing a history of *himself and his times*. He was frequently requested to do this, as frequently resolved that he would do it, but died and left no record, but what is contained in the Centinel. THAT is his auto-biography — a mirror, in which, only, a reflection of his character should be sought, and in which, only, it will be found.

To the Librarians of the Antiquarian Society, the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Boston Athenæum, and of Harvard College, my thanks are due for the privilege of examining the files of newspapers in the libraries of those institutions respectively. These have been referred to, chiefly, to verify dates and to confirm impressions on the tablet of memory.

A large portion of this work consists of extracts, which required but little exertion to select and arrange in their present connection, — an employment more pleasant than irksome. But the personal notices, meagre and imperfect as they are, have not been compiled without labor and vexation. This portion has been tedious and discouraging. Many fruitless inquiries have been made — many letters have been written, which produced no satisfactory answers. I have been anxious to present more particulars of the lives and actions of several persons than I have been able to obtain. In respect to some, who have deceased within a few years, and who are still remembered, I have not been successful in learning, even from their nearest relatives, any more of their history than the places and times of their respective births and deaths.

I like the plan of this work, — and I make no apology, nor ask pardon, for the conceitedness of the declaration. If it could be extended so as to embrace sketches and specimens of *all* the prominent newspapers, printers, and editors, that have put in their claim to public favor in these United States, — and which are entitled to such a memorial, — I cannot resist the belief that it would be “instructive, useful, and entertaining.” But such a field of labor would require an industrious and patient gleaner, — elastic of nerve, redolent of ambition, instinct with courage, and confident of coming years. Such a work would fill more volumes than would be read. The world itself would hardly contain the books.

The limits, to which, by an arrangement with the publisher, the contents of these volumes were circumscribed, have necessarily confined the selections of specimens to New-England (except in one or two instances) and chiefly to Massachusetts, and precluded all notices of publications that have had their origin since the commencement of the present century. Materials for a third volume, embracing matters of more recent date, and which excited some interest at the time of their occurrence, are on hand ; but it is not desirable that the public should be burdened with uncalled-for details. And even if the publication should be demanded, a willing compliance with the call may be defeated by an event, to which all are subject, — an event which *may* happen TO-MORROW, — which *must* happen SOON.

These volumes make no pretensions to a high literary character. They are the production of one, who had no advantages of education, but such as were supplied by the district schools in Connecticut, more than sixty years

ago, and before he was ten years old. For all else of literary qualification, he is indebted only to his own unaided efforts. The printing-office was his academy, and he has no diploma from any other University than that, of which Gutenberg, Laurentius, and Faust, were the founders.

J. T. B.



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# SPECIMENS OF NEWSPAPER LITERATURE.

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**THE** first attempt to set up a newspaper, in North-America,—so far as can be ascertained from existing records, or from tradition,—was made in Boston, in the year one thousand six hundred and ninety. Of the paper then issued only one copy is known to be in existence; and that copy is deposited in the State Paper Office in London, where it has been seen and examined by the Rev. Joseph B. Felt, the Librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Number 1 of this paper, and probably the only number ever published, is dated September 25, 1690. It is a small sheet, of four quarto pages, — one of which is blank, — and contains a record of passing occurrences, foreign and domestic. Immediately on its publication, it was noticed by the legislative authorities. Four days after, they spoke of it as a pamphlet; stated that it came out contrary to law, and contained “reflections of a very high nature.” They strictly forbade “any thing in print, without license first obtained from those appointed by the government to

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# SPECIMENS

OF

## NEWSPAPER LITERATURE.

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THE first attempt to set up a newspaper, in North-America, — so far as can be ascertained from existing records, or from tradition, — was made in Boston, in the year one thousand six hundred and ninety. Of the paper then issued only one copy is known to be in existence; and that copy is deposited in the State Paper Office in London, where it has been seen and examined by the Rev. Joseph B. Felt, the Librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Number 1 of this paper, and probably the only number ever published, is dated September 25, 1690. It is a small sheet, of four quarters, — one of which is blank, — and contains a record of passing occurrences, foreign and domestic. At its publication, it was noticed by the authorities. Four days after, they spoke of it as "a paper that came out contrary to the directions of a very high nature." "No thing in print, without license appointed by the government to

grant the same." It was printed by Richard Pierce for Benjamin Harris.\*

Richard Pierce, the reputed printer of this newspaper, is said by Mr. Thomas to have been the *fifth* person who carried on the printing business in Boston. Where he learned the art is not known; but, as there was a printer of that name in London in 1679, it is thought not improbable that he emigrated to this country, and set up his press in Boston, and was identical with the Richard Pierce, whose name appears in the imprint of the newspaper, that is in the London State Paper Office.

Benjamin Harris, whose name is given as that of the proprietor of this first newspaper, had a printing-house in Boston, and printed chiefly for booksellers. In 1692 and 1694, he printed the Acts and Laws of Massachusetts, and, according to the imprint, was "Printer to his Excellency the Governour and Council." He was from London, and returned to that place about the year 1694. Both before and after his emigration to this country, he had a bookstore in London. Dunton, an English bookseller, who had been in Boston, in his "Life and Errors," printed in London, in 1705, says of Benjamin Harris, — "He was a brisk asserter of English liberties, and once printed a book with that very title. He sold a Protestant Petition in King Charles's reign, for which he was fined five pounds; and he was once set in the pillory, but his wife (like a kind Rib) stood by him to defend her husband against the mob. After this (having a deal of mercury in his natural temper) he traveled to

\* See Felt's History of Salem, vol. i.

New-England, where he followed bookselling, and then coffee-selling, and then printing, but continued Ben Harris still, and is now both bookseller and printer in Grace Church Street, as we find by *his London Post*; so that his conversation is general (but never impertinent) and his wit pliable to all inventions. But yet his vanity, if he has any, gives no *alloy* to his wit, and is no more than might justly spring from conscious virtue; and I do him but justice in this part of his character, for in once traveling with him from Bury Fair, I found him to be the most ingenious and innocent companion, that I had ever met with." \*

Harris's commission to print the Laws was placed on the page opposite to the title, in the words following :

By his Excellency. — I order Benjamin Harris to print the Acts and Laws made by the Great and General Court, or Assembly of Their Majesties Province of Massachusetts-Bay in New-England, that we the People may be informed thereof.

WILLIAM PHIPPS.

Boston, December 16, 1692,

\* History of Printing, vol. i. 227-9.

## THE BOSTON NEWS-LETTER.

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THE first newspaper established in North-America, was the Boston News-Letter, the first number of which appeared on Monday, April 24, 1704. It was a half sheet of paper, in size about twelve inches by eight; made up in two pages folio, with two columns on each page. Under the title, which is in Roman letters of the size called, by printers, French Canon, are the words "printed by authority," in Old English, or Black letter. The imprint is "Boston; Printed by *B. Green*. Sold by *Nicholas Boone*, at his Shop near the Old Meeting-House." From the annexed advertisement, — the only one which the paper contains, — it is safe to infer that the proprietor was John Campbell: —

This News-Letter is to be continued Weekly; and all Persons who have any Houses, Lands, Tenements, Farms, Ships, Vessels, Goods, Wares, or Merchandizes, &c. to be Sold, or Let; or Servants Run-away, or Goods Stole or Lost; may have the same inserted at a Reasonable Rate, from *Twelve Pence*, to *Five Shillings*, and not to exceed: Who may agree with *John Campbel* Postmaster of *Boston*.

All Persons in Town and Country may have said News-Letter every Week, Yearly, upon reasonable terms, agreeing with *John Campbel*, Postmaster for the same.



From its commencement to November 3, 1707, the News-Letter was printed by Bartholomew Green. From that date to October 2, 1711, it was "Printed by *John Allen* in Pudding-Lane.\* And Sold at the *Post-Office* in Cornhill." At that time, the post-office and Allen's printing-office were destroyed by fire, and the paper was again printed by B. Green, "for John Campbell, Postmaster," till the end of the year 1722.

Of the personal history of John Campbell, I am not aware that any thing is known, except that he "was a Scotchman, a bookseller, and postmaster in Boston." If his literary accomplishments should be estimated by the evidence furnished in the columns of his paper, they were not of a high order. The contents of the News-Letter, during the whole of his proprietorship, are chiefly extracts from London papers. The little, that has the appearance of having been written by the editor, is clumsily composed, with no regard to punctuation or grammatical construction. His own advertisements concerning the business relations between him and his customers form the principal portion of all, that may be considered as original matter. The extracts, which follow, taken almost at random are specimens of the style of his composition.

During the several years from its commencement, it is evident, from Campbell's frequent and importunate calls upon the public, that the News-Letter had but feeble support, and limited circulation. The following advertisement is taken from the paper of May 12, 1707, more than three years after the publication was begun :—

\* Now Devonshire-street.

At the perswasion of several Gentlemen, Merchants and others, both in this and the Neighbouring Provinces, who are sensible of the want of this Publick Letter of Intelligence for both Foreign and Domestic Occurrences; the Undertaker has once more attempted to Print the same in hopes that all Persons who loves a Publick Good will one way or other put to their helping hand, to Promote and Support it, that the same may not only be carryed on a fourth year, but also continued for the future.

And all Persons in Town and Country who have a mind to encourage the same, may have the said Letter of Intelligence every Week by the year upon reasonable Terms, agreeing with John Campbell Post-master of Boston.

'Tis taken for granted that all such who had this Letter of Intelligence last year, and have not forbid the same, will be still willing to take it at the Price which others give: If any are of a contrary mind, let them signify it, and we shall forbear sending it to them.

The Undertaker has also been advised to carry on the Occurrences where they were left off, and 'tis hoped that fourteen days will retrieve the same.

At the close of the fourth year, Campbell repeated his appeal to the public in more importunate terms than before. "All Persons in Town and Country," who had not already paid for the fourth year, were desired "to pay or send it in: with their resolution if they would have it continued and proceeded in for a fifth year, (Life permitted :) though' there has not as yet appeared a competent number to take it annually so as to enable the Undertaker to carry it on effectually; yet he is still willing to proceed with it, if those gentlemen that have the last year lent their helping hand to support it, continue still of the same mind another year, in hopes that those who have been backward to promote such a Publick Good will at last set in with it."

In January, 1719, Campbell proposed publishing his paper on a whole sheet, "because," as he said, he found it impossible, "with half a sheet a week to carry on all

the Publick News of Europe." The project does not seem to have fulfilled his expectations ; for, a few months afterwards, he again laid his grievances before the public, in language, which could leave no doubt that he was suffering sore disappointment : —

The Undertaker of this News-Letter, the 12th January last being the Second Week of this Currant Years Intelligence gave then Intimation that after 14 (now upwards of 15) years experience, it was impossible with half a Sheet a Week to carry on all the Publick Occurrences of Europe, with those of this, our Neighbouring Provinces, and the West Indies. To make up which Deficiency, and the News Newer and more acceptable, he has since Printed every other Week a Sheet, whereby that which seem'd Old in the former half Sheets, becomes New now by the Sheet, which is easy to be seen by any One who will be at the pains to trace back former years, and even this time 12 Months, we were then 13 Months behind with the Foreign News beyond Great Britain, and now less than Five Months, so that by the Sheet we have retrieved about 8 months since January last, and any One that has the News-Letter since that time, to January next (life permitted) will be accommodated with all the News of Europe, &c. contained in the Publick Prints of London that are needful for to be known in these Parts. And in regard the Undertaker had not suitable encouragement, even to Print half a Sheet Weekly, seeing that he cannot vend 300 at an Impression, tho' some ignorantly concludes he Sells upwards of a Thousand ; far less is he able to Print a Sheet every other Week, without an Addition of 4, 6, or 8 Shillings a Year, as every one thinks fit to give payable Quarterly, which will only help to pay for Press and Paper, giving his Labour for nothing. And considering the great Charge he is at for several Setts of Publick Prints, by sundry Vessels from London, with the Price of Press, Paper, Labour, carrying out the News Papers, and his own Trouble, in collecting and composing, &c. It is afforded by the Year, or by the Piece or Paper, including the difference of money far cheaper than in England, where they Sell several Hundreds nay Thousands of Copies to a very small number vendd here. Such therefore as have not already paid for the half Year past the last Monday of June, are hereby desired to send or pay in the same to John Campbell at his House in Cornhill, Boston. August 10, 1719.

It does not appear that Campbell was relieved of his embarrassments by these urgent representations of his

discouraging circumstances. About this time a new postmaster was appointed, who, in December, 1719, began the publication of another paper. Campbell was much annoyed by his removal from office, and perhaps equally so by the setting up of a rival newspaper. He again addressed his customers, stating that he began his "Publick Letter of Intelligence near upon sixteen years ago, and ever since continued Weekly with Universal Approbation," &c., "for the Interest and advantage of the Post-Office, Gentlemen, Merchants and others, both in Town and Country; and preventing a great many false Reports." In a similar style he continued to address the public, two or three times a year, as long as he remained proprietor of the News-Letter.

The establishment of a third newspaper, — The New-England Courant, by James Franklin, in 1721, — was another annoyance to Campbell, and produced a "paper war," which lasted as long as he was connected with the News-Letter. In his address to the public, Franklin, it seems, intimated that the News-Letter was "a dull vehicle of intelligence." The imputation roused Campbell's temper, and imparted a spark or two of vitality to his paper. He defended himself against Franklin's charge in this wise, in the News-Letter of August 14: —

☞ On Monday last the 7th Currant, came forth a Third Newspaper in this Town, Entituled, The New England Courant, by *Homo non unius Negotii*; Or, Jack of all Trades, and it would seem, Good at none; giving some very, very frothy fulsome Account of himself, but lest the continuance of that style should offend his readers; wherein with submission (I speak for the Publisher of this Intelligence, whose endeavours has always been to give no offence, not meddling with things out of his Province.) The said Jack promises in pretence of Friendship to the other News Publishers to amend like soure Ale in Summer, Reflecting too, too much that my performances are now and then, very;

very Dull, Misrepresenting my candid endeavours (according to the Talent of my Capacity and Education ; not soaring above my Sphere) in giving a true and genuine account of all Matters of Fact, both Foreign and Domestick, as comes any way well Attested, for these Seventeen Years & an half past. It is often observed, a bright Morning is succeeded by a dark Rainy Day, and so much Mercury in the beginning may end in *Alhum Græcum*. And seeing our New Gentleman seems to be a Scholer of Academical Learning, (which I pretend not to, the more my unhappiness ; and too late to say, *O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter Annos*) and better qualified to perform a work of this Nature, for want whereof out of a Design for publick good made me at first at the Sollicitation of several Gentlemen, Merchants, and Others, come into it, according to the Proverb, thinking that half a Loafe was better than no Bread ; often wishing and desiring in Print that such a one would undertake it, and then no one should sooner come into it and pay more Yearly to carry it on than this Publisher, and none appearing then, nor since, (others being judges) to excell him in their performances, made him to continue. And our New Publisher being a Scholler and Master, he should (me thinks) have given us (whom he terms low, flat and dull) Admonition and told one and the other wherein our Dullness lay, (that we might be better Proficients for the future, Whither in reading, hearing, or pains taking, to write, gather, collect and insert the Publick Occurrences) before publick Censure, and a good example to copy and write after, and not tell us and the World at his first setting out, that he'll be like us in doing as we have done. *Turpe est Doctori cum culpa redarguit ipsum*. And now all my Latin being spent excepting what I design always to remember *Nemo sine crimine vivit*. I promise for my part so soon as he or any Scholler will Undertake my hitherto Task, and Endeavours, giving proof that he will not be very, very Dull, I shall not only desist for his Advantage, but also so far as capable Assist such a good Scribe.

It is to be regretted that the early numbers of Franklin's paper are not to be found, and that no trace can be discovered of either the address, which called forth the defence of Campbell, or Franklin's reply, which appeared in the Courant of the next week. That his reply was caustic and severe is evident from Campbell's rejoinder, which came out in the News-Letter of August 28, as follows : —

☞ J. C. to Jack Dullman *sendeth* Greeting.

Sir, What you call a Satyrical Advertisement was a just Vindication of my News-Letter, from some unfair Reflections, in your Introduction to your first Courant; Your reply in hobbling Verse, had they more Reason and less Railing might possibly have inclined me to think you was some Man of great Learning, or as you please to Word it, a *Meikle Man*; but Railery is the talent of a mean Spirit, and not to be returned by me. In honour to the Muses I dare not acknowledge your Poem to be from Parnassus; but as a little before the Composure you had been Rakeing in the Dunghill, its more probable the corrupt Steams got into your Brains, and your Dullcold Skul precipitate them into Ribaldry. I observe you are not always the same, your History of Inoculation intends the Publick Good,\* but your Letter to Mr. Compton and Rhyme to me smell more of the Ale Tub than the Lamp. I do not envy your skill in Anatomy, and your accurate discovery of the Gall Bladder, nor your Geography of the Dunghill (*natale solum*.) You say your Ale grows better, but have a care you do not Bottle it too New, Lest the Bottles fly and wet your Toyes. You say you are the Wiseman, and his Advice is, Prov. xxvi. Ver. 4 *Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou be like unto him.* And not very disagreeable to what I learned when a School Boy.

*Contra verbosos, noli contendere verbis.*

Against a man of wind spend not thy Breath.

Therefore I conclude with *Verbum Sapienti*,

*Tutius est, igitur fictis contendere verbis,*

*Quam pugnare manu.*

Vale.

Since like the Indian Natives, you Delight,  
to Murder in the Dark, eshun and fly the light,  
Farewel.

This quarrel, in which the ill-temper was probably all on one side, and the laughter and fun on the other, doubtless added popularity to both papers. A certain portion of readers have always appeared to enjoy the quarrels of editors. That the public read with avidity, — sometimes with insatiable greediness, — the controversies, which happen among the conductors of newspapers, at the present day, is a fact too notorious to need any

\* The Courant strongly opposed inoculating for the small pox.

illustrative evidence. The propensity was, probably, no weaker in the days of Campbell and Franklin.

While this controversy continued, which was about two months, Campbell issued a whole sheet every week, after which the News-Letter was reduced to its original dimensions. The nick-name, Jack Dullman, was probably used by Campbell as a retort upon Franklin, for saying that the News-Letter was "dull, very dull."

The files of the News-Letter, down to the end of the year 1722, — when Bartholomew Green became its proprietor, — are very imperfect. The most complete, that I have been able to find, are those in the Library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, — and these are all bound in two volumes, — embracing not half the numbers for the years previous to 1720. It is not probable that the missing numbers differ essentially in the character of their contents from those, which are preserved. Extracts from English papers are the principal material. It was undoubtedly the intention of Campbell to present a connected narrative of the most important political events in Europe; and this intention he apparently fulfilled, as far as the limits of his paper allowed. The intercourse between this country and Europe not being carried on with much regularity, the intelligence was seldom imparted to his readers, till some months after the transactions, that formed its basis. The first number of the paper, April 24, 1704, contained accounts of the movements of the Jacobites in Scotland, in November, 1703, and the speech of Queen Anne to Parliament, in relation to the designs of the Pretender, delivered December 17, 1703. The narrative of the wars in Europe during the reign of Anne, and loyal addresses from various cities,

boroughs, and corporations, with her "most gracious" replies, are prominent articles in many numbers of the paper. Indeed, almost every important state paper, issued by the government of Great-Britain, may be found in the News-Letter.

The domestic affairs of the colonies occupy but a small space. Arrivals and clearances at the principal ports, and the "remarkable occurrences" of the times, are generally comprised in a few lines. Occasionally, however, we find an incident related in a style adapted to gratify the lovers of the marvelous. The two, which follow, are presumed to be the composition of the editor, and to exemplify a remark before made concerning his literary acquirements. The first is from the News-Letter of May 8, 1704: —

*Piscataqua, April 29.* By Letters thence, acquainted, that on Fryday the 28, four Indians Seized a Servant Maid of *Richard Waldron's, Esq.* at *Cocheco*, who went about 150 yards from the Garrison to a Spring, for a Jugg of Water, about half an hour after Sun down: Supposed to be the same *Indians* that did the mischief mentioned in my last, upon *Nathanael Meader* and *Edward Taylor*: They askt her many Questions; *Viz*— Whither there was not a *French* Shallop put on Shoar in *New-England* in a Storm? And what was become of the Frenchmen? Whither or not we had any Forces going out against the French? What number of Souldiers was in the Garrison? What Mr. *Waldron* had been doing in his Field all day? What he designed to do with that new Timber hal'd to the side of his House? They told her that they had lyen near his House all that day, and a week before to wait to catch him, whom they saw to pass over his Boom towards Capt. *Geerishes* two Houses, by Sun-set; and that they might take him on his return, they had crept down to the foot of the Boom, as near as possible: at which time the Maid came along, and were forced to take her, otherwise they must have been discovered: They told her also that they had been so near him in the Field, that one of them had cock'd his Gun at him, and going to discharge, another perswaded him to forbear, he would presently have a better Shot at him: They likewise told her 'twas never the near for him to build his New Fortifications round his



House, for they would certainly take him, and that 'twere in Vain for him to Plant his New Orchard in his Field, for he should neither eat the apples, nor drink the Cyder, for that they would have him by & by, and roast him, and She should see it. In the Interim Mr. *Waldron* coming over the Boom; the Watchman on the Top of his House, not knowing who it was, call'd out, *Stand*; which the *Indians* hearing, being frightened ran all away, one stept back and with the head of his Hatchet, knock't the Girl down, and left her for Dead, who lay in the Spot two Hours, till being found wanting, was enquir'd after and search'd for at the spring, where she was found, a little come to her self; hope she may do well, for her skull is not broke. Thus Mr. *Waldron* narrowly escap'd.

A manuscript note, attached to this article, says, — “This was a story invented by the girl to conceal her staying too long at the spring with a young man.” This note appears to be in the hand-writing of the late Rev. Dr. Eliot, by whose family the volume of the News-Letter, now before me, was presented to the Library of the Historical Society.

Here follows a recital of “moving accidents, by flood and field,” which appears to be an editorial composition, standing under “*Boston, May 15.*”

On the 11. Currant Arrived Mr. *Jacob Fowle* of *Marblehead*, at *Stonington*, in a small Sloop, about 22 days from *Curaso*: he was lately an Apprentice to Mr. *Bulfinch* Sail-maker of *Boston*; went out some 12 Months ago, in one *Reddinton* from *Rhode-Island*, for *Curaso*, in order to go a Privateering when they came there: the Governour broke their measures, the men Shipt themselves some one way and some another, his Lot was to go on board a Dutch man, bound for to trade with the Spaniards, in a Ketch of 10 Guns. A Spaniard met them, kill'd the Dutch Lieutenant. The Master, Merchant and others upon it jump't into the hole, before the Spaniard so much as boarded them; and if they had fought need not have been taken. When they were carryed into New Spain, where he was about 9 Months, all the men were sent to the Mines, he being Sick was spared; and when somewhat recovered, the Governour of the place, wanting a Sute of Sails to be made for a Sloop, hearing he was a Sail-maker, put him to make them; for which he had a very small reward, a bit of Meat the breadth of a mans Finger,

and a little *Cassadar* bread, his chief Diet while in N. Spain was Oysters. A Trader being bound along the Coast wanted a hand, came to the Governour to desire the English man, and promised to return him again, when he came back ; 't was granted : So Mr. *Fowle* went along with him, and coming into a certain Port where a French man of War lay ; he went on board, and met another English man, to whom he said, that if he would go along with him, he would come for him in the Night, and would carry him off, 't was agreed, the other should be in the Lyon in the head, and he should come with his Canoo, and take him in ; and they two should knock the Spaniards of the Barque alongo in the head, and come away with her, and accordingly he took the Canoo in the night, when the Spaniard was asleep, and put in her two Guns, two Cutlases and 2 Pistols, took the Ancient for a Sayl and Sails to the Man of War ; the Watch on board was too quick-sighted for him, espied 'em, and was forced to paddle back again with all his might, put the Ancient in his place. The Spaniards still asleep knew nothing of it. In some short time afterwards, the Spaniards going all ashore leaving him and a *Spanish Indian* on board, he stept and unloos'd the Sails of the Barque alongo, told the Indian if he would go along with him might go & should fare well, he said still no no, & went to take up a Hand-spoke to knock out Mr. *Fowle's* brains, in the interim Mr. *Fowle* tript up his heels & threw him Over-board, & put to sea ; the Spaniards on Shoar Man'd their Canoo to overtake him, came up with him : The Boat-swain first put his hand upon the Barque-along, & Mr. *Fowle* stab'd him and he fell backwards, the Captain seeing that, said, put off ; the Fort fired several shot at him, some whereof came thro' his Sayls. They also Man'd a Parriagur after him, & pursued him about 8 hours till midnight ; but having a fair wind, in about two days, got safe into *Curasso* about 70 Leagues distant from the Port in *New Spain* he came from, having on Board about 19000 of Cocoa : The Lient. Gov. of *Curasso* forgave him the Custom of it, saying he well deserved it. He sold his vessel & Cargo there : And bought the Sloop in which he came home in ; he met with a violent Storm the 4 instant. He says that of late the Spaniards kill all the *English* they take, but saves the *Dutch* alive.

The News-Letter of June 5 contains Governor Dudley's Proclamation, requiring all officers, citizens, &c., "of Her Majesty's Loving Subjects," to apprehend and seize certain Pirates. Captain Quelch, the commander of a brigantine, had committed a piracy on a Portuguese

merchantman, and, with several of his crew, was then in custody in Boston. More of the crew were afterwards taken at Gloucester and the Isle of Shoals. Quelch, with six of his men, was tried at Boston, and all were convicted and sentenced to be hung. A sheet, which appears to have been printed as a supplement to the News-Letter, contains "An account of the Behaviour and last Dying Speeches of John Quelch, John Lambert, Christopher Scudamore, John Miller, Erasmus Peterson and Peter Roach, the six Pirates that were executed on Charles River, *Boston* side, on Friday, June 30th, 1704." The account states that the ministers of the town had used more than ordinary endeavors to instruct the prisoners and bring them to repentance. "There were sermons preached in their hearing every day — and prayers daily made with them. And they were catechised and had occasional exhortations." It further states that, on the morning of the execution, "they were guarded from the prison in Boston by forty musketeers, constables of the town, the provost marshal, and his officers, &c., with two ministers, who took great pains to prepare them for the last article of their lives. Being allowed to walk on foot through the town to Scarlett's Wharf; where the Silver oar being carried before them; they were conveyed by water to the place of execution," &c. The "exhortations to the malefactors" and the prayer made by one of the ministers, after the pirates were on the scaffold, "as near as it could be taken in writing in the great crowd," fill near half of the paper. On going up the stage, Quelch said to one of the ministers, "I am not afraid of death. I am not afraid of the gallows: but I am afraid of what follows.

I am afraid of a great God and a judgment to come." But, says the narrative, "he afterwards seemed to brave it out too much against that fear." He pulled off his hat and bowed to the spectators, and said, "I desire to be informed for what I am here." When Lambert was warning the spectators to beware of bad company, "Quelch joining," they said, "they should also take care how they brought money into New England to be hanged for it." Peterson "cryed of injustice," and told the executioner, "he was a very strong man, and prayed to be put out of misery as soon as possible." The next paper states that "as they had led a wicked and vicious life, so to appearance, they dyed very obdurately and impenitently, hardened in their sins."

There are not, generally, more than two or three advertisements in each paper. Some of them are amusing from the quaintness of their style, or from the kind of articles advertised for sale. The following are specimens : —

A Certain Person has Two or Three Hundred Pounds to let at Interest, for good Security; Inquire at the Post-office In *Cornhill, Boston*, and know further.

A Strong Lusty white Servant Maids' Time for about three years and a half, fit for any Household Service, to be disposed of by Mr. *John Edwards*, Goldsmith in *Cornhill, Boston*.

*By Order of the Post Master General of  
North-America.*

*These are to give Notice, That on Monday Night the Sixth of this Instant December, The Western Post between Boston and New-York, sets out once a Fortnight the Three Winter Months of December, January and February, and to go Alternately from Boston to Saybrook and Hartford, to Exchange the Mayle of Letters with the New-York Ryder, the First Turn for Saybrook, to meet the New-York Ryder on Saturday Night the 11th Currant. And the Second Turn he sets out at Boston, on Monday Night the 20th*

*Currant to meet the New-York Ryder at Hartford on Saturday Night the 25th Currant, to Exchange Mayles.*

*And all Persons that sends Letters from Boston to Connecticut, from and after the 13th Instant, are hereby Notified, first to pay the Portage on the same.*

These are to desire a certain woman that convey'd away a piece of fine Lace of Fourteen Shillings per yard from a Shop in Boston about Three Months ago to return the same.

And of another that convey'd away a piece Fine Calico under her Ryding-hood some time since Satisfaction is Demanded, or else they may expect to be publickly exposed.

From these it appears that the mystery of shop-lifting was not unknown here in former times. One class of advertisements was too common to be viewed at the present day, without regret and mortification. For example: —

A Negro man, a negro woman, and a negro Girl about 16 years old to be sold: Inquire at the Post-office in Cornhill, Boston, and know further.

Many of the historical facts, that form the basis of European history, during the reigns of Queen Anne and George I., may be read in the Boston News-Letter. Several papers are filled with the despatches of the Duke of Marlborough. The funeral ceremonies of Anne, as observed at Portsmouth, Salem, and Boston, and the celebration of the accession of George, are described in a style of exquisite loyalty.

It is presumed that Campbell received but little, if any, aid in the management of his paper. The earliest communication I have seen, worthy of notice, is the following, published April 18, 1721. The article, to which it is a reply, I have not been able to find.

*The Country-Man's Answer, to a Letter Intitaled, The Distressed State of the Town of Boston considered.*

SIR,

I Received your Letter, and shall draw up an Answer to it at large, when I have a little Leisure from my Husbandry, and have inquired into the Truth of matters of Fact; for I must needs tell you, we have a great many Lyes of late Years, and generally about this Season of the Year, sent up from *Boston*, and with great Industry spread among us, with respect to the State of Management of our Publick Affairs and especially a New Governour being expected; and therefore you must Excuse us if we don't believe every thing that you send us, either in Writing or Messages.

I am truly sorry for your distressing and threatening Circumstances in *Boston*, tho' I must needs say, it is no more than I have for some time been afraid of, when I have seen your sumptuous Buildings, your gallant Furniture, your Costly Clothing, and the profuseness of your Tables, and the great and scandalous Expence at Taverns, besides a great deal of other Extravagance; I have been always afraid what the Consequence of these things would be; and we are told that not only the Government, but the Ministers of your Town have with all Faithfulness and Seriousness warned you hereof. We think it very strange in the Country, that when the General Assembly have framed Laws, for the good of the Community and even for the Ease of Debtors to prevent their Oppression, that any private Person should Arraign the Wisdom and even the Justice of the *Legislature*, this is such a practice as never was attempted before, and we suppose will not be countenanced.

As to Silver and Gold we never had much of it in the Country; but we can very well remember, that before we had Paper Money, there was a sufficiency of it Currant in the Country; and as the Bills of Credit, came in and multiplied, the Silver ceased and was gone; and of all Men, you in *Boston*, especially the Merchants, should be silent as to that matter, for you have shipp'd it off, and yet now complain of the want of it.

As to the Publick Loans or Bank as you call it, all the World knows that the General Assembly, especially the Country part had never thought of or consented to it, had it not been on the great Sollicitation and pressing Importunity of the Trading part; and yet now you Arraign their Wisdom and even their Goodness, this must be lookt on as high Ingratitude. We are very much surprized, you should Rake into the Ashes of the Private Bank Projection, that has been buried so many Years; you cannot but remember that not only the General

**Assembly, upon the most mature deliberation, solemnly protested against any such thing; but even your own Town of Boston, at such a Meeting as we understand they scarce ever had before, by a great Majority utterly refused it. It is too large a Field to enter upon in a short Letter, to recite the endless Mischiefs and Confusion that Projection would have involv'd us in; and we and our Posterity shall have reason to be thankful, that we were delivered from it.**

**As to your Project of Building of Bridges, Fortifications and other-ways of laying out Money, one would not think by this Paragraph of your Letter, that your Circumstances were so Distressing as you pretend to.**

**We understand the Province is now in Debt, 1.60000 and you would have it run 1.100000 more in Debt, and say it will be for our Advantage.**

**This is what we cannot Comprehend. It should seem to us not only just to pay our Debts; but even Wise and Prudent for the Country to clear the old Score, before we begin a new one; and I suppose it will be very difficult to perswade the Government into any such Projection: If the Building a Bridge to *Charlstown* be of such weighty profit, I believe the Country would rather private Persons should undertake, and run the Risque, and have the Benefits, than involve the Government in so chargeable and dangerous a thing, and which is thought by some Impracticable.**

**Your Advice as to setting up and encouraging Manufactures we very much approve of; and you may depend upon it, we in the Country shall, with the Favour of GOD raise our own Provisions, and wear Clothing of our own making as far as possible and live out of Debt.**

**I am much mistaken if His Excellency the Governour and Council give you any Thanks for these few Sugar Plumbs you are pleased to sweeten them with, when you so much affront them in their Publick Administration.**

**As to your Advice about the choice of our Representatives, which seems the main Spring and design of your Letter, we shall endeavour to choose Men of a Publick Spirit that understand and design the good of the Country in General, Men of good Substance and Interest in the Country, Men well affected to our great Master King GEORGE, the Religion Government and Liberties of *New-England*, Men that will take care to ease the Debts of the Province; and not run us further into Debt, Men of Virtue and Peaceable Dispositions; and we earnestly hope your People in *Boston* will make the same choice, that so we may have a good and wise Election, and a Peaceable and happy Session, and the General Assembly have the Divine Conduct and Blessing on all**

their Arduous Affairs ; and the whole Country be under the Protection and Encouragement they Enjoy leading quiet and peaceable Lives in all Godliness and Honesty.

And I am

SIR

your assured Friend.

As a memorial of the pious liberality of the age, the following communication from a gentleman of Providence is not destitute of interest : —

THESE are to give Notice, That whereas there are in the Colony of Rhode-Island Providence Plantations, sundry Congregations of Different Perswasions, besides the Church of England, and a Congregational Meeting-House at New-Port: Several well-disposed Inhabitants of Providence (differing in their Opinions from the rest of their Neighbours in that great Town; being a thorow fair to the Neighbouring Colonies, where Travellers often lodge on the Lord's Day) and not being able of themselves, to build a Meeting-House, for GOD'S Worship to be performed in, by an Orthodox Minister of the Congregational or Presbyterian Perswasion, both for their own and Strangers accommodation, A Gentleman of the said Town and Perswasion (with the Advice and Consent of the others, and Approbation of sundry Able, Pious and Grave Ministers of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay) took upon himself the Toil and Labour of going from place to place, both in this Province and Rhode-Island Government, to gather and collect every Pious Soul's Voluntary Contributions, in order to forward so good and Christian a Work; which thro' Mercy (*Laus Deo*) has been so far advanced and accomplished by *John Hogle* Physician of the said Town, that on Wednesday the fifth of this Instant September; the said Meeting-House was Amicably Raised there, for which the said *Hogle* hereby desires in his own and the others Names, to render many Thanks to the Honourable and Worthy Gentlemen and other Pious People, that by their Charity lent their helping Hand, so far as to enable him and them to Effect and Perform this good piece of Service, for the further advancing, promoting, and enlarging of the glorious Gospel and Kingdom of our Dear Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST.

In 1721, there was great excitement in Boston, on account of the small-pox, and the attempt to introduce



the practice of inoculation. "At a town-meeting, held on the fourth of November, it was voted, That whosoever shall come into this town of Boston from any other town presumptuously, to bring the small-pox on him or herself, or be inoculated, shall be forthwith sent to the hospital or pest-house, unless they see cause to depart to their own homes ; — or if any person be found in town under that operation, which may be an occasion of continuing a malignant infection, and increasing it amongst us, that they be removed immediately, lest by allowing this practice, the town be made an hospital for that which may prove worse than the small-pox, which hath already put so many into mourning. And that the justices and selectmen be desired to put the method above said into practice, without delay, as the law directs."

The Rev. Increase Mather and his son, the Rev. Cotton Mather, were in favor of inoculation. Franklin and the correspondents of the *Courant* opposed it, and assailed those clergymen, in that paper, with merciless ridicule. The following communication in the *News-Letter* of August 28, two weeks after the first number of the *Courant* was published, was attributed to Cotton Mather, and probably not without reason : —

*To the Author of the Boston News-Letter.*

SIR,

For Publick Use, we desire the favour of you to give this a place in your *Intelligencer*, Remembering that some Weeks past, you entertained your Readers with a sad Account of a scandalous Club, set up in London ; to Insult the most sacred Principles of the Christian Religion, tending to corrupt the Minds and Morals of the People ; Against whom the King in Council gave strict Command and Orders for discovering, prosecuting and severely punishing any that are found guilty of such Impieties.

And for a Lamentation to our amazement (notwithstanding of GOD'S hand against us, in His Visitation of the Small-Pox in Boston, and the threatening Aspect of the Wet-Weather) we find a Notorious, Scandalous Paper, called the *Courant*, full freighted with Nonsense, Unmanliness, Railery, Prophaneness, Immorality, Arrogance, Calumnies, Lyes, Contradictions, and what not, all tending to Quarrels and Divisions, and to Debauch and Corrupt the Minds and Manners of New-England. And what likewise troubles us is, That it goes Currant among the People, that the Practitioners of Physick in Boston, who exert themselves in discovering the evil of Inoculation and its Tendencies (several of whom we know to be Gentlemen by Birth, Education, Probity and Good Manners, that abhors any ill Action) are said esteem'd and reputed to be the Authors of that Flagitious and Wicked Paper; who we hope and trust will clear themselves off and from the Imputation, else People will take it for granted, they are a New Club set up in New-England, like to that in our Mother England, whom we sincerely and heartily admonish warn and advise, not only to remember Lot's Wife; but also what befell several of the Club in England; (which we forbear to name) lest their Bands be made strong, and a worse thing befall them.

And will oblige them who are,

*Your Friends and Well-  
Wishers to our Country and  
all Good Men.*

Among the advertisements in the News-Letter of November 21, is the following:—

*To prevent wrong Representations that may be made of a late Awful and Tremendous Occurrence fallen out in Boston, it was thought fit to give this true and short Account of it.*

At the House of the Reverend Dr. Cotton Mather, there lodged his Kinsman, a worthy Minister under the *Small-Pox*, received and managed in the way of *Inoculation*. Towards Three of the Clock in the Night, as it grew towards the Morning of *Tuesday* the Fourteenth of this Instant *November*, some unknown Hands threw a Fired Granado into the Chamber of the Sick Gentleman: The weight whereof alone, if it had fallen upon the Head of the Patient (which it seemed aimed at) would have been enough to have done part of the Business designed. But the Granado was charged with Combustible matter, and in such a manner, that upon its going off, it must probably have killed the Persons in the Room, and would have certainly fired the Chamber & soon

have laid the House in Ashes, which has appear'd Incontestible to them that have since Examined it. But the Merciful Providence of GOD so ordered it, that the Granado passing through the Window, had by the Iron in the Middle of the Casement, such a Turn given to it, that in falling on the Floor, the Fired Wild-Fire in the Fuse was silently shaken out some Distance from the Shell, and burned out upon the Floor, without firing the Granado. When the Granado was taken up, there was found a Paper so tied with Thread about the Fuse, that it might outlive the breaking of the Shell; wherein were these Words: COTTON MATHER. *I was once one of your Meeting: But the Cursed Lye you told of ——— You know who, made me leave You, You Dog, And Damn You, I will Inoculate You with this, with a Pox to You.* This is the Sum of the Matter, without any Remarks upon it.

At the end of the year 1722, Campbell gave up his property in the News-Letter to Green, — as appears by the following advertisement, published in the paper of December 31.

\*.\* These are to give Notice, That Mr. Campbell, Designing not to Publish any more News-Letters, after this Monday the 31st Currant, Bartholomew Green the Printer thereof for these 18 Years past, having had Experience of his Practice therein; intends (Life permitted) to carry on the same, (using his Method on the Arrival of Vessels from Great Britain, &c., to give a Summary of the most Remarkable Occurrences of Europe, and afterwards the Thread of the News,) provided he can have due Encouragement by competent Numbers taking it by the Year, so as to enable him to defray the necessary Charges. And all those who have a Mind (either in Town or Country) to Promote and Encourage the Continuation of the abovesaid Intelligence, are hereby desired to Agree with the said Green, either by Word or Writing; who may have it on reasonable Terms, left at any House in Town, Sealed or Unsealed.

This notice was republished the next week, with this addition:—

*This being the first of a New Year, it is sent at Present to such as bespoke the Publisher for it, and those who had it last year from Mr. Campbell, who if any of them are not willing it should be continued to them, are hereby desired to return this.*

Bartholomew Green began his career, as publisher and editor of the News-Letter, with an intention of making

it a correct source of intelligence, and of giving it a moral and religious character. His third number, January 21, has the following notice on the first column :

*An Advertisement from the Publisher.*

It being my Desire to make this as profitable and entertaining to the good people of this country as I can, I propose to give not only the most material articles of intelligence, both foreign and domestic, which concern the political state of the world ; but also because this is a country, that has yet, through the mercy of God, many people in it, that have the State of religion in the world very much at heart, and would be glad, if they knew how to order their prayers and praises to the Great God thereupon, I shall endeavour, now and then, to insert an article upon the state of religion. I shall, therefore, from time to time, wait upon such as I may know to cultivate a correspondence with the most eminent persons in several nations, who may please to communicate to me, and thereby to the public, such things as all good men cannot but receive with satisfaction.

Agreeably to this declaration, several succeeding papers contained a column, selected from various publications, of matter concerning the *State of Religion*. On the seventh of March, following, he repeated his intention, somewhat more at large, as follows : —

☞ The design of this paper is not merely to amuse the reader : much less to gratify any ill tempers by reproach or ridicule, to promote contention, or espouse any party among us. The publisher, on the contrary, laments our dangerous and unhappy divisions ; and he would always approve himself as a peaceable friend and servant to all, and unkind to none ; nor would he ever render evil for evil, either by action, speaking, or writing. He longs for the blissful times, when wars shall cease to the ends of the earth. He would rather endeavor his utmost to advance an universal concord and harmony ; were it not for fear of adding oil to the flames ; and he remembers the fable, which shows him the danger of interceding between fierce and contending enemies. The publisher would therefore strive to oblige all his readers by publishing those transactions, that have no relation to any of our quarrels, and may be equally entertaining to the greatest adversaries. For this end he proposes to extend his paper to *The History of Nature among us*, as

well as of *Political and Foreign Affairs*. And agreeable to this design, he desires all ingenious gentlemen, in every part of the country, to communicate the remarkable things they observe; and he desires them to send their accounts post-free, and nothing but what they assuredly know; and they shall be very gratefully received and published: That so this paper may in some degree serve for the *Philosophical Transactions of New-England*, as well as for a political history; and the things worthy of recording in this, as well as other parts of the world, may not proceed to sink into eternal oblivion, as they have done in all the past ages of the aboriginal and ancient inhabitants.

Green seldom recorded any remarkable occurrence that he did not accompany the narration with some reflections of a moral or religious character; as in the two following articles: —

*Boston, Feb. 25.* Yesterday, being the *Lord's-Day*, the *Water* flowed over our *Wharffs* and into our streets to a very surprizing height. They say the *Tide* rose 20 *Inches* higher than ever was known before. The *Storm* was very strong at *North-East*. The many great *Wharffs*, which since the last overflowing *Tydes* have been run out into the Harbour, and fill'd so great a part of the *Bason*, have methinks contributed something not inconsiderable to the rise of the *Water* upon us. But if it be found that in *other* Places distant from us, and where no such reason as this here given can have place, the waters have now risen in *like* proportion as they did with us; then we must attribute very little to the reason above suggested. The loss and damage sustained is very great, and the little Image of an *Inundation* which we had, look'd very dreadful. It had been a great favour to the *town*, if upon the first Rising of the waters in the Streets, which hapn'd in the time of the *Fore-noon Service*, some discreet *Persons* had in a grave and prudent manner inform'd some or other of the *Congregations* of it; that such whose Houses & Stores lay most exposed might have repair'd timely to them. The reason in this case seems the same as if there had been a *Fire* in the Town. Let us fear the *GOD* of Heaven, who made the sea and the dry land, who commandeth & raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves; who ruleth the raging of the sea, and when the waves thereof arise, He stilleth them.

*Boston, Oct. 29, 1730.*

Last Thursday evening we had the most surprizing appearance of the *Aurora Borealis*, as 'tis thought was ever beheld here. At first it

appeared with the Northern Twilight, a bright flame in the northern quarter of the horizon. About half an hour past seven, there shot up a stream which collected into a body, and seemed to hang over us like a cloud of fire. This lasted a few minutes, when it grew fainter till it disappeared: But still the light in the North continued so bright, that one might see to read in some large print. About nine o'clock, it increased again, and the Heavens here and there grew luminous and red. At twenty-four minutes after nine, a light was observed gathering in the N. E. which moving slowly to the East, began to glow very fierce. It rose leisurely, and at last crowded into a centre near the Zenith, whence in a few minutes it branched out all over the northern half of the hemisphere, in the florid and sparkling colors of many rainbows. It continued for about a quarter of an hour, shifting its form and colors, and then by degrees grew fainter, till it quite vanished. For the remainder of the night, a settled lustre dawned round the northern edges of the hemisphere, which kept flashing at intervals, till it was lost in the morning light. This should lead our thoughts to the contemplation of that awful night, when, *the Heavens being on fire, shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; when our blessed SAVIOR shall descend in flaming fire, in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory.*

Green conducted the News-Letter with discretion, and with a disposition to be impartial, conciliating and honest, that renders his memory venerable. The consummation of his labors and his life is thus announced in the News-Letter of January 4, 1733: —

On Thursday last, being Dec. 28th, deceased here, after a long and painful languishment of a sore that broke inwards, Mr. Bartholomew Green, one of the deacons of the South Church; who has been the principal Printer of this town and country near forty years. He died in the 67th year of his age; being born at Cambridge, Oct. 12, 1666; and was here very decently interred on the 2d current.

His father was Capt. Samuel Green, the famous Printer of Cambridge; who arrived with Governor Winthrop in 1630. He came in the same ship with the Honorable Thomas Dudley, Esq., and used to tell his children, that upon their first coming ashore, both he and several others were for some time glad to lodge in empty casks, to shelter them from the weather, for want of housing. This Capt. Green was a commission officer of the military company at Cambridge, who chose him for above sixty years together, and he died there, Jan. 1, 1701—2, aged

87, highly esteemed and beloved, both for piety and a martial genius. He took such great delight in the military exercise, that the arrival of their training-days would always raise his joy and spirit ; and when he was grown so aged that he could not walk, he would be carried out in his chair into the field, to view and order his company. He had nineteen children, eight by his first wife, and eleven by his second, who was a daughter of the venerable Elder Clarke, of Cambridge : of which eleven children there is this remarkable ; that, though two died young, yet of the other nine, there died not one for fifty-two years ; the first breach being made about a year and a half ago.

This Mr. Green, whose loss we deplore, first set up his press with his father in Cambridge, and afterwards removed to Boston, where, on Sept. 16, 1690, soon after he was first married, his press and letters, which were then esteemed the best that had been in the country, were consumed by a fire that began in the neighborhood : upon which he returned to Cambridge, and there continued till the winter 1692, 3 ; when he came back to Boston ; where he has been Printer to the Governor and Council for near forty years, and of the Boston News-Letter (excepting a small intermission) from its beginning : And for his particular character — as the author of the Weekly Journal has very justly observed, “ He was a person generally known and esteemed among us, as a very humble and exemplary Christian, one who had much of that primitive Christianity in him, which has always been the distinguishing glory of New-England.” We may further remember his eminency for a strict observing the Sabbath ; his household piety ; his keeping close and diligent to the work of his calling ; his meek and peaceable spirit ; his caution of publishing any thing offensive, light, or hurtful ; and his tender sympathy to the poor and afflicted. He began to be pious in the days of his youth ; and he would always speak of the wonderful spirit of piety that then prevailed in the land, with a singular pleasure.

The same paper contains the advertisement of John Draper, — the son-in-law of Green, — informing the public, that the News-Letter would be carried on and sent out every week on Thursday morning, as usual ; — that care would be constantly taken to insert therein all the most remarkable occurrences, both foreign and domestic, that come to hand well attested ; — that all communications from the reverend ministers, or other gentlemen, would be thankfully received ; — and that it

would be his endeavor to render the paper as informing and entertaining as possible, to the satisfaction of all who may encourage it.

Under the hands of Draper, the News-Letter maintained the respectable character it had acquired while in the care of Green. The selections from foreign journals were copious and interesting ; and his own summary of passing events, under the Boston head, was as full, probably, as circumstances and material permitted. Communications were not frequent ; but there is one, which occupies about five pages of the News-Letter, in five or six successive numbers, and affords an evidence of the veneration, which, at that day, was attached to the New-England version of the Psalms. It is a criticism on the version of Tate and Brady, which, it seems, had just then, — in 1739, — made its appearance in Boston. The critic is, occasionally, quite severe upon those two Poets, and adduces various passages, to show that their version is an essential departure from the simplicity, and often from the meaning, of the original. In their version of Psalm VI. they use the phrase “ a wretch forlorn.” The critic says, — “ 1. There is nothing of this, either in the original or the English Psalter. 2. 'Tis a low expression ; and, to add a *low one*, is less allowable. But 3, what I am most concerned for is, that 'twill be apt to make our children think of the line in their *vulgar petty-song*, so much like it — *This is the maiden all forlorn, &c.*”

The following lines of Tate and Brady, —

No longer let the wicked *Vaunt*,  
And proudly boasting say,  
*Tush*, God regards not what we do —

give the critic an opportunity to make the following



remarks, the propriety of which will encounter no objection : —

*Vaunt* is a word so antiquated, that there are not ten in fifty, that know what it means. It might have been well enough used a *hundred years ago*, when our New-England Psalm Book was composed ; but is too old-fashioned to put into a new performance, for the use of a common auditory in the present age. Besides, what difference is there between *vaunting* and *proudly boasting* ? [as it is in the original.] It is perfectly *tautologous*.

But to hear a man cry TUSH, in a *prayer to God*, you would think him extremely impolite, or vain, or beside himself. How much more oddly will this sound in the midst of the devotions of a great assembly ? To hear them, both men and women, singing T-U-U-SH, whether Treble, Base, or Tenor ; 'twill be difficult for the more lively part of the congregation to keep from smiling. And the idea this raises in me is so disagreeable, that I should not wonder if this were called the *Tush Version*.

Draper published the News-Letter till near the close of the year 1762. The paper of December 2, announces that, on the Monday preceding, he died after a slow and hectic disorder, having just entered the 61st year of his age. The notice adds, — “ By his industry, fidelity, and prudence in his business, he rendered himself very agreeable to the public. His charity and benevolence ; his pleasant and sociable turn of mind ; his tender affection as a husband and parent ; his piety and devotion to his Maker, has made his death as sensibly felt by his friends and relations, as his life is worthy imitation.”

The same paper informs the public that the business of the late publisher devolved upon Richard Draper, son of the deceased. The title was changed to The Boston Weekly News-Letter and New-England Chronicle. The next year it was again changed to The Massachusetts Gazette and Boston News-Letter. The

proprietor took into partnership a kinsman, — Samuel Draper, — and the imprint announced that the paper was “Published by Richard Draper, Printer to the Governor and Council, and by Samuel Draper, at their Printing-Office in Newbury-street.” Samuel Draper died, in March, 1769, and the paper was again conducted by Richard Draper alone.

In May, 1768, the News-Letter and a paper published by Green & Russell, called the Boston Post Boy and Advertiser, were united, as official organs of the government, under the title of the Massachusetts Gazette. The business was so arranged, that each paper was still a separate publication, belonging exclusively to its proprietor. The News-Letter was published on Thursday and the Post-Boy on Monday. Each paper was equally divided in two parts, — one half bearing its proper title, and the other half of both papers was called the Massachusetts Gazette, “published by authority.” This half of both papers contained the acts and proceedings of government, and the matter was nearly identical in both; while the contents of the other half were varied according to the fancy and interest of the respective proprietors. This mode of publication was discontinued in September, 1769, and Draper resumed the former title, — Massachusetts Gazette and Boston Weekly News-Letter.\*

After the discontinuance of this “Adam and Eve paper,” as Draper called it, he published the News-Letter alone, till May, 1774. During this period, it was well supplied with communications by able writers, who

\* See History of Printing, vol. ii. 207 - 209.

adhered to the administration, and opposed the Whigs with the best arguments they could produce, — not unfrequently in sober earnest, but as often by effusions of wanton ridicule or cold-hearted bitterness. The proceedings of public meetings were usually published, without doubt as a measure of policy, to keep the friends of the government informed of the movements of the Whigs. In the paper of June 4, 1765, are the Instructions voted by the town of Worcester to Joshua Bigelow, their representative in the General Court, then sitting in Boston. These Instructions require of the Representative that he should use his influence to maintain and continue that harmony and good will between Great-Britain and this province, that may be most conducive to the prosperity of each, and suffer no innovations or encroachments on our chartered rights: — That he should use his influence to obtain a law *to put an end to that unchristian and impolitic practice of making slaves of the human species*, and that he give his vote for none to serve in His Majesty's Council, who will use their influence against such a law: — That he should use his influence to establish the Fee Table on principles more agreeable to the rules of justice: — That he should use his endeavors "to relieve the people of this province from the great burden of supporting Latin Grammar Schools, whereby they are prevented from attaining such a degree of English learning as is necessary to retain the freedom of any state": — That he should make diligent inquiry into the cause of the neglect of the militia of the province: — And, lastly, that he should "take SPECIAL CARE of the LIBERTY OF THE PRESS."

No opposition to the Stamp Act was made by Draper. The officers of the government were sustained and encouraged, both in the News-Letter and the Gazette. The intelligence of the repeal of the act was received in Boston, on the 16th of May, 1766. The following account of the reception was given in the Gazette, and is substantially the same as that, which appeared in the other papers: —

Friday last, to the inexpressible joy of all, we received by Capt. Coffin the important news of the repeal of the Stamp Act; \* \* \* upon which the bells in the town were set a ringing, the ships in the harbor displayed their colors, guns were discharged in different parts of the town, and in the evening were several bonfires. According to a previous vote of the town, the Selectmen met in the afternoon at Fanueil Hall, and appointed Monday last for a day of general rejoicings on that happy occasion. The morning was ushered in with music, ringing of bells, and the discharge of cannon, the ships in the harbor and many of the houses in town being adorned with colors. — Joy smiled in every countenance, Benevolence, Gratitude, and Content seemed the companions of all. By the generosity of some gentlemen, remarkable for their humanity and patriotism, our Gaol was freed of debtors. At one o'clock the castle and batteries and train of artillery fired a royal salute, and the afternoon was spent in mirth and jollity. In the evening the whole town was beautifully illuminated: On the common the Sons of Liberty erected a magnificent pyramid, illuminated with two hundred and eighty lamps, the four upper stories of which were ornamented with the figures of their Majesties, and fourteen of the worthy Patriots, who have distinguished themselves by their love of liberty. The following lines were on the four sides of the next apartment, which referred to the emblematical figures on the lower story, the whole supported by a large base of the Doric order:

O Thou, whom next to Heaven we most revere,  
Fair LIBERTY! thou lovely goddess, hear!  
Have we not woo'd thee, won thee, held thee long,  
Lain in thy lap, and melted on thy tongue;  
Through death and danger's rugged path pursued,  
And led thee smiling to this SOLITUDE;  
Hid thee within our heart's most golden cell,  
And braved the Powers of Earth and Powers of Hell;

GODDESS ! we cannot part, thou must not fly —  
Be Slaves — we dare to scorn it — dare to die —

While clanking chains and curses shall salute  
Thine ears, remorseless G—le, thine O B—e ;  
To you, blest PATRIOTS ! we our cause submit,  
Illustrious Camden, Britain's guardian Pitt ;  
Recede not, frown not, rather let us be  
Deprived of Being, than of LIBERTY.  
Let Fraud or Malice blacken all our crimes,  
No disaffection stains these peaceful climes ;  
O save us, shield us from impending woes,  
The foes of Britain only are our foes.

Boast, foul Oppression ! boast thy transient reign,  
While honest FREEDOM struggles with the chain ;  
But know the Sons of Virtue, hardy, brave,  
Disdain to lose through mean despair to save ;  
Aroused in thunder, awful they appear,  
With proud Deliverance stalking in their rear ;  
While tyrant foes, their pallid fears betray,  
Shrink from their arms, and give their vengeance way :  
See in the unequal war oppressors fall,  
The hate, contempt, and endless curse of all.

Our FAITH approved, our LIBERTY restored,  
Our hearts bend grateful to our sovereign lord :  
Hail, Darling Monarch ! by this act endeared,  
Our firm affections are thy best reward.  
Should Britain's self against herself divide,  
And hostile armies frown on either side, —  
Should hosts rebellious shake our Brunswick's throne,  
And, as they dared thy parent, dare thy son,  
To this asylum stretch thy happy wing,  
And we'll contend who best shall love our KING.

Meetings of ladies were frequently held in the principal towns of Massachusetts, at which resolutions were adopted, expressing a determination to wear no articles of dress of British manufacture In reference to such

resolutions, one of Draper's correspondents indulged his wit in the following attempt at ridicule :

TO THE LADIES.

Young Ladies in town and those that live round,  
Let a friend at this season advise you ;  
Since money 's so scarce, and times growing worse,  
Strange things may soon hap and surprize you :

First, then, throw aside your top knots of pride :  
Wear none but your own country linen :  
Of economy boast, let your pride be the most  
To show clothes of your own make and spinning.

What if homespun they say is not quite so gay  
As brocades, yet be not in a passion,  
For when once it is known this is much worn in town,  
One and all will cry out — 'Tis the fashion !

And, as one, all agree, that you'll not married be  
To such as will wear London factory,  
But at first sight refuse, tell 'em such you will choose  
As encourage our own manufactory.

No more ribbons wear, nor in rich silks appear ;  
Love your country much better than fine things ;  
Begin without passion, 't will soon be the fashion  
To grace your smooth locks with a twine string.

Throw aside your Bohea and your Green Hyson tea,  
And all things, with a new-fashion duty ;  
Procure a good store of the choice Labradore,  
For there'll soon be enough here to suit you.

These do without fear, and to all you'll appear  
Fair, charming, true, lovely, and clever ;  
Though the times remain darkish, young men may be sparkish,  
And love you much stronger than ever.

Then make yourselves easy, for no one will tease ye,  
Nor *tax* you, if chancing to sneer  
At the sense-ridden tools, who think us all fools ;  
But they'll find the reverse far and near.

It would be unpardonable to pass over, without transcribing the following, — which presents the odious vice of drunkenness in its true light : —

### EPITAPH.

TEMPERATE READER, — This Tomb thou mayest approach without veneration, and this Inscription peruse without pity for the subject of it ; for here are only confined from the air, which they would pollute, and from the sight, which they would offend, the odious corrupted remains of one of the most ignoble of suicides, a *sot* ; of one, who, neither induced by external solicitation nor encouraged by example, nor allured by social conversation, equally foolish as flagitious, adopted the enormity of excessive drinking, without one palliating plea ; and, resigning to others the apologies for and the pleasures of debauchery, such as they are, unnaturally habituated himself to *sullen, solitary, joyless* inebriation. With imagined privacy, he persisted in swallowing spiritous poison to his health, intellects and humanity, till he became the wretched object of detestation, or of contempt, till reduced to such difficulties of misery, as to be indebted for the last mitigation of his pain to the causes which produced it, — to causes which he acknowledged, and which he execrated as fatal, while he continued them to the hour in which they proved so. Art thou inquisitive for his motives, however inexcusable, to an indulgence so destructive, be assured they were no better than the preposterous desires of expediting the lapse of that time, which he had not the resolution to improve, and of reconciling himself to that obscurity, from which he had not the industry to emerge. By his life, which was unhappy without consolation ; by his death, which was early but unlamented, be once more admonished to reject the vicious insinuations of idleness ; be, if possible, usefully diligent ; or, at least, having *nothing* to do, resist the temptation to do what may be *worse than nothing*.

From the News-Letter of March, 1769 : —

ADVERTISEMENT. The Bell Cart will go through Boston before the end of next month, to collect Rags for the Paper-Mill at Milton, when all people that will encourage the Paper Manufactory, may dispose of them. They are taken in at Mr. Caleb Davis's Shop, at the Fortification ; Mr. Andrew Gillespie's, near Dr. Clark's ; Mr. Andras Randalis, near Phillips's Wharf ; and Mr. John Boies's in Long Lane ; Mr. Frothingham's in Charlestown ; Mr. Williams's in Marblehead ; Mr.

Edson's in Salem ; Mr. John Harris's in Newbury ; Mr. Daniel Fowle's in Portsmouth ; and at the Paper-Mill in Milton.

*Rags are as beauties, which concealed lie,  
But when in Paper, how it charms the eye :  
Pray save your Rags, new beauties to discover,  
For Paper truly, every one 's a lover :  
By the Pen and Press such knowledge is displayed,  
As would'nt exist, if Paper was not made,  
Wisdom of things, mysterious, divine,  
Illustriously doth on Paper shine.*

Two numbers only of the News-Letter, published during the siege, have I been able to find. One of them is the publication of November 16, 1775. It is a small half sheet, one side of which is nearly filled with the proclamations of General Howe. The first is "A Proclamation for suppressing Rebellion and Sedition," calling upon "all officers, civil as well as military, and all other obedient and loyal subjects, to use their utmost endeavors, to withstand and suppress rebellion, and to disclose and make known all treasons and traitorous conspiracies, which they shall know," &c., "within any of the Colonies or Plantations in North America."

The second recommended that the inhabitants of the town of Boston "immediately associate themselves, to be formed into companies, under proper officers, selected by me, from among the associates, to be solely employed within the precincts of the town," for the "preservation of order and good government within the town." The association was to "be opened in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Honorable *Peter Oliver, Foster Hutchinson*, and *William Brown*, Esquires, on Monday, the thirtieth day of October, and continued for four days, that no one may plead ignorance of the same."



All persons, so associating, and *able to discharge the duty* required of *them*, were to be "properly armed, and to have an allowance of fuel and provision, equal to what was issued to His Majesty's troops within the garrison."

A third proclamation prohibited all masters of vessels arriving in the harbor of Boston, not under the immediate command of Sir Samuel Graves, from landing their cargoes, without permission, and prohibited all outward bound masters of vessels from attempting to go to sea, without first giving an exact account of their cargoes. Disobedience of this order was to be punished with imprisonment.

A fourth proclamation, dated the sixth of November, omitting the descriptive titles and offices of General Howe, is as follows : —

WHEREAS the present and approaching distresses of many of the inhabitants in the town of Boston, from the scarcity and high prices of provisions, fuel, and other necessary articles of life, can only be avoided, by permitting them to go where they may hope to procure easier means of subsistence :

NOTICE is hereby given that all those, suffering under the above-mentioned circumstances, who chuse to depart the town, may give in their names to Captain James Urquhart, Town Major, before Thursday, twelve o'clock of the ninth instant, specifying their Names, Abodes, Number and Names of those in Family, Effects, &c., that Passes may be made out, conformable to regulations already established.

*Given at Head Quarters, &c.*

The other number of the News-Letter, mentioned above, was published on the 22d of February, 1776. It affords pretty strong evidence of the disposition of the Tory troops and the Tory citizens to indulge in frolicsome dissipation, to ridicule the patriotism of the Whigs, and to abuse and calumniate the leading men of the Whig party. The first article in the paper is a notice

that "the fourth subscription ball at Concert-Hall is to be held on the 29th instant, 1776." This is followed by another special notice, as follows:—

### MASQUERADE.

On Monday, the 11th of March will be given at Concert-Hall, a **SUBSCRIPTION MASKED BALL**. By the sixth of March a Number of Different Masks will be prepared, and sold by almost all the Milliners and Mantua Makers in Town.

Under the Boston head, the editor says,—"We hear ten Capital Cooks are already engaged in preparing supper for the Masquerade, which is to be the most brilliant Thing ever seen in America." This was, probably, the last of a series of entertainments,—insulting to the suffering inhabitants of Boston,—as the town was evacuated by the British troops a few days afterward, and occupied by General Washington and the American Army.

The following article, in the same paper, is introduced by its author, as "An Epilogue to the many tragic scenes recorded in the weekly publications;" and is given as a companion to "the Prologue to a tragedy acted in Boston," which appeared in the News-Letter of the eighth:—

### The SOLILOQUY

OF

### The BOSTON TREE of LIBERTY,

As they were cutting it down, 1776.

And must I die?—but why complain?  
Complaints and murmurings are in vain:  
Tis but the lot of beast and man,  
And die we must, do what we can.

My ancestors for centuries stood  
The pride and honor of the wood;  
A royal race, a chosen band,  
The ornaments of *Shawmut* land.  
For centuries they yearly shed,  
The leafy honors of their head;

At each returning spring reviv'd  
 Their wonted vigor, grew and thriv'd :  
 Of wintry blasts they stood the shock,  
 The tempests as they rag'd, they'd mock ;  
 The rude attacks of winds which blew  
 They faced them all and healthier grew,  
 Th' uncultur'd Indian, nature's care,  
 Did often to their shades repair  
 Himself to cool and to refresh,  
 Regaling on the fish and flesh  
 Which nature generously gave,  
 Free from the cheat of cultur'd knave,  
 Here he enjoy'd his simple fare,  
 Enjoy'd his sleep, unpress'd by care,  
 'Till *European* strangers came  
 With stealth, and robb'd him of his game ;  
 He hunted beasts — they hunted men,  
 He fled and ne'er return'd again.

How happy is the *Indian's* lot !  
 Few cares he knows, *they* soon forgot :  
 No Av'rice with her griping paw,  
 No worries from the dogs of law ;  
 In friendship such as nature grants,  
 He lives, and very few his wants :  
 Grateful on nature's bounty looks,  
 Quenches his thirst at nature's brooks.

My parent dy'd when nature bid,  
 I spread my grandeur in his stead.  
 'Twas when that civil creature, man,  
 Unciviliz'd fair nature's plan,  
 To flourish then it was my luck  
 When civil folks at nothing stuck,  
 But would in mobs collect together,  
 And nought went down but *tar* and *feather* ;  
 Ah, me ! unhappy ! — 'twas my fate,  
 T' outlive the ruin of the state.

Tis true I flourished many a year,  
 And spread my branches full and fair :  
 My body large and hale and plump,  
 Fair all around from top to stump,  
 Till that fierce creature huge of size,  
 With hundred heads and saucer eyes,

Christen'd by name of *Liberty*,  
Repair'd with boisterous crouds to me,  
And for their *god* they chose a tree.

'Twas then I first knew what was pain,  
First knew that godliness was gain :  
Under my shade my vot'ries met,  
In weather cold, hot, dry or wet —  
With flaming zeal they throug'd my body  
Inspir'd with rum and gin and toddy :  
On me they hung a jockey's boot,  
And gather'd thick about my root ;  
They stifled me with sweat and stench,  
And from me did my branches wrench ;  
A massy pole they then erected,  
And with a rebel standard deck'd it,  
To make the rabble gape and stare,  
Fling up their caps and roar and swear.  
The pole it gall'd my body sore,  
Chaff'd off my bark, — my branches tore.  
A copper plate they nail'd fast to me,  
And \* \* \* \* right through me.\*  
My juices by such usage thicken'd  
The circulation stop'd, I sicken'd,  
My branches they decay'd apace,  
I found I'd almost ran my race,  
Should soon be forc'd, as mankind must,  
To lay my honors in the dust.

Thanks to the hand that cuts me down,  
Thanks to the axe that lops my crown :  
The path of vice I never trod,  
I boast, I liv'd the *people's god*.

My trunk, may 't be to fuel turn'd  
By *Howe*, be honor'd to be burn'd  
That I to him may warmth impart,  
Who oft himself 's warm'd many a heart.

If ever there should be a shoot,  
Spring from my venerable root,  
Prevent, oh heav'n ! it ne'er may see,  
Such savage times of liberty :

\* The words here wanting have been obliterated by the wear of the paper.

May it live long to see those times  
 When justice dares to punish crimes ;  
 When GEORGE may see his laws regarded,  
 And feel his virtues all rewarded :  
 Live to rule over subjects loyal  
 And live rever'd, respected by all.  
 Still in his sphere of virtue move,  
 And feel returns of filial love ;  
 Trample rebellion under foot,  
 And crush the monster, branch and root ;  
 Quell *Tylers, Cades and Massianellos*  
 Who sweat at puffing treason's bellows.  
 From giving shades to mobs I go,  
 Their future shades are *shades below*.

But the most atrociously malignant article, that I have found in the News-Letter, is the following, taken, it is said, from the London Gazetteer, of September 20, but written, unquestionably, as the signature indicates, by a Boston Tory : —

In the beginning of August, a King's ship at Rhode-Island intercepted a large packet of letters designed for the rebel Army.

Three of these letters were printed by order of the Admiral. The first of these letters, addressed to General Washington, is exceedingly curious. We are informed by it that the rebels are but indifferent soldiers ; that they are very deficient in stores ; and in particular, that they had not one engineer.

Whatever the pious Mr. Benjamin Harrison, one of the Virginia delegates, may say of the intentions of Capt. Meredith, it is certain he attempted to murder Lord Dunmore, by firing at the boat, in which his Lordship escaped.

The moral and virtuous Mr. Benjamin Harrison exhibits to us a striking picture of American hypocrisy and impiety ; for, whilst he and his rebel brethren of the Congress are incessantly clamoring† \* \* \* \* to conduct them to victory, he is at the same time *debauching* all the pretty girls in his neighborhood, on purpose to raise a squadron of whores to keep his old General warm during his winter quarters.

The second letter is from another of the rebel Congress, Mr. John Adams, a delegate from Massachusetts. He, good soul, makes his wife his confidant, and speaks with great vexation of mind of the fidgets,

† Part of a line worn off by a fold in the paper.

whims, caprices, vanity, superstition, and irritability of his brethren *the wise men of America assembled together in Congress.*

The third letter is from the same hand to Colonel Warren, President of the Massachusetts Congress. In the beginning of his letter he severely, *but justly* remarks on the weakness of Hancock, the President of the wise men; and honestly confesses that all of them are so confounded with business in which they have involved themselves, that they hardly know what they are doing, or what to do. It is, doubtless, a puzzling affair to establish a treasury without any money. As he began with criticism, he finishes in the same stile. Warren had written to him the same oddities of General Lee; to which the Braintree Lawyer replies, that the old General is a queer creature, and advises his friend to love the General's dogs.

It has become fashionable in America for the Saints to have their *procurers* and their *Dahilahs*. Whilst the General is fighting the Lord's battles in Massachusetts, his procurer, the holy Mr. Benjamin Harrison, is *fitting* pretty little Kate, his washerwoman's daughter, for the Lord's General. Even Hancock, who presides over and directs the collective wisdom and virtue of all America, travels with a *VESTAL* in his train. He himself can never *fit* her for the General, though pious Benjamin, the procurer-general to the Congress, may.

#### A BOSTON SAINT.

Richard Draper continued the sole proprietor and conductor of the News-Letter till May, 1774, and devoted it to the maintenance of the British sovereignty, and the defence of all the proceedings of the British troops in Boston. In that month, he took in John Boyle as a partner. Boyle was a native of Marblehead, and served an apprenticeship to the printing business under Green & Russell. This partnership was of short duration. Draper died on the sixth of June following. Margaret, his widow, in partnership with Boyle, carried on the business for a few months, when Boyle, finding his connection with a Tory newspaper not quite pleasant to himself nor agreeable to his friends, left the concern. His place in the firm was supplied by the admission of John Howe, as a partner, by whom the paper was con-

ducted, till the town was evacuated by the British troops, in March, 1776. With the termination of the siege, the News-Letter was discontinued, and never after revived. It was the only paper printed in Boston during the siege. It was published, without interruption, for a period of seventy-two years.

Before he became connected with Draper, Boyle had a printing-office of his own. He began business, as a printer and bookseller, and published a few books. When he retired from the partnership, he resumed the business of printing and bookselling, but soon after sold his printing materials, and confined himself entirely to the selling of books and stationery. He kept, from the commencement of business on his own account to the close of his life, in Marlboro'-street, a few doors north of Bromfield-street. He died in 1819.

John Howe was a native of Boston, and there served an apprenticeship to a printer. "His father was a tradesman, and kept in Marshall's-lane." \* He was quite a young man, when he connected himself with the News-Letter. He, with his partner, Mrs. Draper, left Boston with the British troops, and went with them to Halifax, where he printed a newspaper, and was printer to the government. He also had an office of some emolument, and was connected with the colonial administration. He died about the year 1820.

Margaret Draper remained but a short time in Halifax. She went thence to England, and received a pension from the British government, and enjoyed it till her death, which happened since the beginning of the present century.

\* History of Printing, vol i. 304.



## THE BOSTON GAZETTE.

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IN the year 1719, William Brooker was appointed Postmaster of Boston. On the 21st of December he published the first number of a paper, entitled *The Boston Gazette*, and to the title was added, "Published by Authority." The head was decorated with two cuts, a copy of one of which is here given ; — the other was the representation of a ship under full sail. A notice on the first page, dated at the Post-Office, says, — "The publishing of this paper has been in compliance with the desires of several of the merchants and others of this town, as also at the repeated instances of those people that live remote from home, who have been prevented from having their News Paper sent them by the Post, ever since Mr. Campbell was removed from being Postmaster." From which, it is presumed that Campbell was so angry at his removal, that he refused to supply his customers by the mails. The character and style of



Campbell's reply may be inferred from the rejoinder of Brooker, which appeared on the 11th of January :—

The good manners and caution that has been observed in writing this paper, 'twas hoped would have prevented any occasion for controversies of this kind; but finding a very particular advertisement published by Mr. Campbell in his Boston News-Letter of the 4th current, lays me under an absolute necessity of giving the following answer thereunto.

Mr. Campbell begins in saying, *The Nameless Author*—Intimating as if the not mentioning the author's name was a fault: But if he will look over the papers wrote in England, (such as the London Gazette, Postman, and other papers of reputation) he will find their authors so. As this part of his advertisement is not very material, I shall say no more thereon; but proceed to matters of more moment. Mr. Campbell seems somewhat displeased that the author says he was *removed* from being Postmaster. I do hereby declare I was the person that wrote the said Preamble, as he calls it; and think I could not have given his being *turned out* a softer epithet. And to convince him (and all mankind) that it was so, I shall give the following demonstrations of it.

Many months before John Hamilton, Esq. Deputy-Postmaster-General of North-America displaced the said Campbell, he received letters from the secretary of the Right Honorable the Postmaster-General of Great Britain, &c. that there had been several complaints made against him, and therefore the removal of him from being Postmaster was thought necessary. Mr. Hamilton for some time delayed it, 'till on the 13th of September, 1718, he appointed me to succeed him, with the same salary and other just allowances, according to the establishment of the office; and if Mr. Campbell had any other, they were both unjust and unwarrantable, and he ought not to mention them. As soon as I was put in possession of the office, Mr. Hamilton wrote a letter to the Right Honorable the Postmaster-General, acquainting him that he had removed Mr. Campbell and appointed me in his room.

Mr. Campbell goes on: saying, *I was superseded by Mr. Musgrave from England*. To make him appear also mistaken in this point: Mr. Hamilton not displacing him as soon as was expected, the Right Honorable the Postmaster-General appointed Mr. Phillip Musgrave, by their deputation dated June 27, 1718, to be their Deputy-Postmaster of Boston; and in a letter brought by him from the Right Honorable the Postmaster-General to John Hamilton, Esq. mention is made, that for the many complaints that were made against Mr. Campbell, they had thought it fit to remove him, and appoint Mr. Musgrave in his stead, who was

nominated Postmaster of Boston almost three months before I succeeded Mr. Campbell, which has obliged me to make it appear that he was either removed, turned out, displaced, or superseded.

The last thing I am to speak to, is, Mr. Campbell says, *it is amiss to represent that people remote have been prevented from having the News-Paper*. I do pray he will again read over my introduction, and then he will find there is no word there advanced that will admit of such an interpretation.

There is nothing herein contained but what is *unquestionably true*; therefore I shall take my leave of him, wishing him all *desirable success in his agreeable News-Letter*, assuring him I have neither capacity nor inclination to answer any more of his like Advertisements.

With the office of postmaster, the Boston Gazette passed into the possession of Philip Musgrave, a few weeks after its first publication. In 1726, it went into the hands of another postmaster, Thomas Lewis, and the next year, it became the property of a third postmaster, Henry Marshall. It was printed for him till his death, in 1732. John Boydell succeeded Marshall in the post-office, and kept possession of the Gazette, till he died in December, 1739. It was printed for his heirs till October, 1741, when it was purchased by Kneeland and Green, and incorporated with the New-England Weekly Journal. The publication, under the title of The Boston Gazette and Weekly Journal, was continued by them till the dissolution of their partnership, in 1752, twenty-five years after the first publication of the Journal.

A few months after the discontinuance of this paper, and the dissolution of the partnership of Kneeland & Green, Kneeland issued another paper, under the title of The Boston Gazette, or Weekly Advertiser. The first number was published, January 3, 1753. It was printed in the quarto form, on the type that had been used for the Gazette and Journal, and was spoken of in the

opening advertisement, as a continuation of that paper. Kneeland did not put his name in the imprint till the second year of its publication, and at the end of that year, the publication ceased, on account of the provincial stamp-act, and was never revived.

Of the four postmasters, who in succession were proprietors of the Boston Gazette, I have obtained no information of the first three, but what is embraced in the preceding brief and barren sketch. Of the fourth, there is the following notice in the Gazette of December 17, 1739: —

On Tuesday last, died here, in the forty-ninth year of his age, John Boydell, Esq. late publisher of this paper, and sometime deputy-postmaster within this and the three neighboring governments: than whom none ever lived in this province more generally esteemed and beloved, as an honest worthy man, by persons of all ranks, persuasions and parties, or was more lamented as such at his death. He first came over from England into this country in the year 1716, secretary to the late worthy Governor Shute, and register of the court of vice-admiralty for this Province, New-Hampshire, and Rhode-Island; after which he was appointed register of the court of probate of wills, &c. for the county of Suffolk, and naval officer for the port of Boston; all which offices he discharged with such singular diligence, integrity, and goodness, that this community never lost a more useful and valuable member, than he was in his degree and station.

While the Gazette was in the possession of Brooker, its first proprietor, it was printed by James Franklin. Musgrave employed Samuel Kneeland, who printed it till Marshall took possession of it. He employed Bartholomew Green, jun., as the printer, who printed it till the death of Marshall. It was then printed by Kneeland & Green for Boydell and his heirs. Bartholomew Green, jun. removed to Halifax in 1751, intending to establish a press in that place, and died there, a few weeks after his arrival, aged fifty-two years.

Samuel Kneeland, the ancient and respectable printer, whose name occurs so often in this article, was born in Boston, and served an apprenticeship with Bartholomew Green. He printed the Gazette till some time in 1727, when, on the appointment of a new postmaster, the printing of that paper passed into the hands of Bartholomew Green, jun. Kneeland then began the publication of the New-England Weekly Journal, on his own account, and, a few months after, formed a partnership with Timothy Green.\* He then opened a bookstore, and the printing of the Journal was conducted by Green. He gave up the bookstore after a few years, and returned to the printing-house. This partnership continued about twenty-five years, when it was dissolved, and Kneeland continued the business alone with his accustomed activity. He was a long time printer to the Governor and Council, and, for several years, printed the laws and journals of the House of Representatives. He published many books on religious subjects, and some political pamphlets. He was a member of the Old South Church, and a man of great piety and benevolence. He died, December 14, 1769, aged seventy-three years, and left four sons, all of whom were printers. The Evening Post of December 18, in an obituary notice, says, — “He sustained the character of an upright man and a good Christian, and as such, was universally esteemed. He continued in business, till, through age and bodily infirmities, he was obliged to quit it. His funeral was very respectfully attended on Saturday evening last.”

\* Son of Timothy Green, who removed from Boston to New-London, in 1752, and was the first printer in Connecticut. When the partnership of Kneeland & Green was dissolved in 1752, Green joined his father, and assumed the management of his business, at New-London.

## THE NEW - ENGLAND COURANT.

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THIS was the third newspaper established in Boston. The first number was published on Monday, August 17, 1721, by James Franklin. The only copies of it, that I have been able to find, — except a very few fugitive sheets, — are in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society. They are all bound in one volume, and the file is far from being perfect. The first paper in the volume is No. 17, dated November 27, 1721, and the last is No. 252, published on Saturday, June 4, 1726.\*

The government of the province and its principal agents, the clergy, and various individuals, were attacked in the *Courant*, by the editor and his correspondents, without much regard to public or personal character. Such attacks were replied to in the *News-Letter* and *Gazette*. The controversy with the clergy seems to have grown out of a difference of opinion respecting the practice of inoculation for the Small Pox — a prac-

\* This must be the same file as that, which Mr. Thomas used in compiling his *History*. He says, vol. ii. p. 201, "I have a file of the *New England Courant* for the first two years of its publication, with the exception of the first sixteen numbers, which are wanting."

tice, which the Courant violently opposed, both by serious argument, and by ridicule. The Mathers,—father and son,\*—were lampooned by the writers in the Courant, in language not always the most decent, and which would not be tolerated at the present day.

The Courant, No. 17, has a string of syllogisms, of which the following are a part, “in answer to a late piece in favor of Inoculation, entitled *Several Reasons, &c.*” \* These syllogisms, the writer says, “prove that inoculating the Small-Pox is a lawful and successful practice, and not only so, but a duty. Made plain and familiar to the meanest capacity, but withal so strong as to convince all gainsayers, but such as want a purge of *hellebore.*”

*Argument 1.* A method of preventing death, which *I have read* is used in Smyrna and Constantinople with success, is not only lawful but a duty. But *I have read* that, at Smyrna and Constantinople, inoculating the small-pox is practised with success. *Therefore,* 'Tis not only lawful but a duty to practise it.

*Arg. 2.* A practice that the king and prince and most eminent physicians in London and Dublin, and elsewhere, have declared their approbation of, is not only lawful but a duty. But, Such eminent persons have declared their approbation of inoculating the small-pox. *Therefore,* It is not only lawful but a duty, &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Arg. 6.* A method of preventing death, which Dr. I——e M——r and his son, and several other ministers say is the *right way*, is not only lawful but a duty. But, Dr. I——e M——r and his son, &c. do say that inoculation is the *right way*. *Therefore,* Inoculation is not only lawful but a duty.

*Arg. 7.* A method of preventing death, which he who comes into, must believe, *That it is not his duty to stay till God send the sickness on him in the common way, because then it will be too late;* such a method is

\* This “piece” was a pamphlet entitled “Several Reasons, proving that Inoculating or Transplanting the Small-Pox is a lawful Practice, and that it has been blessed by GOD for the saving of many a Life. By Increase Mather, D. D.”

not only lawful but a duty. *But, He who comes into the method of inoculation, must believe, That it is not his duty to stay till God send the sickness on him in the common way, because then it will be too late to seek relief. Therefore, Inoculation is both lawful and a duty.*

#### INFERENCES.

I. Many, who don't use inoculation, are in *bad terms* with the sixth commandment.

II. They who call inoculation *the work of the Devil, &c.* are guilty of a shocking blasphemy.

In his *Courant* of December 4, Franklin says: —

About three weeks since a certain gentleman stopt me in the street, and with an air of great displeasure attacked me with words to this effect: — *You make it your business in the paper called the Courant, to villify and abuse the Ministers of this town. There are many curses which await those that do so. The Lord will smite through the loins of them that rise up against the Levites. I would have you consider of it. I have no more to say to you.* This heinous charge and heavy curse would have been more surprising to me, if it had not come from one who is ever as groundless in his *invectives* as in his *panegyrics*. \* \* \* But this gentleman has endeavored to make me an object of *public odium*, for no other reason than my publishing an answer to a piece in the *Gazette* of Oct. 30, wherein the greatest part of the town are represented as unaccountable liars and self-destroyers for opposing the practice of inoculation. I speak not only my own opinion in this, but that of the town in general, who were so exasperated, that, at a town-meeting soon after, they moved, that a committee might be appointed to find out the author; but the moderator telling them that he believed it was not their province to inquire into the matter, and that besides the difficulty of finding out the author, the piece was too scandalous to deserve their notice, they were persuaded to desist.

At the close of another column of his justification, Franklin says, — The *Courant* was never designed for a party paper — that Inoculators and Anti-Inoculators were welcome to speak their minds in it — that what his own sentiments are concerning inoculation can be of no consequence to any body — “But if the gentleman above-mentioned, or those influenced by him, think themselves wronged at any time, and will not be at the

pains to defend themselves, they may treat me as they please ; I shall not give myself nor the town any further trouble in my defence."

The same paper contains a letter signed "Castalio," requesting "the author of the New-England Courant" to publish "the words that were spoken to Young Franklin the Printer, Nov. 13, 1721, (of which there have been many lies raised as the manner of them is on all occasions,)" as follows: —

"*Young man*: You entertain, and no doubt you think you edify, the public with a weekly paper called the Courant. The plain design of your paper is to banter and abuse the ministers of God, and, if you can, to defeat all the good effects of their ministry on the minds of the people. You may do well to remember that it is a passage, in the blessing on the tribe of Levi, *Smite through the loins of them that rise against him, and of them that hate him*. I would have you to know that the faithful ministers of Christ in this place, are as honest and useful men as the ancient Levites were; and, if you resolve to go on in serving their great adversary as you do, you must expect the consequences."

The reason of this faithful admonition was, because the practice of supporting and publishing every week a libel, on purpose to lessen and blacken and burlesque the virtuous and principal ministers of religion in a country, and render all the services of their ministry despicable, and even detestable to the people, *is a wickedness that was never known before*, in any country, Christian, Turkish, or Pagan, on the face of the earth, and some good men are afraid it may provoke Heaven to deal with this place, in some regards, as never any place has yet been dealt withal, and a charity to this young man and his accomplices might render such a warning proper for them.

In his reply, Franklin says, the best friend he had in the world could not have done more to clear up his reputation, and he closes with the following, which he quotes from a London paper: —

Thus P——sts, by strict rules,  
May be called the edge-tools,  
Which the people, *poor fools*,  
Are forbidden to touch:



Be a villain, a traitor,  
 Affront your Creator,  
 Or glory in Satire,  
     It safer is, much :  
 Nay, be lewd, drunk, or swear,  
 Proud, covetous as they're  
 You may 'scape the holy snare ;  
 But if a P——st once you have thoroughly vex't  
 He'll stick by you closer than e'er to his text :  
 You're plagued for 't in this world, and d——d in the next.

Other correspondents of the *Courant* attacked the publisher of the *Gazette* and his Cambridge correspondent ; both of them were challenged to give the names of the persons pointed at as a Hell-Fire Club, on pain of being “branded with infamy, and suffering the utmost rigor that the law could inflict.” Dr. Mather openly denounced the *Courant*, in an address to the public, published in the *Gazette* of Jan. 29, of which the following is a copy, and, as nearly as possible, a typographical transcript :—

*Advice to the Publick from Dr. Increase Mather.* Whereas a wicked Libel called the *New England Courant*, has represented me as one among the Supporters of it ; I do hereby declare, that altho' I had paid for two or three of them, I then, (before the last *Courant* was published) sent him word I was *extreamly offended* with it ! In special, because in one of his *Vile Courants* he insinuates, that if *the Ministers of God approve of a thing, it is a Sign it is of the Devil* ; which is a horrid thing to be related ! And altho' in one of the *Courants* it is declared, that the London Mercury Sept. 16, 1721, affirms that Great Numbers of Persons in the City and Suburbs are under the Inoculation of the Small Pox ; In his next *Courant* he asserts, that it was some *Busy Inoculator, that imposed on the Publick in saying so* ; Whereas I myself saw and read those words in the London Mercury : And he doth frequently abuse the Ministers of Religion, and many other worthy Persons in a manner, which is intolerable. For these and such like Reasons I signified to the Printer, that I would have no more of their *Wicked Courants*. I that have known what New-England was from the Beginning, cannot but be troubled to see the Degeneracy of this Place. I can well remember when the Civil

Government would have taken an effectual Course to suppress such a *Cursed Libel!* which if it be not done I am afraid that some *Awful Judgment* will come upon this Land, and the *Wrath of God will arise, and there will be no Remedy.*

I cannot but pity poor *Franklin*, who tho' but a *Young Man* it may be *Speedily* he must appear before the Judgment Seat of God, and what answer will he give for printing things so vile and abominable? And I cannot but Advise the Supporters of this Courant to consider the Consequences of being *Partakers in other Mens Sins*, and no more Countenance such a *Wicked Paper.*

To this Franklin made a reply in the Courant of Feb. 5, which occupies more than half of the paper. After a few introductory remarks upon the indulgence of intemperate zeal, he says: —

A furious pretended zeal, which only regards matters of opinion, has been improved against myself with a design to destroy my reputation and interest amongst those who are strangers to my person: and that this design might be the better carried on, some persons have been so *undutiful* to the Reverend Dr. Increase Mather, as to persuade him to fix his name to an advertisement in the last week's News-Letter and Gazette, wherein the mildest appellation I meet with is that of a wicked and cursed Libeller. This charge I now lie under from the oldest minister in the Country, and in order to clear myself, I shall first give an account of the first cause of the difference between us.

He then proceeds to state that a grandson of Dr. Mather (Mather Byles) brought him an account of the success of inoculation in London, which he said his grandfather wished to have inserted in the Courant, and that he had copied it himself from the London Mercury. Franklin inserted the article, but on examining the paper referred to, he found that there was an essential difference between the original and the copy. He asserted in his next paper that the article was not to be found in the London Mercury. "Here (says he) our young spark was detected in a downright falsehood, and lost his credit with Couranto." He then considers the Doc-

tor's advertisement, first observing that those who took advantage of his creditors to deceive the world, are those who now call him a cursed libeller: —

The Doctor first endeavors to clear himself of the imputation of being one among the supporters of the *Courant*, but at the same time acknowledges that he had paid me for two or three of them. He might as well have said he had paid me for many more, as to have put me to the trouble of proving it. Whether he remembers it or no, his grandson Byles, by his order desired me to set him down as a customer some time ago; but upon the appearance of a letter in the *Courant*, wherein a certain clergyman was touched upon, he dropt it as a subscriber, but sent his grandson almost every week for a considerable time to buy them; by which method he paid more for the papers, and was more a supporter of it, than if his name had been continued on the list. At length, being weary of sending, he became a subscriber again, and expressed no dislike of the paper till after Mr. Musgrave had published his grandson's Letter in the *Gazette* of Jan. 15. So that he both had and paid me for one paper after that which he so much dislikes. The truth of this I am ready to disclose upon oath against the testimony of all the men in the country — and that he has been a subscriber and supporter of the paper, the following Letter under his own hand will sufficiently prove: —

"*Mr Franklin*, I had thoughts of taking your *Courant* (upon trial) for a quarter of a year; but I shall not now. In one of your *Courants* you have said that *if the Ministers of God are for a thing, it is a sign it is from the Devil*, and have dealt very falsely about the *London Mercury*. For these and other reasons, I shall NO MORE be concerned with you.

Your well-wishing, but grieved friend,

I. MATHER.

Franklin goes on to exonerate himself from each of the Doctor's charges, in detail, and commences as follows: —

The Doctor's great age, his exemplary piety, and the consideration of his being imposed on by others, would have prevented my making any remarks on his advertisement, if my own character had not been intimately concerned in it.

I would likewise advise the enemies of the *Courant* not to publish any thing more against it, unless they are willing to have it continued. What they have already done has been resented by the Town so much

to my advantage, that above forty persons have subscribed for the Courant since the first of January, many of whom were before subscribers to the other papers: And, by one Advertisement more, the Anti-Couranters will be in great danger of adding forty more to my list } before the first of March.

P. S. In a Pamphlet lately published, under color of vindicating the Ministers, I find all persons are again advised not to countenance the Courant; and those who do so are threatened with severe judgements from Heaven. I shall take notice of what concerns myself in my next, if a *profane Son of Corah*, a *Child of the Old Serpent*, &c. may be allowed to defend himself.

Agreeably to his promise, in his next paper Franklin defended himself and his correspondents against the charges in the Pamphlet, as follows: —

*Renovat pristina bella.*

'Tis the misfortune of many a good man, to construe all that is said against his opinion (in matters of indifference) to be against religion, which is in effect to derive it from the power and pleasure of men; and ends (in its consequences) to destroy *all* religion, and to bring men at last to *no* religion. 'Tis a sure pledge of Atheism; for let men once be condemned as irreligious for opposing only the humors of those who profess religion, they will naturally be tempted to say, *That religion is nothing but humor*. Religion derives its authority from God alone, and will not be kept up in the *consciences* of men by any human Power.

If the author of a late Pamphlet (published under pretence of vindicating the Ministers) had turned his thoughts this way, he would never have wrote a thing so much to the dishonor of God, the discredit of our holy religion and the ministers of it. But he has thrown a praise in his own face till he is blind to his own failings; and (to speak like himself) quarrels with his neighbors because they do not *look and think* just as he would have them. He calls myself and several others, *Profane Sons of Corah*, *Children of the Old Serpent*, *Abjects*, *daringly profane*, &c.; and without proving any thing criminal against us, *earnestly calls on his dear friends and neighbors to depart from the tents of these wicked men, lest they perish with them*.

If the Courant is indeed *notoriously prostituted to a Hellish servitude*, (as he insinuates, p. 3) then there is reason for this advice to his friends; but what he recites from No. 23, (which he takes to be the worst charge against the ministers, by distinguishing the words in black letter) will no ways prove it. The words he recites are, *Most of the ministers*

*are for it, and that induces me to think it is from the Devil; but he purposely omits the latter part of the sentence, viz. For he often makes use of good men as instruments to obtrude his delusions on the world.*

By this unfair way of writing, we may persuade those who are strangers to this gentleman that he often speaks blasphemy in the pulpit—as thus—I with some others go to hear him, and he mentions that place of Scripture, *The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God*—we (designing to ruin his reputation, and the success of his ministry) publish it to the world that he said, *There was no God*. But there has been nothing of this nature in the Courant, and until there is, let him reserve his cruel invectives for those who deserve them, (if such there be, which I much question,) otherwise, his warning of sinners will be *labor in vain*, and in preaching the Gospel, he will *spend his strength for naught*.

These things considered, let any one judge, whether the author of this Pamphlet has not done more towards making the ministers *despicable and detestable to their people*, than any thing in the Courant, which he calls a *scandalous libel*. I doubt not but it would grieve him to hear, that his abusing his neighbors under color of religion, has been such a stumbling-block to some, that they were even tempted to think religion to be nothing but a cheat or contrivance, imposed on the world upon politic grounds: But this I assure him I have often heard of late; and this, if any thing, will persuade me to be silent to any other pieces of this nature published against me, unless the authors first endeavor to prove what they assert, before they pronounce judgement against me as a *Castaway*, which if they had done, the Town would more easily have believed a *false and groundless report*, lately raised to my disadvantage.

It was reported by some of Franklin's opponents that his paper was "carried on by a Hell-Fire Club, with a Non-Juror at the head of them." If the Mathers did not originate the story, it seems they gave it currency. In the paper of January 22, 1722, Franklin notices this and some other attacks of his adversaries, and adds, —

These, with many other endeavors, proceeding from an arbitrary and selfish temper, have been attended with their hearty curses on the Courant and its publisher; but all to no purpose; for, as a Connecticut trader once said of his onions, *The more they are cursed, the more they grow*. Notwithstanding which, a young scribbling collegian,\* who has

\* Mather Byles.

just learning enough to make a fool of himself, has taken it in his head to *put a stop to this wickedness*, (as he calls it) by a letter in the last week's Gazette. Poor Boy! When your letter comes to be *seen in other countries*, (under the umbrage of authority) *what indeed will they think of New-England!* They will certainly conclude, *There is bloody fishing* for nonsense at Cambridge, and *sad work at the College*. The young wretch, when he calls those who wrote the several pieces in the Courant the Hell-Fire Club of Boston, and finds a godfather for them, (which, by the way, is a Hellish mockery of the ordinance of baptism, as administered by the Church of England,) and tells us, *That all the supporters of the paper will be looked upon as destroyers of the religion of the country, and enemies to the faithful ministers of it*, little thinks what a cruel reflection he throws on his reverend grandfather, who was then and for some time before, a subscriber for the paper.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is a pleasure to me, that I never inserted any thing in the Courant, which charged any man, or society of men, with being guilty of the crimes, which were peculiar to the Hell-Fire Club in London, and which the devils themselves are not capable of perpetrating. And whether Mr. M——e\* or his young champion know it or no 'tis looked upon as a gross reflection on the government; that they should be told of a Hell-Fire Club in Boston (in a paper *published by authority*) and not use their endeavors to discover who they are, in order to punish them.

In the same paper, one of the correspondents of the Courant addresses a letter to Musgrave, from which the following is an extract:—

*To the Gazetteer.*

Hall's Coffee House, Jan. 20, 1722.

*Old Muss.*

I am not a little concerned at the loss you weekly sustain of customers, by your encouraging a certain paper called the Courant. It seems you gave the occasion of its first appearance in this town, by publishing a *ministerial inoculation letter*, which has been a fund of good diversion for some months past. You still continue, from time to time, to afford the Couranteer opportunities of answering as agreeably. Pray, unless you go shares with Couranto, consult your own interest more. In quality of Postmaster, you have the best opportunity to excel, and

\* Musgrave, the Postmaster, proprietor, and publisher of the Boston Gazette, the official paper of the government.

recommend your paper by the freshest and best intelligences, foreign and domestic: As *Authority News-Writer*, let the spare places in your paper be filled with Speeches, Addresses, Proclamations, and other public notifications: but, above all, let the seat of the Muses be sacred. May nothing that is wicked, false, dull, or childish, be said to come from our *Alma mater Cantabrigia*; from thence we expect solid sense and bright wit.

In the same paper, in which the preceding defence was published, Franklin inserted the following account of the Hell-Fire Club, from a London paper, which he states, he had then "just received from a Gentleman, who, by his office, is obliged to make inquiry, whether any of His Majesty's subjects here are guilty of the like horrid impieties, as has been insinuated of late by the sworn enemies of the Courant." He hoped that its publication would do some justice to the country and conclude the quarrel, in which he was engaged: —

The Hell-Fire Club consisted of about forty persons of both sexes; fifteen of them were said to be ladies of considerable quality. They blasphemously assumed to themselves the tremendous names of God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, St. John the Baptist, the Prophets Enoch, Elijah, Elisha, Samuel, Jeremiah, Joshua, Isaiah, the Twelve Patriarchs, Moses, Aaron, the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mary Magdalen, St. Martha, King Daniel, the Twelve Apostles, and Joseph the Father of Jesus.

The parts acted by the Demi Red Dragon Club, were Beelzebub King of Hell, Old Pluto, the Old Devil, Old Æacus, the Young Devil, the Serpent, Lady Envy, Lady Malice, Proserpina Queen of Hell, the Three Fatal Sisters.

The parts acted by the Sulphur Club were Sodom and Gomorrah, Pride, Lust, Anger, Revenge, Polygamy, Incest, Adultery, Fornication, Self-Defiler, &c.

Under these distinctions did they abuse all piety, and ridicule the attributes and perfections of the Blessed Trinity, in a manner very unfit to be related.

Their chief place of rendezvous was sometimes in Conduit-street, near Hanover Square, or else at a house in Westminster, or at Somerset-House, where they erected an altar dedicated to the Devil, having

two devils on the frame thereof. They usually set round an oval table, and each having assumed such names as above-mentioned, began with an impious health to the Devil.

Four of these daring wretches were ('tis to be feared) cut off in the midst of their impieties by the hand of divine vengeance. Two of them in a debauch at Somerset-House on the Lord's day, who caused music to be played to them in time of divine service, and persons who there drunk a most blasphemous health, died the same evening, and the other soon after. A young lady, who, as 'tis said, called herself the Blessed Virgin, died in the flower of her youth. The other, a woman of distinction, died at dinner.

These impious cabals soon reached the ears of his most sacred Majesty, who, out of tender regard to the Spiritual welfare of his people, ordered his ministers of state to take proper methods to suppress such detestable practices; whereupon an order of council was issued out for that purpose.

The controversy was kept up for some weeks longer, but both parties at length seemed to be tired of the game. Franklin published two or three Dialogues between a Clergyman and a Layman, in which, of course, the Layman had the best of the argument. He published also a mock advertisement of a doctor, who could cure all sorts of disorders, and cautioned the public to beware of quacks. The fictitious doctor tells of various miraculous cures, but in a style that cannot be repeated, and calls loudly for patients that are for inoculation. There were also two or three articles written in the "Mundungian Language," said to be for the benefit of "*Harfet Coleg*," who "*strive in vain, or are too lazy, to learn the other learned tongues.*"

Mr. Thomas says, — "Among the reasons which induced Franklin to publish the Courant, probably one, which was not the least considerable, was grounded on the circumstance of the publisher of the Gazette having taken the printing of it from him, and given it to another



printer. He warmly attacked Musgrave, the publisher of the Gazette, in some of the first numbers of the Courant, and endeavored to have him turned out of office." The first allusion to Musgrave, which I find in the Courant, is in Number 23, which contains a letter, signed "Lucillus," questioning him as to certain omissions of official duty in the delivery of letters, — whether he does not give people great reason to suspect his honesty, by concealing letters, which have money enclosed in them, — and "whether so many letters taken out of the office opened, ought always to be attributed to the badness of the sealing-wax." The writer thus continues the attack : —

The old proverb, *Be not a baker, if your head be made of butter*, is very applicable to yourself. We all know you have a soft head, which cannot long endure the fire of your own kindling among the people: They are resolved to use their utmost endeavors to get you removed; which if they do, your head will be in great danger of melting.

A famous title now you boast on —  
 P——st-M——r of the town of B——n;  
 But when your unctuous head is lost,  
 You will become a MASTER-Post.  
 How will you look at Cambridge Races,  
 'Mongst idle fops and gaping asses?  
 You, not the least of all the crew,  
 Will be exposed to laughter too;  
 Nay, it will frighten all beholders,  
 To see your head run down your shoulders;  
 Yet this will be your fatal end,  
 Unless you timely do amend.  
 Think of this, and quench the fire.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant.

There were many other communications of a similar tone, and occasionally a squib from Franklin himself,

but they probably had no effect in hastening the removal of Musgrave.

As the controversy concerning the small-pox subsided, a series of articles was begun in the *Courant*, by a writer, or writers, who adopted the style of a female and the signature of "Silence Dogood." The first two numbers give an account of the birth, parentage, education, marriage, and widowhood of Mrs. Dogood. In the third she states her object in writing these essays, and the fourth is the *Dream*, which follows : —

I fancied I was traveling over pleasant and delightful fields and meadows, and through many small country towns and villages; and, as I passed along, all places resounded with the fame of the Temple of LEARNING: Every peasant, who had wherewithal, was proposing to send one of his children at least to this famous place; and in this case most of them consulted their own purses instead of their children's capacities. So that I observed a great many, yea, the most part of those who were traveling thither, were little better than blockheads and dunces. Alas! Alas!

At length I entered upon a spacious plain, in the midst of which was erected a large and stately edifice: It was to this that a great company of youths from all parts of the country were going; so stepping in among the crowd, I passed on with them, and presently arrived at the gate.

The passage was kept by two sturdy porters, named *Riches* and *Pov-erty*, and the latter obstinately refused to give entrance to any who had not first gained the favor of the former; so that I observed many, who came even to the very gate, were obliged to travel back again as ignorant as they came, for want of the necessary qualification. However, as a spectator I gained admittance, and with the rest entered directly into the temple.

In the middle of the great hall stood a stately and magnificent throne, which was ascended by two high and difficult steps. On the top of it sat LEARNING, in awful state. She was appareled wholly in black, and surrounded almost on every side with innumerable volumes in all languages. She seemed very busily employed in writing something on half a sheet of paper, and, upon inquiry, I understood she was preparing a paper, called *The New-England Courant*. On her right hand sat *English*, with a pleasant, smiling countenance, and handsomely attired;

and on her left were seated several antique figures, with their faces veiled. I was considerably puzzled to guess who they were, until one informed me (who stood behind me) that those figures on the left hand were *Latin, Greek, Hebrew, &c.* and that they were very much reserved, and seldom or never unveiled their faces here, and then to few or none, though most of those who have in this place acquired so much learning as to distinguish them from *English*, pretended to an intimate acquaintance with them. I then enquired of him, what could be the reason why they continued veiled, in this place especially? He pointed to the foot of the throne, where I saw *Idleness*, attended with *Ignorance*, and these (he informed me) first veiled them, and will keep them so.

Now I observed the whole tribe who entered into the temple with me began to climb the throne; but the work proving troublesome and difficult to most of them, they withdrew their hands from the plough, and contented themselves to sit at the foot with *Madam Idleness* and her maid *Ignorance*, until those who were assisted by diligence and a double temper had well nigh got up the first step: But the time drawing nigh in which they could no way avoid ascending, they were fain to crave the assistance of those who had got up before them, and who, for the reward, perhaps, of a *pint of milk*, or a *piece of plumb-cake*, lent the lubbers a hand, and sat them, in the eye of the world upon a level with themselves.

The other step being in the same manner ascended, and the usual ceremonies at an end, every beetle-skull seemed well satisfied with his own portion of learning, though perhaps he were *e'en just* as ignorant as ever. And now the time of their departure being come, they marched out of doors to make room for another company, who waited for entrance: and I, having seen all that was to be seen, quitted the hall, likewise, and went to make my observations on those who were just gone out before me.

Some, I perceived, took to merchandizing, others to traveling, some to one thing, some to another, and some to nothing; and many of these, henceforth, for want of patrimony, lived as poor as church mice, being unable to dig and ashamed to beg, and to live by their wits it was impossible. But the most part of the crowd went along a large beaten path which led to a temple at the further end of the plain, called, *The Temple of Theology*. The business of those, who were employed in this temple, being laborious and painful, I wondered exceedingly to see so many go towards it; but while I was pondering this matter in my mind, I spied *Pecunia* behind a curtain, beckoning to them with her hand, which sight immediately satisfied me for whose sake it was, that a great part of them, (I will not say all) traveled that road. In this temple I

saw nothing worth mentioning, except the ambitious and fraudulent contrivances of *Plagius*, who (notwithstanding he had been severely reprehended for such practices before) was diligently transcribing some eloquent paragraphs out of Tillotson's Works, &c. to embellish his own.

Now I bethought myself in my sleep, that it was time to be at home; and, as I fancied I was traveling back thither, I reflected in my mind on the extreme folly of those parents, who, blind to their children's dullness, and insensible of the solidity of their skulls, because they think their purses can afford it, will needs send them to the Temple of Learning, where, for want of a suitable genius, they learn little more than now to carry themselves handsomely, and enter a room genteelly, (which might as well be acquired at a dancing school,) and from whence they return, after abundance of trouble and charge, as great blockheads as ever, only more proud and self-conceited.

While I was in the midst of these unpleasant reflections, *Clericus*, (who, with a book in his hand was walking under the trees) accidentally awaked me; to him I related my dream, with all its particulars, and he, without much study presently interpreted it, assuring me, *That it was a lively representation of HARVARD COLLEGE, et cetera.*

The essays of Mrs. Dogood were on various subjects, and of very unequal merit in composition. They were doubtless the work of different hands, though I think chiefly from the pen of Benjamin Franklin. Here follows an extract from No. VII. : —

There has lately appeared among us a most excellent piece of Poetry, entituled, *An Elegy upon the much lamented Death of Mrs. Mehitabel Kitel, wife of Mr. John Kitell of Salem, &c.* It may justly be said in its praise, without flattery to the author, that it is the most extraordinary piece, that ever was wrote in New-England. The language is so soft and easy, the expression so moving and pathetic; but, above all, the verse and numbers so charming and natural, that it is almost beyond comparison. I find no English author, ancient or modern, whose elegies may be compared with this, in respect to the elegance of style, or smoothness of rhyme; and, for the affecting part, I will leave your readers to judge, if they ever read any lines, that would sooner make them draw their breath and sigh, if not shed tears, than these following: —

*Come let us mourn, for we have lost a wife, a daughter, and a sister,  
Who has lately taken flight, and greatly we have mist her.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Some little time before she yielded her breath,  
 She said, I ne'er shall hear one sermon more on earth.  
 She kist her husband some little time before she expired,  
 Then leaned her head the pillow on, just out of breath and tired.*

\* \* \* \* \*

I should be very much straitened for room, if I should attempt to discover even half the excellences of this Elegy, which are obvious to me. Yet I cannot omit one observation, which is, that the author has, (to his honor) invented a new species of poetry, which wants a name, and was never before known. His muse scorns to be confined to the old measures and limits, or to observe the dull rules of critics ; —

*Nor Rapin gives her rules to fly, nor  
 Purcell notes to sing.*

Now 'tis pity that such an excellent piece should not be dignified with a particular name; and, seeing it cannot justly be called either Epic, Sapphic, Lyric, or Pindaric, nor any other name yet invented, I presume it may, (in honor and remembrance of the dead) be called the *Kitellic*.

“Mrs. Dogood” continued to furnish a column or two at a time till near the close of the year 1722. The last of her essays contains some wholesome admonition concerning drunkenness, from which the following is an extract : —

I cannot pretend to account for the different effects of liquor on persons of different dispositions, who are guilty of excess in the use of it. 'Tis strange to see men of a regular conversation become rakish and profane when intoxicated with drink, and yet more surprizing to observe, that some, who appear to be the most profligate wretches when sober, become mighty religious in their cups, and will then, and at no other time address their Maker, but when they are destitute of reason, and actually affronting him. Some shrink in the melting, and others swell to such an unusual bulk in their imaginations, that they can in an instant understand all arts and sciences, by the liberal education of a little vivifying *Punch*, or a sufficient quantity of other vivifying liquor.

And as the effects of liquor are various, so are the characters given to its devourers. It argues some shame in the drunkards themselves, in that they have invented numberless words and phrases to cover their folly, whose proper significations are harmless, or have no signification at all. They are seldom known to be *drunk*, though they are very often *Boozey, Cozey, Tipsy, Fox'd, Merry, Mellow, Fuddled, Groatable, Confound-*

*edly cut, See two moons, are Among the Philistines, In a very good humor, See the sun, or The sun has shone upon them; they Clip the king's English, are Almost froze, Feverish, In their attitudes, Pretty well entered, &c. In short, every day produces some new word or phrase, which might be added to the vocabulary of the tipplers; but I have chose to mention these few, because if, at any time, a man of sobriety and temperance happens to cut himself confoundedly, or is almost froze, or feverish, or accidentally sees the sun, &c. he may escape the imputation of being drunk, when his misfortune comes to be related.*

The Courant of July 16, (No. 50) has the following article: —\*

——— *And then, after they had anathematized and cursed a man to the Devil, and the Devil did not or would not take him, then to make the Sheriff and the Taylor to take the Devil's leavings. Postscript to Hickeringill's Sermon on the Horrid Sin of Man-Catching, page 39.*

I can compare the following letter to nothing else but the pelting a criminal with rotten eggs, while he is suffering the law; and, after asking my reader's pardon, I shall offer it to them as such; at the same time desiring the writers of it to bear with patience the unwelcome news of my enlargement. And, as I never published any thing with a design to affront the Government, so I promise to proceed with the like caution, as long as I have the liberty granted me of following my business.

*A Letter to Couranto from one of his most eminent friends, on the joyful news of his imprisonment.*

*Thrust into the Grate by an unknown Hand.*

*Unhappy Man,*

The crimes you have been guilty of are so numerous and heinous, that we think no punishment severe enough to be inflicted on you.

\* This article, as will be perceived, was written after Franklin's release from prison. The *Orders of Council*, by which he was arrested and imprisoned, are given at length in Mr. Thomas's History, vol. ii. p. 217–220. Mr. Thomas says: "Franklin was imprisoned four weeks in the common gaol." This is probably correct, but I find no account of his arrest in the Courant, nor is the time of his "enlargement" stated in any other place, that I can discover, than the introductory paragraph in the extract here given.

In a note to page 218, vol. ii. Mr. Thomas says, — "No. 52 has this advertisement. 'This paper (No. 52) begins the fifth quarter, and those that have not paid for THE LASH are desired to send their money, or pay it to the bearer.'" There are two rather singular mistakes in this note. It is No. 53—not 52—which contains the advertisement in question. But the word "lash," which Mr. Thomas has printed in capitals, is not in it. The word is *last*—and the call is to those, that have not paid for the last quarter. In the copy now before me, which

The manifest design of your paper is to abuse our reverend Clergy, and reproach our learned Youth, to revile the Government, and disaffect the people to the present administration, which we are sure, *any man may*, and *every man ought to be* easy under.

*O Rare Couranto!*

We justly triumph in your righteous fate,  
 You impious wretch, that lashed both church and state,  
 Father of discord, maker of division,  
 Broacher of strife, and sower of sedition,  
 Fomentor of contention and debate,  
 And feuds in family, in church and state.  
 What! such a scoundrel rascal take in hand  
 To banish vice, and to reform our land,  
 Boldly to reprimand our reverend seers,  
 And lug our Ghostly Fathers by the ears;  
 To tax our learned Youth with want of Knowledge,  
 And impudently satirize *our College*;  
 To load our pious Judges with disgrace,  
 And fault our Rulers to their very face!  
 Oh, scoundrel wretch! Your vile Courant has spread  
 Its poison far and wide! No matter you were dead,  
 And your Courants all burnt, that have such discord bred.  
 Your scandalous defamatory libel  
 Is praised and prized by some above the Bible,  
 And more devoutly read; But yet we dare aver,  
 It does more hurt than famine, plague, and war.  
 And do you think a jail too bad for you,  
 And all the rest of your seditious crew?  
 Why do you pine so, and your speech so falter,  
 You impious wretch, when you deserve a halter,  
 Or, in a stinking jail to lie and rot?  
 Nor should good people pity you a jot.  
 Fellow! be easy, cease your grumbling din,  
 For better men before you have been in;  
 By H—ll—b—rn Revol—on married there,  
 Nor did they grumble, languish, or despair.  
 Marry, good Sir! a jail me think's too good  
 For you, and others of the factious brood;

I presume is the copy that Mr Thomas had when he wrote, some person has made a blot on the final letter of the word, — apparently with a pen — with an intent perhaps to make the t resemble an h. But the attempt was abortive and is easily detected.

We hope to see you on a gibbet dangle,  
With all the meddling crew, that come to wrangle.

In his remarks upon this *congratulatory epistle*, Franklin makes a quotation from a speech of Mr. Atstabile to the House of Lords, and concludes by saying — “It was no mitigation of my punishment, to think that better men than myself had been in prison before me. I know the late Governor Dudley was confined in the time of the Revolution; but I never could perceive that the gaol stank a whit the less for him.” \*

It does not appear that these proceedings had any effect in checking the freedom, with which Franklin and his correspondents chose to comment on public men and measures. The paper of July 30th is occupied almost entirely with a chapter of *Magna Charta*, and the comments of a correspondent, intended to show the illegality of the proceedings of the government. Almost every paper, for several weeks, contained remarks that irritated, — and probably were intended to irritate, — those in authority, by raising a laugh at their expense. One of the keenest articles of this sort is the following: —

*To the Author of the New-England Courant.*

The following Lines were occasioned by some unusual proceedings on a certain side of the Atlantic, which may perhaps be remembered by some yet living in that country, and elsewhere; I shall therefore offer them to you without any further explanation; and remain,

Sir,

Your humble Servant,

DIC. BURLESQUE.

A tract of land, of vast extent,  
For want of Christian Settlement,

\* What Franklin was imprisoned for, does not distinctly appear. The Resolve of the Council, that “no such weekly paper be hereafter printed or published without the same be first perused and allowed by the Secretary,” was passed on the



Lay long o'errun with woods and trees,  
And barbarous tribes of Salvages.

At length a mighty Prince of Europe,  
Whom Providence it seems did stir up  
T' enlarge his power and territories,  
(If we may credit ancient stories)  
Sent o'er a number of his subjects,  
Some who were filled with rambling projects,  
And some indeed came out of conscience,  
To settle in this country long since.

Through various forms of government  
They passed, till many years were spent;  
But always used (to blind the people,)  
To join the *State* unto the steeple;  
And those who left the State i' th' lurch,  
Would cry, *The danger of the Church!*  
Till some o' the Clergy and the College,  
Declared against the sin of knowledge;  
And truly 'tis a fatal omen,  
When knowledge, which belongs to no man  
But to the Clergy and the Judges,  
Gets in the heads of common drudges.

But time at last had brought to light  
A Painter, who, in black and white,  
Would every roguish face discover,  
And send them all the country over;  
And every face, in every town,  
Had scores of knaves to call 't his own:  
Whether he drew by art, or blunder'd  
Each knavish face would fit a hundred:  
And what betrayed the silly asses,  
They could not help comparing faces.  
Nay, once (where'er it was he aim'd)  
He drew a face th' whole Senate claim'd;  
But though they knew the face was true,  
They storm'd to see 't exposed to view.

5th of July. Only one paper was issued after that date before that, in which he announces his "enlargement;" so that, if he were in prison four weeks, as Mr. Thomas states, he must have been placed there before the passage of the Resolve in Council.

Look ye! (says one) This sauncy villain!  
We're all in the compass of a shilling!  
I wonder how the rascal draws us,  
And in so small a compass stows us.  
Here, Bumbo, go and call this Painter;  
We'll make him know how he durst venture  
To post us up all o'er the country.  
We ha' n't been served so all this cent'ry.

The Painter went when he was sent for,  
But knew not what it was he went for:  
And, Bumbo having oped the door,  
He entered in and scraped the floor.

A Senator, as grave as aged,  
Whose looks some punishment presaged,  
Stood up, and having scratched his head,  
Unto the Painter thus he said;—  
“We have a picture lately sent us,  
Wherein you truly represent us;  
But pray, of whom had you the draught  
To copy from?” The Painter laughed;  
But having recomposed his visage,  
Quoth he—“It ne'er was known in this age,  
For us to tell whose draughts we use  
When we your worships' heads compose:  
And since you own the draught is true,  
'Tis needless to inquire who  
It was that drew it in the first place:  
The country knows it is a just face.”

A Copper-Smith, (one of the Senate)  
Stood up and cried, “But this day se'ennight,  
No mortal man knew what we acted,  
Or how our heads were then compacted:  
How then could any foreign hand  
(As by the draught we understand)  
Draw us so true at such a distance?  
It seems to me an inconsistency.  
This Painter is a sauncy elf;  
I b'lieve he drew us first himself.”

“It matters not by whom you were drawn,”  
Says the Painter, “since your worships are drawn

But if so great a fault it is  
 To paint your worship's sacred phiz,  
 Some crime (as from your hearts it passes,  
 Flies out and spreads upon your faces)  
 You are afraid should thus be shown,  
 And to your injured country known.  
 You own yourselves the draught is true,  
 And yet can blame the Painter too.  
 So homely dames with ragged faces,  
 Lay all the fault upon their glasses."

At this the Senate grew incensed,  
 And sullen looks around commenced,  
 The Painter, for his sin so vile,  
 Was ordered to withdraw awhile ;  
 Meanwhile, to work in him repentance,  
 They drew at large the following sentence :

The Sentence of the Senate.

*I the Senate, in the month of ——. WHEREAS,*  
*Of late appeared among us there has*  
*A Painter, who in factious pieces,*  
*Does represent our sacred faces ;*  
*And though his vile seditious practice,*  
*We own but too, too often fact is,*  
*His crime has on rebellion bordered ;*  
*And therefore, by ourselves 'tis ORDERED :*  
*That Bumbo shall forthwith with him go,*  
*And put him close into the Limbo,*  
*There to remain, for his transgression,*  
*Until the ending of this - - - - -*

The writers in the Courant frequently amused themselves and the readers of the paper with criticisms on the *elegiac poetry*, in which the press seems to have been prolific. "Hypercriticus," in the paper of November 12, says, "Of all the different species of poetry now in use, I find the *Funeral Elegy* to be the most universally admired and used in New-England. There is scarce a plough-jogger or country cobbler that has read our Psalms, and can make two lines jingle, who has not,

once in his life at least, exercised his talent in this way. Nor is there one country house in fifty, which has not its walls garnished with half a score of this sort of Poems, (if they may be so called,) which *praise the dead to the life*, and enumerate all their excellencies, gifts and graces." He then proceeds to review "Two late Elegies : " —

The first is written by the Reverend Mr. Mæstus Composuit, J. D. V. D. M *Dorcestriz*, which is the name he commonly signs his performances of that nature with. It is an Elegy (or rather Satire) on Mr. Samuel Topliff, one of the ruling elders of the first church in Dorchester. In the former part he smartly satirizes the Church of England, cuts down Episcopacy, and entertains us with an historic account of Bishop Laud's Persecution and the settlement of New-England ; and, in the latter he plentifully burlesques the memory of the deceased. \*

\* \* \*

In Seculars had foresight good,  
And well his business understood.  
In civil, military stations,  
Some years he served his generation ;  
Then nine years in the Deaconship,  
Twenty-one in the Eldership.  
Able for counsel and advice,  
By long experience made wise.  
Could form a speech extempore  
With notable dexteritie,  
And bring about his argument,  
To win his hearers good consent,  
Obtaining guidance from above,  
Knew when to stop and when to move ;  
Could act, retract, sail, row, and steer,  
Sheer off from rocks with prudent fear.

Having thus burlesqued the Rev. Lay Elder, he presents us with an ample muster-roll of *shining* heroes, his predecessors. And here he wisely makes choice of double rhymes, as the most agreeable by far to celebrate their immortal memory —

Bright Withington and shining Minot,  
And radiant Humfrey, (names that die not,)  
Rare Blake, and two choice Claps, who stood  
Sin's foes, but friends to all that 's good.

This way of marshaling heroes (either living or dead) is very common with our writers of elegy. I could give many instances, had I time; but the two following shall suffice for the present. The first is taken from an Elegy on Ichabod Plaisted, Esq. and runs thus, —

Ichabod gone! not all our glory gone?

William, Charles, Lewis, Abraham, Elisha, Joseph, John.

The other is from an Elegy on the Rev. Mr. Holyoke.

That godly man, John Holyoke,

We are bereft of thee,

And also Deacon John Hitchcock,

Japhet Chapen, all three.

\* \* \* \* \*

An eclipse of the sun happened on the 27th of November. A few weeks previous, Thomas Robie of Harvard College,\* published a calculation concerning it, which probably excited considerable curiosity. One of the wits of the Courant, in the paper succeeding the eclipse, wrote the following: —

I will not be so impertinent as to tell the world of the great eclipse of the sun on Tuesday last. There were too many spectators there to make it now a piece of public news. The hills and turrets were crowded with gaping planet-peepers, among whom was the author of the following lines, who, to catch the first appearance, was strained on tip-toe, almost to the cracking of his ham-strings, on the snowy top of a high building, where the Spirit of Versification seized him violently, and would not leave him, till he had railed at the moon in the following manner: —

How now, proud Queen! what dost thou, strutting here,

On Day's bright hill? Away to your dark sphere,

And don't presume t' invade great Phœbus' right;

To him belongs the *Day*, to you the *Night*.

\* Thomas Robie, fellow of Harvard College, was graduated, A. D. 1706; instructed a class from 1714 to 1723; he then studied physic. He was eminent as a mathematician, and a handsome writer; specimens of his scientific abilities, and his manner of composing, may be found scattered in the magazines and newspapers during twenty years of the eighteenth century; particularly a letter to the public, concerning a very remarkable eclipse of the sun, November 27, 1723. *Ellis's Biog. Dict.*

Besides, much better does your orb appear,  
 When farthest from his dazzling beams you are.  
 You with the clouds have an agreement made,  
 To clothe the Sun in black, the Earth with shade.  
 Ha, ha! 'tis as you spite. What have we done,  
 That you should rob us of *three hours' Sun*?  
 If in the midst of Summer's melting heat,  
 Between the Sun and us you 'ad chose a seat,  
 We 'ad paid you thanks: But now to interpose,  
 When we with northern blasts are almost froze,  
 Is hardly fair. For this, before 'tis noon,  
 You shall surrender up th' invaded throne.  
 Though of the Sun the start you 'ave slyly stole,  
 He'll first arrive, and seize the shining goal.  
 Drive on, bright King of day! pursue the race;  
 Huzza! he gains upon the moon apace!  
 And soon will leave her at his shining heels;  
 Bless me! how nimbly roll his chariot wheels!  
 The rapid steeds race up th' ethereal road,  
 Rejoicingly. Stand by, you saucy Cloud;  
 Let's see fair play. Come, Boreas, with your train,  
 Drive each intruder off th' encumbered plain.  
 'Tis done: And now they've come in open view,  
 And swift as nimble Time their course pursue.  
 And now th' ambitious Moon is out of sight,  
 Victorious Sol, come cheer us with your light.

Here the rhyming spirit left him in the lurch; and therefore he entreats the reader to trust him for the rest, till the next visible eclipse.

On the 14th of January, Franklin published the following article: —

— In the wicked there's no vice,  
 Of which the saints have not a spice;  
 And yet that thing that's pious in  
 The one, in t'other is a sin.  
 Is't not ridiculous and nonsense,  
 A saint should be a slave to conscience? *Hud.*

To the Author of the New-England Courant.

SIR,

It is an observation no less true than sorrowful, which some have made, that there are many persons who seem to be *more than ordinary*

*religious*, but yet are on several accounts worse by far than those who pretend to no religion at all.

This sort of men would fain be thought to have arrived at an elevated pitch of *sanctity*, and outstrip their neighbors in the externals of religion, while (without regard to real virtue and goodness) they do put on the *outward form*, as a cloak to cover their wicked practices and designs. These, many times, have the fairest *outside* of any men. They have the blaze of a *high profession*, when perhaps they are blacker than a coal within. If we observe them in their conversation with men we shall ever find them *seemingly religious*, full of *pious expressions* and more than ordinary prone to fall into serious discourse, without any regard to the time, place or company they are in: Whereas (every thing being beautiful in its season) it must be acknowledged that such discourse is not expedient at all times. Or, if we view them in their families, we shall find them nothing but devotion and religion there. So if we observe them on the Sabbath, they are wonderful strict and zealous in the sanctification of *that*; and, it may be, are exact observers of the evening before and after it; or, trace them to the solemn assemblies, and who is there so devout and attentive as they? Nay, sometimes they discover such distorted faces, and awkward gestures, as render them ridiculous. But yet, these very men are often found to be the greatest cheats imaginable; they will *dissemble* and *lie*, *snuffle* and *whifle*: and, if it be possible, they will overreach and defraud all who deal with them. Indeed all their fine pretences to religion are only to qualify them to act their villany the more securely: For when they have once gained a great reputation for *piety*, and are cried up by their neighbors for eminent saints, every one will be ready to trust to their honesty in any affair whatsoever; though they seldom fail to *trick* and *bite* them, as a reward for their credulity and good opinion.

This sort of saints, if they do but perform a few duties to God Almighty in a hypocritical manner, they fondly think it will serve to sanctify their villany and give them a license to cut their neighbor's throats, *i. e.* to cheat him as often as they have opportunity: And, no doubt, had they the advantage in their hands, they would, like Judas, sell their Lord and Master for thirty pieces of silver, if not for half that value.

It is far worse dealing with such *religious hypocrites* than with the most *arrant knave* in the world; and if a man is *nicked* by a notorious *rogue*, it does not vex him half so much as to be cheated under pretence of religion.

Whenever these men are striking a *bargain*, or making any kind of agreement, with what abundance of *pious cant* and *pallaver* will they do

it? and all that they may have the better opportunity to cheat their neighbor; and if they can obtain any advantage of him, they will not fail to improve it to the uttermost. Thus, sometimes when they have made a firm bargain for some commodity or other, and the money to be paid on receiving it, if the buyer delay his coming for it for a day or two, and they have a prospect of getting more, they will advance ten or twenty shillings on the price, and exact it of him. Or when accounts (perhaps of laborers) are carried in to them, they will cut off a considerable part, which is as justly due as the rest. Or if they have made a bargain with any, which proves very hard, and he apply himself to them for abatement and relief, none can be obtained: The law cannot help him, and if he put it to their conscience, why they have none, or one *that is seared with hot iron*. *Don't tell me, (they say,) a bargain is a bargain; You should have looked to that before; I can't help it now.* Indeed it were impossible to enumerate the many tricks and artifices, which such hypocritical zealots improve, to defraud and overreach those they deal with. And though they are very sly and cunning in their wickedness, yet they are often detected: *Oportet mendacem esse memoram*. A liar (and they that will cheat will lie) *had need have a good memory*, lest he contradict and discover himself. And when they are found out, they never want fair words and fine pretences to excuse themselves. They will often varnish their roguery with a *text of scripture*, and allege, that if they are not prudent and provident in looking to themselves, they shall be *worse than infidels*.

But how unaccountable is it, that men who profess the Christian religion should do those things, which many Turks and Heathens would blush to mention! Certainly *a deceived heart hath turned them aside*, and *they are flattering themselves in their own eyes, until their iniquity is found to be hateful*. Whatever high pretences such men make, and boast of their assurances of Heaven, verily *they have neither part nor lot in that matter*; for the great St. Paul has told us, that the UNRIGHTEOUS *shall not inherit the kingdom of GOD*.

For my own part, when I find a man full of religious cant and peltaver, I presently suspect him to be a knave. Religion is, indeed, the *principal thing*; but too much of it is worse than none at all. The world abounds with knaves and villains; but, of all knaves, the *religious knave* is the worst; and villainies acted under the cloak of religion are the most execrable. Moral honesty, though it will not of itself carry a man to heaven, yet I am sure there is no going thither *without it*. And however such men, of whom I have been speaking, may palliate their wickedness, they will find that *publicans and harlots will enter the kingdom of heaven before themselves*.



But, are there such men as these in **THEE**, O New-England! Heaven forbid there should be any: But, alas! it is to be feared the number is not small. A few such men have given cause to strangers (who have been bit by them) to complain of us greatly. *Give me an honest man (say some) for all a religious man!* A distinction which, I confess, I never heard before. The whole country suffers for the villainies of a few such wolves in sheep's clothing, and we are all represented as a pack of knaves and hypocrites for their sake.

Moreover, religion itself suffers extremely by the dishonest practices of those who profess it. Their cheating tricks have a tendency to harden such as are disaffected to religion, in their infidelity, and strengthen their prejudices against it. Why, say they, such and such religious men will *lie, cheat and defraud*, for all their high profession; and so they presently conclude, that religion itself is nothing but a *cunningly devised fable*, a trick of state invented to keep men in awe.

*This is a Lamentation, and shall be for a Lamentation.*

A second communication in the same paper speaks of the dangers to be apprehended from the contentions and divisions, that exist among the people, and accuses them of having "sinned *away* one of the most extensive blessings" they were ever "possessed of" — alluding to the sudden departure of Governor Shute, who, on the first day of that month, had sailed for England. A third communication refers also to the "extraordinary manner of Governor Shute's absenting himself from the government," and says it is naturally concluded, *that any Governor departing from a government with so much privacy and displeasure, can't reasonably be supposed to promote the interest of that government, when he arrives at the British Court.* The writer proposes that "two persons, born among us, of known abilities and address, be, as soon as possible, sent to the Court of Great-Britain, there to vindicate the proceedings of the Honorable House of Representatives, from time to time, since the misunderstandings that have arisen between that honorable House and Governor Shute." He concludes

with the following "*Quere*. Whether (pursuant to the charter) the ministers of this province ought now to pray for Samuel Shute, Esq. as our immediate Governor, and, at the same time, pray for the Lieutenant-Governor as commander-in-chief? Or, Whether their praying for his *success* in his voyage, if he designs to hurt the province, (as some suppose) be not in effect to pray for our destruction?"

The day on which these articles appeared, the following proceedings were had in the General Court: —

In Council, Jan. 14, 1722.

Whereas the paper, called the New-England Courant, of this day's date, contains many passages, in which the Holy Scriptures are perverted, and the Civil Government, Ministers, and People of this Province highly reflected on,

*Ordered*, That William Tailer, Samuel Sewell, and Penn Townsend, Esqrs. with such as the Honorable House of Representatives shall join, be a committee to consider and report what is proper for this Court to do thereon.

This order was sent to the House of Representatives and was concurred in. The following Report was made by the Committee, and adopted by both branches of the government: —

The Committee appointed to consider of the paper called, The New-England Courant, published Monday the fourteenth current, are *humbly of opinion* that the tendency of the said paper is to mock religion, and bring it into contempt, that the Holy Scriptures are therein profanely abused, that the revered and faithful ministers of the gospel are injuriously reflected on, His Majesty's Government affronted, and the peace and good order of His Majesty's subjects of this Province disturbed, by the said Courant; and for precaution of the like offence for the future, the Committee *humbly propose*, That James Franklin, the printer and publisher thereof, be strictly forbidden by this Court to print or publish the New-England Courant, or any other pamphlet or paper of the like nature, except it be first supervised by the Secretary of this Province; and the Justices of His Majesty's Sessions of the Peace for the County of Suffolk, at their next adjournment, be di-

rected to take sufficient bonds of the said Franklin, for Twelve Months time.

Franklin's next paper after the publication of this order contained an article, purporting to be the advice of a correspondent, and pointing out a line of conduct for him, as the publisher of a paper, that should secure him thereafter against any annoyances from the government. In reality, the piece was a satire upon the government, and all who were opposed to the *Courant*, — quite as severe as what he had before published. The *Courant* of February 11 was issued in the name of Benjamin Franklin,\* who thus introduces himself to the public : —

The late publisher of this paper, finding so many inconveniences would arise by his carrying the manuscripts and public news to be supervised by the Secretary, as to render his carrying it on unprofitable, has entirely dropt the undertaking. The present publisher having received the following piece, desires the readers to accept of it as a preface to what they may hereafter meet with in this paper.

Non ego mordaci distinxī Carmine quenquam,  
Nulla venenato Litera mista joco est.

Long has the Press groaned in bringing forth an hateful brood of party pamphlets, malicious scribbles, and billingsgate ribaldry. The rancor and bitterness it has unhappily infused into men's minds, and to what a degree it has soured and leavened the tempers of persons formerly esteemed some of the most sweet and affable, is too well known here to need any further proof or representation of the matter.

No generous and impartial person, then, can blame the present undertaking, which is designed purely for the diversion and merriment of the reader. Pieces of pleasancy and mirth have a secret charm in them to

\* Franklin was not inclined to subject his paper to licensers of the press, and he was unwilling to stop the publication of it; but he dared not proceed in defiance of the order of the Legislature. The Club wished for the continuance of the paper; and a consultation on the subject was holden in Franklin's printing-house, the result of which was, that, to evade the order of the Legislature, the *New-England Courant* should, in future, be published by Benjamin Franklin, then an apprentice to James. \* \* \* The *Courant* was published in the name of Benjamin Franklin, for more than three years; and, probably until its publication ceased; but it appears, from Dr. Franklin's Life, that he did not remain for a long time with his brother after the *Courant* began to be printed in his name.

*Thomas's History of Printing*, vol. 1. p. 310.

allay the heats and tumors of our spirits, and to make a man forget his restless resentments. They have a strange power in them to hush disorders of the soul, and reduce us to a serene and placid state of mind.

The main design of this weekly paper will be to entertain the town with the most comical and diverting incidents of human life, which, in so large a place as Boston, will not fail of a universal exemplification: Nor shall we be wanting to fill up these papers with a grateful interspersion of more serious morals, which may be drawn from the most ludicrous and odd parts of life.

As for the author, that is the next question. But though we profess ourselves ready to oblige the ingenious and courteous reader with most sorts of intelligence, yet here we beg a reserve. Nor will it be of any advantage either to them or to the writers, that their names should be published; and therefore in this matter we desire the favor of you to suffer us to hold our tongues: which though at this time of day it may sound like a very uncommon request, yet it proceeds from the very hearts of your humble servants.

By this time the reader perceives that more than one are engaged in the present undertaking. Yet there is one person, an inhabitant of this town of Boston, whom we honor as a doctor in the chair, or a perpetual dictator.

The society had designed to present the public with his effigies, but that the Limner, to whom he was presented for a draught of his countenance, descried (and this he is ready to offer upon oath) nineteen features in his face, more than he ever beheld in any human visage before; which so raised the price of his picture, that our master himself forbid the extravagance of coming up to it. And then, besides, the Limner objected a schism in his face, which split it from his forehead in a straight line down to his chin, in such sort, that Mr. Painter protests it is a double face, and he'll have four pounds for the portraiture. However, though his double face has spoilt us of a pretty picture, yet we all rejoiced to see Old James in our company. There is no man in Boston better qualified than Old Janus for a *Couranteer*, or, if you please, an *Observer*, being a man of such remarkable *optics* as to look two ways at once.

As for his morals, he is a cheerly Christian, as the country phrase expresses it. A man of good temper, courteous deportment, sound judgment, a mortal hater of nonsense, foppery, formality, and endless ceremony. As for his Club, they aim at no greater happiness or honor, than the public be made to know, that it is the utmost of their ambition to attend upon and do all imaginable good offices to good Old Janus the *Couranteer*, who is and always will be the reader's humble servant.

P. S. Gentle Reader, we design never to let a paper pass without a

Latin motto if we can possibly pick one up, which carries a charm in it to the vulgar, and the learned admire the pleasure of construing. We should have obliged the world with a Greek scrap or two, but the printer has no types, and therefore we entreat the candid reader not to impute the defect to our ignorance, for our doctor can say all the Greek letters by heart.

These papers were continued, with hardly any interruption, for two years, or more. Many of them are exceedingly well written, exposing the follies of the day and descanting with the utmost freedom on politics, religion, and literature. Some of the criticisms on what was then popular *poetry* abound in wit and sarcasm. To oblige the readers of the *Courant*, Old Janus, in that paper of August 26, 1723, copied the following from the *News-Letter* of the preceding week : — \*

#### AD REGEM.

To fix the *Laws* and *Limits* of these *Colonies*,  
My humble Muse to *Royal GEORGE* now flies.  
Live, *Mighty King* ! all *Protestants* do pray ;  
This *New World*, too, under your *feet* I lay ;  
May *Peace & Plenty*, in your *Kingdoms* ! *Triumph* Round ;  
To increase your *Grandeur* ! yet *more worlds* be found ;  
And to your *Glories* ! Let there be *no bound*.

At *Boston* in *America*, the first of *August* : Spoken *Extempore* by *John Winthrop*, Esq ; before his Honour the *Lient Governour* and in the presence of divers *Gentlemen* and *Ladies*, and several of the *Clergy* ; being the happy *Accession* of his *Sacred Royal Majesty King GEORGE* to the *Imperial Throne* of *Great Britain*.

On the publication of this one of *Janus's* correspondents wrote : —

To the worshipful *John Winthrop* Esq ; on his inimitable *Genius* to  
*Extempore Poetry*.

Hail *Bard Seraphic* ! tell what generous fire  
So suddenly thy *genius* did inspire  
*Ex tempore* Great *George* to compliment,

\* The typography and punctuation are here preserved.

And with him undiscovered worlds present,  
 Worlds never known before, worlds old and new,  
 Reserved till now to be found out by you,  
 The people's customs and (the clergy's grace,)  
 The fashion of their bodies and their face,  
 Describe to us; and also let us know  
 If they are made like us from top to toe,  
 And in their faces' centre if their noses grow.  
 And if as big as yOurs or if they're less,  
 Ingeniously for once the truth confess,  
 If there's a symmetry in all their parts,  
 And if they're famous for poetic arts;  
 If not, *Great Sir*, I'd have you there retire  
 And with you take each member of your quire,  
 There you may live in grandeur, pomp and state,  
 And doubtless you'll be made a *Poet Laureat*. *hic Cecinit*  
 Philo Poesis Extemporarii.

In 1725, the contributions of the correspondents of Old Janus were less frequent, and their places in the Courant were supplied with selections from London papers and other popular publications. The *Life of Jonathan Wild*, the famous thief-taker, who was executed in London some time in that year, was published in the Courant, — a portion in each number, from the first of October to the end of the year.

The following communication appears, April 30, 1726; and, is the last original article to be found in the volume from which these extracts have been taken: —

*To the Worshipful Master JANUS.*

Cambridge, April 25, 1726.

SIR,

The poetic performances which some times bloom in your paper, not only afford a rich entertainment to those of a fine and delicate imagination, but may, by their heat and influence, call forth from the womb of some great and hidden genius some pieces of inestimable value, of which the public might otherwise have been deprived.

What advantage such pieces may have been to the author of the following translation, is beyond my power at present to determine. But

the commendation which the public hath paid to the last piece of poetry inserted in the *Courant* has encouraged me to publish this beautiful Ode; with some assurance, that if the reception is but correspondent to the merit of the performance, it will obtain a considerable applause; at least with those who have any acquaintance with the charms of the original.

Yours, &c.

HORACE, Ode the XVI. Lib II. *To Grosphus.*

Through all mankind impatient ardors reign,  
 To live a life of ease secure from pain;  
 The sailor, on the Ægean billows tost,  
 By gloomy clouds the Moon's fair lustre lost,  
 And stars no more seen with their radiant fires  
 To guide th' uncertain ship, soft rest desires.  
 In feats of war, the furious Thracians skilled,  
 And Medes, with whizzing deaths to win the field,  
 With thirsty soul, O Grosphus! Ease explore,  
 More worth than shining beds of yellow ore,  
 Or purple garments stained with Tyrian dyes  
 Which gems enlighten, as the stars the skies.  
 Not sums immense, which greedy avarice heaps,  
 Nor honor's greedy train, which o'er the vulgar sweeps,  
 Can soothe the cares which haunt a monarch's breast,  
 And flying round the court his thoughts molest.  
 Happy the man, the breathings of whose mind  
 Are in the circle of his power confined;  
 Whose sleep no fears disturb, his life no care,  
 But at his table dines on homely fare;  
 And from the sordid lust of riches free,  
 From his clear thought all brooding sorrows flee.  
 Condemn'd to breathe on Earth a narrow space  
 We many things and mighty projects chase:  
 To foreign realms, self-banished from our own,  
 With anxious speed from pressing griefs we run:  
 In vain our haste, while in the conscious soul  
 The angry gods their killing horrors roll.  
 A guilty gloom hangs hovering o'er the ships,  
 And in the minds of running squadrons leaps.  
 Pursuing cares bound swifter than the deer,  
 Chased by the bloody hounds and trembling fear,  
 On the fleet pinions of the eastern wind,  
 Which veil the sun, and leave the hours behind:  
 While swift as light the clouds impetuous fly,

And spread with sack-cloth all the azure sky.  
With eager joy let's grasp the present hour,  
And leave the future, placed beyond our power.  
Let smiles with gentle breezes soothe the tide  
Of swelling grief, and restless fears subside,  
Since various pleasures join to make us blest,  
Denied from some, we'll live upon the rest.  
Achilles, though with fame immortal crowned,  
Death's fatal shaft stretched prostrate on the ground :  
And Tithon, who a longer age obtains,  
Yet loathes a life curst with perpetual pains,  
And, mad with fury, gnaws his endless chains.  
Perhaps on me the smiling hours bestow  
The pleasures which my friend will never know.  
What though a hundred flocks your fields adorn,  
And bowing heads salute the rising morn ;  
Though flying steeds before your chariot spring,  
And in your ears the shrieking axils ring :  
Though robes twice in the Tyrian tincture laid,  
Around you their majestic honors spread :  
On me the Fates with partial bounty shine,  
And spin the thread of life more soft and fine.  
Small is my house, surrounded with the shades  
Of gloomy forests and delightful glades,  
Where all the Nine my ravished breast inspire  
And light with flames of their poetic fire,  
Here raised above the world, my lofty eyes  
View the low Vulgar, and their gaze despise.

The following scraps of news and advertisements, will be sufficient to give an idea of the style in which such matters were clad, a century and a quarter ago, and with them our extracts from the Courant will close : —

*Boston, Feb. 1.* They write from Plymouth, that an extraordinary event has lately happened in that neighborhood, in which, some say, the Devil and the man of the house are very much to blame. The man, it seems, would now and then in a frolic call upon the Devil to come down the chimney ; and some little time after the last invitation, the good wife's pudding turned black in the boiling, which she attributed to the Devil's descending the chimney, and getting into the pot, upon her



husband's repeated wishes for him. Great numbers of people have been to view the pudding, and to inquire into the circumstances; and most of them agree that a sudden change must be produced by a preternatural power. But some good Housewives of a chymical turn assign a natural cause for it. However, 'tis thought, it will have this good effect upon the man that he will no more be so free with the Devil in his cups, lest his Satanic Majesty should again unluckily tumble into the pot.

*Newbury, June 14.* — A serpent was killed here this week, about two foot long, with two perfect heads, one at each end; in each head were two eyes and a mouth, and in each mouth a forked sting, both which he thrust out at the same time with equal fierceness. The manner of his defence was, raising up his heads about two inches from the ground; he always kept one directed towards his adversary, thrusting out both his stings at once. The lad that killed him affirmed that when he was running, if his motion was obstructed one way, he would run directly the contrary way and never turn his body. One head was something bigger than the other, and from the biggest to the other his body was somewhat taper-wise, but in a far less proportion than in common snakes. I the subscriber with several others saw the said serpent just after he was killed, and can testify to all above-written, except his motions described by the lad, who only saw him alive.

*Nath. Coffin.*

*Boston, Aug. 10.* We are advised from Eastham, that Mr. Israel Cole of that place, lately died worth 10000*l.* 2000 of which he left to four grandchildren, and 8000 to his only son of the same name, who in return for his father's extraordinary frugality in his life, and good will at his death, ordered the most magnificent interment for him that has been known in New-England; which was performed in the following manner. The corpse being inclosed in a beautiful coffin, was decently laid in a sled, and drawn to the grave by a yoke of oxen; who notwithstanding they supplied the place of porters and pall-bearers, and had neither gloves, scarves nor rings for their trouble, yet 'tis not doubted but this neglect is entirely owing to the traders in these parts, who deal in such funeral ornaments as are fit only for human bodies. The Heir attended the funeral without any thing of mourning apparel, which must be attributed to a generous scorn of the deceitful pomp and glory of hypocritical mourners, and not to any narrowness of spirit in him, whose spacious soul extends to the utmost bounds of his land, and to the very bottom of his chests.

## THE EPITAPH.

Here lies old Cole ; but how or why  
He lived, or how he came to die,  
His son and heir may but declare it,  
Who's doubly blessed with father's spirit ;  
And who, whene'er he comes to breathe all  
His useless breath away, and leave all  
To such another son and heir,  
He may be thrown — but God knows where :  
Perhaps in some black chymist's dark hole,  
Where out of wood he extracts charcoal.

*Boston, Sept. 16.* Last week a Council of Churches was held at the South Part of Brantrey, to regulate the Disorders occasioned by Regular Singing in that place, Mr. Nile, the minister having suspended seven or eight of the Church for persisting in their Singing by Rule, contrary (as he apprehended) to the result of a former Council ; but by this Council the suspended Brethren are restored to Communion, their Suspension declared unjust, and the Congregation ordered to sing by Rote and by Rule alternately, for the Satisfaction of both parties.

*Boston, Decemb. 9.* We have advice from the South Part of Brantrey, that on Sunday the First Instant, Mr. Niles the Minister of that Place, performed the Duties of the Day at his Dwelling House, among those of his Congregation who are opposers of Regular Singing. The Regular Singers met together at the Meeting House, and sent for Mr. Niles, who refused to come unless they would first promise not to sing Regularly ; whereupon they concluded to edify themselves by the Assistance of one of the Deacons, who at their Desire prayed with them, read a Sermon, &c.

*Boston, Sept. 25.* They write from Marblehead, that on Monday the 15th inst. a farmer about two miles from that town, hearing a noise among his swine, run out and discovered a Bear making off the ground on his hind legs, having the good man's Sow hugged up in his fore paws. They soon dispatched the Bear, in hopes of relieving the Sow ; but it proved too late, for the Bear had broke her back, and squeezed her to death. The sow is supposed to be about 200 weight. The Bear weighed 50 pounds a quarter when dressed.

'Tis thought that not less than 20 Bears have been killed in about a week's time within two miles of Boston. Two have been killed below the Castle, as they were swimming from one island to another, and one attempted to board a boat out in the bay, but the men defended themselves so well with the boat-hook and oars, that they put out her eyes,

and then killed her. On Tuesday last, two were killed at Dorchester, one of which weighed 60 pounds a quarter. We hear from Providence that the bears appear very thick in those parts.

*Boston, Oct. 23.* On Tuesday last there was a general Training at Charlestown, where 6 companies of Foot and 2 Troop of Horse were mustered and exercised, much to the satisfaction of a great number of spectators, who discovered a far greater degree of the Military spirit than in our Boston Militia, particularly by one company, commonly called Charlestown Wood Men, who appeared in their regimental apparel; that is to say, their hats were all bound with white paper, and some of them had blue stockings worked with white.

*Oct. 30.* A lad of about 17 years of age, having lately enticed 3 children, all about 3 or 4 years of age, into by places of the town, barbarously whipt them, and ('tis thought) otherways abominably abused them, was this week accidentally discovered by one of the children as he passed along the street, and committed to Bridewell, where he confess he whipt them, but said he could not tell for what.

*Feb. 26, 1726.* The Lad (mentioned in one of our former papers) who barbarously whipped several children, being found guilty at our Superior Court, this week received sentence to be whipped 39 lashes at the Cart's Tail, 12 at the gallows, 13 at the head of Summer-street, and 13 below the Town-House, and to be committed to Bridewell for six months.

*Boston, March 26.* We are at present amused with a very odd story from Martha's Vineyard, which, however, is affirmed for a truth by some persons lately come from thence, viz. That at a certain house in Edgar Town, a plain Indian pudding being put into the pot and boiled the usual time, it came out of a blood-red color, to the great surprize of the whole family. The cause of this great alteration in the pudding is not yet known, though it has been matter of great speculation in the neighborhood.

#### *Advertisement.*

If there be any person that has imposed his surreptitious Digits or Bubonic Aphthalins, on the Globular Rotundity of an Hatt, tinctured with Nigridity, let him convey his Intelligencies to the Preconic Potentate, where the sonorous Jar of his Tintinnabular Instrument, by a tremulous Perversion of the Minute Æreal Particles, affecting the Auricular Organs, make an Impression on the Cerebral Part of his Microcosm; and he shall receive a Premeial Donation adapted to the Magnitude of the Benefit, whether the Hat has titillated his Manual nerves, or only struck the Capilliments of his Optic Nerve.

*Just published, and Sold by the Printer hereof.*

**\*†\* HOOP-PETTICOATS Arraigned and Condemned, by the Light of Nature, and Law of God. Price 3d.**

*Advertisement.* There has been preparing, and is now published, and to be sold by Samuel Gerrish, bookseller in Cornhill, Boston, A collection of PSALM TUNES in three Parts, Treble, Medias and Bass, 28 consisting of 74 lines, or common Tunes, and ten more consisting of 8 lines, or double Tunes. Printed from a Copper-Plate, most curiously and correctly engraved, and in a page fit to be bound up with the common Psalm Books. Persons may have Psalm Books with these Tunes bound, for 5s. 6d. a piece, or the Tunes single for 3s. a Set. And by the Doz. with usual and proper Abatements, and cheaper still by the 100.

It is stated by Mr. Thomas that the publication of the Courant ceased in the beginning of the year 1727. James Franklin, at a subsequent period, removed to Newport, R. I. and established a paper there, — the first in that colony.

It is presumed that none of the names of the writers for the Courant are known at the present day, except that of Benjamin Franklin, and his whole history is as familiar to most readers as household words. His autobiography is one of the most delightful narratives that the press has ever sent forth to the world. It has been re-written for various publications, and published, times almost innumerable, with additions, embellishments, and commentaries. His name has been rendered immortal by his private virtues, and his public services, and sheds a splendor around the typographic art, of which every printer makes a boast, while he feels that he is in some degree a partaker in the honor conferred on his profession by Franklin.

## THE NEW-ENGLAND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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THE first number of this paper was published on Monday, March 20, 1727. The imprint was — “BOSTON : Printed by S. KNEELAND, at the Printing-House in Queen-Street, where Advertisements are taken in.” It was a half sheet of fools-cap, two pages, with two columns in a page, printed chiefly in Brevier type. The opening address of the publisher was set in Pica Italic, beginning with a four-line letter, and read thus : —

It would be needless to mention here the particular *Reasons* for Publishing this Paper; and will be sufficient to say, That the *Design* of it is, with Fidelity and Method to Entertain the Publick every *Monday* with a Collection of the most Remarkable Occurrences of *Europe*, with a particular Regard from time to time to the present Circumstances of the Publick Affairs, whether of Church or State. And to render this Paper more Acceptable to its *Readers*, immediate care will be taken (and a considerable progress is herein already made) to settle a Correspondence with the most knowing and ingenious Gentlemen in the several noted Towns in this and the Neighbour-Provinces, who may take particular Care seasonably to Collect and send what may be remarkable in their Town or Towns adjacent worthy of the Publick View; whether of Remarkable Judgments, or Singular Mercies, more private or public; Preservations & Deliverances by Sea or Land: together with some other Pieces of History of our own, &c. that may be profitable & entertaining both to the Christian and Historian. It is likewise intended to insert in this Paper a Weekly Account of the Number of Persons *Buried, & Baptiz'd*, in the Town of *Boston* : With several other Things that at present can only be thought of, that may be of Service to the

Publick: And special care will be taken that nothing contrary thereto shall be inserted.

Those Gentlemen therefore whether in *Town* or *Country*, who are inclined to Encourage and take this Paper, may have it left at their Houses in the Town of *Boston* or *Charlestown*, or seal'd up, Directed and Convey'd as they shall Order, giving Notice at the Printing-House in *Queen-Street Boston*.

The Price of this Paper to those that live in the *Town* will be *Sixteen Shillings* per year, and *Twenty Shillings* if Seal'd, &c. and to be paid Quarterly.

☞ This may serve as a Notification, that a Select number of Gentlemen, who have had the happiness of a liberal Education, and some of them considerably improv'd by their Travels into distant Countries; are now concerting some regular Schemes for the Entertainment of the ingenious Reader, and the Encouragement of Wit and Politeness; and may in a very short time, open upon the Public in a variety of pleasing and profitable Speculations.

This address is followed by sundry articles under the head of "Foreign Affairs," taken from the *London Journal* of October 15, 1726,—five months earlier than the date of the *Weekly Journal*. Then follows entries and clearances at the custom-houses in *Philadelphia*, *New-York*, *Salem*, and *New-Hampshire*,—an account of the annual town-meeting in *Boston* for the election of municipal officers,—a paragraph of news from the *West-Indies*,—Burials and Baptisms in the town of *Boston*,—entries and clearances at the *Boston* custom-house,—and sundry articles of intelligence, communicated, apparently, by the "knowing and ingenious gentlemen" mentioned in the introductory address. Three short advertisements fill up the remainder of the sheet. The first, a sale of household furniture at public vendue,—the second, "a convenient piece of land for a house lot"—the third,—

\*†\* *James Lubback* Chocolate-Grinder, Living near Mr. Colman's Meeting House in *Boston*, sells the best Chocolate by Wholesale and

Retail at the lowest Prices : He also takes in Cocoa-Nuts to grind with expedition, at six pence per pound.

This sheet was probably issued as a specimen of what the publisher intended to present to the public, — the next sheet, issued March 27, being “Number I.” and the numbers then following in regular order.

In the third number of the Journal, April 10, (which is a whole sheet of four folio pages,) is the first of a series of essays which were continued to the end of the year. There is no title to these essays. To each of them is prefixed a motto, usually taken from a Latin Poet. The introductory paper, which here follows, is not inferior in easy and quiet humor to those, in which Steele, Addison, and Mackenzie introduced themselves to the readers of the Tattler, Spectator, and Mirror : —

## NO. I.

*Sunt quibus in plures jus est transire figuras.*

Ovid. Met.

An ingenious Author has observed, that a Reader seldom peruses a Book with Pleasure, 'till he has a tolerable notion of the Physiognomy of the Author, the Year of his Birth, and his manner of living, with several other Particulars of the like Nature, very necessary to the right understanding his Works. This Humour I find not a little remarkable in my own Countrymen, who since the Advertisement which I lately published, have been very busy in their conjectures at my Name, the place of my Abode, and my Circumstances of Life. Many have supposed me to be a certain young Gentleman, who has given the Town several beautiful Pieces of Poetry: Though others say I am lately arrived from *England*, accomplished in Mathematical Learning. I have been frequently reported to wear a Band, and as often represented as a Merchant, wrapt up in a Callimanco Night-Gown, and seated very conveniently in a Compting-House. Sometimes I have been dispatch'd to *Cambridge* under Form of a Scholar, while some have not scrupled to divest me of all these my Dignities, and clap me into the Habit of an old Almanac-Maker.

To rectify the Judgment of my Readers in this important matter, and to sooth the Curiosity of these inquisitive Gentlemen, I shall here

give them a brief Account of myself, without Prejudice or Partiality. I was born in the Year 1666, in a small Cottage at *Salem*, which is the principal Reason, as I have been apt to imagine, that People have sometimes suspected me for a Conjuror. Though when I have often examined myself in that Particular, I have thought, as far as I know of my own Heart, that I have looked like another Christian. But as this is a Case of Conscience, fitter to be decided by Divines and others skilled in those Affairs, than by me, who am but a simple Lay-man, I shall refer it to their Consideration, and at present dismiss it. However I may possibly in the course of this Work, from Time to Time, offer to the World, such Reasons as incline me to the negative side of the Question, that I am no Wizard: But that being only my own private Opinion, I shall not presume to palm it upon others.

THE most remarkable Passage of my Childhood, was, a wonderful Talent I had to imitate any thing that I saw or heard. I could grunt like a Hog, roar like a Lion, or bellow like a Bull. I was once very near being worried by a pack of rascally Dogs, who took me for a Fox, I deceived their Ears with so natural a Squeal: And I was a particular Favorite of all the Hens in the Neiborhood, I rival'd the Cock with a Crow so very exquisite & inimitable. I will add, for the Satisfaction and Emolument of my Enemies, that when I Hoot they would infallibly take me for an Owl; as also on occasion I can Bray so very advantageously, that few Asses can go beyond me.

NAY to such a Perfection am I arrived in the Art of Mimickry, that I am able not only to take any sound that I hear, but I have a Faculty of looking like any Body I think fit. There is no Person that ever I have seen but I can immediately throw all his Features into my Face, assume his air and monopolize his whole Countenance. I remember when I was a School-Boy my Master once gave me an unlucky Rap on my Pate, for a Fault committed by *Giles Horror*, whose Visage I had at that time unfortunately put on. *Esau Absent* may remember me to this day, if he be living, how his mother took me for him, when I marched off in Triumph, with a huge Lunch of Bread and Butter, that was just spread for *Esau's* Dinner. I am the more large on this part of my character, because it is in a great measure, the Ground-work of these Lucubrations, inasmuch as I intend frequently to write in Quality of an Imitator. My way of bantering a Folly shall be to represent it as in a Glass, and I shall make it Ridiculous by exposing it just as it is. If I criticise upon any incorrect Performances, my Readers must not wonder if my Criticism is incorrect; As on the other Hand, If I have occasion to commend any beautiful or sublime Production, I shall endeavor to write in the Spirit of such an Author. Tho' as to this last Point, I



must acknowledge, I am very much afraid I shall fail ! For to confess a secret which I desire may go no further, I find I can with much more Ease & Facility, tread in the Steps of a *grub-street* or *bombastick* Writer, than of one whose Compositions are finished with Purity and Eloquence. I own it is a considerable Grief to me to reflect how much more able I am to follow People in their Infirmities than in their good Examples ; and with what dexterity I can write Improbabilities and Contradictions, when I am obliged to take such pains to attain to any tolerable degree of Propriety & Exactness. This reduces my Capacity for Imitation to the uncomfortable Diminution of Apishness & Buffoonery ; so that I have often with great shame of Heart, secretly compared myself to a *Monkey*. Those who have given us accounts of the *East-Indies* tell us of a certain Bird there, which its Fellow-Inhabitants call the *Mock-Bird*. This *Gentleman in Feathers*, is remarkable for having no Note of his own, but is beholden to every Sound he hears for his Accent. The Rustling of the Leaves on the Trees, the Rilling of Brooks, the Noise of the several Beasts, the Songs of other Birds, or the Words of Men, are alike to him ; and he repeats them all with equal Nicety and Art. I cannot but look upon myself, as having a remote Affinity to that Bird, in that I can pretend to no Fund of good sense in my Mind, but must be obliged perpetually to one Author or another for Patterns to copy after, or else I must e'en be contented to hold my Tongue.

I have now finished two momentous Articles, viz. my Age & my Aspect to which I have added the Tongue of my Voice. It remains that I say something of my present Condition, and this I shall do, (as an ingenious Author whom I am now imitating has admirably expressed it) in a *very clear and concise manner*. But first I must acquaint my Readers with some former Parts of my Life, without which my History will be very imperfect and incomplete.

Know then that when I was Three Years old, I was sent to School to a Mistress, where I learned to read with great Expedition & Dispatch ; for which Reason, in my Fifth Year, I was taken away and put to a Writing-Master. In my seventh Year I could flourish a tolerable Hand, and began my Grammar. By that time I was Fourteen, I was a considerable Proficient in the Latin & Greek Languages and was admitted into *Harvard College*. I staid a member of that learned Body the usual Time, and then entered upon my Travels to *China, Japan, & Bantam*, in the latter of which I continued several Years Fellow of a Society of *Brachmans*, from whom I learned many curious Secrets, which it may be I shall in some of my subsequent Entertainments communicate to the Publick. It was in these my Peregrinations, that I used every

Week to note down, in a Book which I Provided for that Purpose, all those things that I met with, and thought worthy Remark. From which Origin my Paper derives its Title, for being so used to the Name, I could think of nothing more readily than, *The WEEKLY JOURNAL*.

I must not omit one old Stroke of my Character, which seems to be peculiar to my self; that, though I out-stripped all my *Sodales* in every other Study, I could never attain to any tolerable understanding in *Arithmetick*. While I was at School I remember I was not able by any methods I could make use of, to lay three Figures together, and compute what would be the Total: Unless they happen'd to be three Unites, and then I took care to bear in mind, that my Master often told me they would amount to just 3. Indeed I am at Present a better Master of numbers than so, having by many Years close Application, joyned with the Instructions and Assistances of the *Brachmans* arrived as far in that Science, as Addition of Money, which is no little consolation to me in this my declining Old Age. And as this is a Subject upon which I have of late years delighted much to dwell upon, I shall acquaint my Readers, that I am a very Rich Old Fellow, hale and fresh, in the Sixtieth Spring of my Life. In the richest Tiller of my Chest, in all humane Probability, there cannot be less than One Pound Thirteen Shillings & Seven Pence Half-Penny. This I am the more willing to make known (tho' otherwise I love to keep my own Council in these *matters of money*, ever since I once had two pence stole from me, when I unadvisedly mentioned where I had hid it.) But at present, I say, I am the more forward to tell (and indeed I love to repeat it) that I am a wealthy old Curmudgeon, because I hope the Publick will pay a suitable Deference to my Speculations when they know how rich the Author is: As well in that it will convince them that I do not write for the Lucre of Gain, (as some well express it) and as also in that money always commands Respect.

THERE is one Question more that waits for a Solution; and that is concerning my Name. But here now is the Unhappiness! I have, through the Infirmary of Old Age, entirely forgot all about it; so that Posterity must e'en be content to know that the Author of the *Weekly Journal* had a name once, tho' perhaps neither they nor I will ever be able to invent what it was. However, for the further Satisfaction of the World, I shall allow People in their Letters to me, to dignify & distinguish me by what Title they please; and if any of them should be so happy as to hit my true name, as soon as I once hear it again, I shall remember it, and I shall accordingly make use of it for the future. This Invitation I am sensible will be the Occasion of a variety of pleasant Appellations, with which my ingenious Correspondents will be

apt to shew their Parts upon me. One will address his Epistle, *To the Worthy Mr. THOMAS FOOL*. Another will compliment me with the Denomination of the *Honourable Squire NONSENSE*. I shall be saluted by a third, *These for Honest JACK BLUNDERBUSS*: While a fourth subscribes his Letter, *Humbly Present, To the Right Worshipfull Sir JAMES NUMSCULL, Knt.* But these things I shall bear with a great deal of Resignation and Patience, and shall not only pardon my humorous Correspondents of this Kind, but so long as men are thus Witty, shall not fail to give them all reasonable Encouragement.

P. S. Those Gentlemen or Ladies who will do me the Honour to write to me, and by that means contribute to the Embellishment of my Journal, are desired to direct their Letters, till I can think of my true name, (unless they are disposed to be more than ordinary Witty and Satyrical) *To PROTEUS ECHO, Esq, at Mr. Samuel Kneeland's in Queen Street, Post Paid.* E.

In his next paper the writer proceeds, agreeably to the example of his great prototypes of the Tattler and Spectator, — then in the height of their popularity, — to give an account of the members of “the Society.” The members, at a formal meeting, were ordered to put on their best countenances, and to form themselves into a semi-circle, fronting the limner, who was seated at a convenient distance, and thus sketched their portraits: —

The Person that was opposite to me, and seem'd to demand the earliest Notice, was the Honourable *Charles Gravely, Esq*; a Gentleman of most remarkable Figure and Majesty, and for that Reason has the Honour of the Chair and is every way qualified to Adorn it. He has been for many years a Merchant of considerable Eminence in the Province of *Massachusetts*, and has traded for many Thousand of Pounds in *Wit* and *Eloquence*, and all sorts of the richest *Styles* and *Figures*, that are of such use in the Commonwealth of Letters; And could never be persuaded to venture his Merchandize abroad, upon any other Bottom than that of *Good Sense*; for which Reason he has in all his Adventures succeeded to Admiration. He is of all our Society, the best acquainted with the various Humours and Passions of Mankind, and can only by the Light of the Face, very often discover the secret motions and Propensity of the Heart; so that it is sometimes very dangerous being in his Company. I was once resolved, if it were possible, to deceive him, and had by a great deal of Subtilty, spread an artificial Melancholy

over my whole Countenance, while my breast was labouring with some comical Idea (which himself was the occasion of) and ready to burst into Laughter. The Squire gave me but one half Glance from his left Eye, and discovered the Dissimulation, to my Surprise and Confusion. He seldom speaks but at the Decision of some warm and tedious Debate, at which Time he has it in his Power to Command the Affections of his little Auditory at his Pleasure. There is something so peculiar and astonishing in his Countenance, that a Lady, as it is reported, was so unfortunate as to fall into sudden Labour at the Sight of him, as he happen'd accidentally to stalk by her Window. If at any Time the Society have started some merry and ridiculous subject, and happen at his Appearance to be all upon the Grin; his Presence will in an Instant strike out every Wrinkle, and awe them into the strictest Gravity and Composure. And when we are disposed to be dull and heavy, as is too common, he can by the Magick of a certain Figure, throw us into a kind of Convulsion, and keep us upon the Titter and Shake, for the half Hour together. In short, there is no resisting his Aspect nor Eloquence.

At the right hand of Squire *Gravely*, sits Mr. *Timothy Blunt*, who lives some distance from the Town of Boston, but is, notwithstanding, very constant in his attendance at our Meetings. He is a Person of great plainness of Aspect, Speech, and Behaviour, and has such an Aversion to Bombastick-writing, that he will not allow of any thing that is Gay or Fantastical, in his House or Apparel. His Horse for its Poverty and the Length of its Tail, is admirably calculated for the *Surinam-Market*, upon which he rides to Town once every Week, and very often brings his Wallet ballanced with two Bottles of Milk, to defray his necessary Expenses. His Perriwig has been out of the Curl, ever since the Revolution, and his Dagger and Doublet are supposed to be the rarest Pieces of Antiquity in the Country. As for his Intellectuals, they are by Reason of Age, and an unlucky stroke which he received in a certain place in his Infancy, very much out of Repair at this Time: However, he has Soul enough left him to master the whole Mathematicks; and if it had not been for this Accident, he would doubtless have stood the fairest of any of his Contempory's to have found out the *Philosopher's-Stone*.

Next follows my dear Friend and old Companion, the famous Mr. *Christopher Careless*, an Inhabitant of *Boston*, and one who has by a close and vigorous Application to Business, sunk a very plentiful Patrimony, and reduced his Fortune to a Level with his Ambition. He has of all Men living the most passionate Thirst after agreeable Society, and Conversation: And yet has the wonderful Faculty of retiring when he

is in the best of Company: For let the Society be ever so closely engaged in Pursuits of the greatest Importance, his Soul will in Spite of all the Temptations which are before him, sink down into his Body, as a Candle into the Socket, and he hears no more of the Discourse than if he was absent: And yet he is always ready with an answer to every Question which he did not hear. This Person is, notwithstanding, of singular Advantage to our Society: He dives into himself for all those Treasures of Knowledge with which he is so wonderfully furnished, and he can, when he is much provoked, fetch out of his own Mine, such excellent Maxims and Observations, as are not to be found in any other Soil. He seems to be the favourite and darling of Nature, and receives at the first Hand, all those Intellectual Blessings which others are forced to endeavour after by a long and painful Disquisition. To conclude, He is a man of great Goodness of Temper when he is well pleased, and let him be kept from strong Liquor, and there is not a more sober temperate Person in the whole Neighborhood.

One of this Association happens to be Mr. *Will. Bitterly*, a Man that trades with the Stars, and has been all his Life a Fortune-Teller. He is descended in a direct line (tho' I have forgot the number of Generations) from old *Diogenes* the Father of the *Cynicks*, and is pretty much like him in Temper & Complexion. This Person has taken up a Resolution against Matrimony, by reason of several threatening Lines and Crosses in the Palms of his Hands, which he supposes portend domestick Jangles and Disasters. I have been credibly informed, that he has foretold many extraordinary Events as soon as they have come to pass, and once I remember, his warning a Company of very hopeful Stripplings, against the Danger of being fudled, when there appeared to be no other Symptoms of the Catastrophe, than a large Bowl, very briskly sailing round the Table; What it contained, I do not pretend to determine, but that very Night according to the Prediction, they were all unhappily Cast-away, and some of them very much Damaged. There are now entered down in the Minutes of our Society several of his Prognostications of which we expect a punctual and speedy Accomplishment: And he has very lately ventured to Prophecy something that relates to this Paper, viz. That some of the finest, most elegant and sublime Pieces that may shine out in the leaves of these Lucubrations, will certainly meet with very cold and indifferent Reception, and that all the low and grovelling Performances (if there should be any) will consequently meet with universal Applause. I shall therefore calculate some of my Speculations to the taste of the Populace, and would not by any means have the Publick suppose that it is for want of Ability, that I am now and then very dull, tho' that possibly may be the very Reason.

And now comes the wonderful Mr. *Honeysuckle*, the Blossom of our Society, and the beautiful Ornament of Litterature; a Person of most extravagant Imagination, and one who lives perpetually upon Tropes and Similes. In his common Conversation, he talks in Metaphor and Hyperbole, and his very Gesture is Allegorical. He has a lofty and poetical Countenance, which perfectly Rhimes with his Genius: And his Fancy is like a wide and magnificent Room, that is hung with a confused variety of Landskips, of his own making, and his Judgment can hardly give its Approbation to any thing, that does not border upon the Sublime. He has a tall and towering Spirit, that scorns to be chain'd to the Laws of Mortality; and will very often start away in a visionary Excursion to the distant Parts of the Universe. He has contracted an intimate Acquaintance with all the Planetary Worlds, and can give a very romantick Account of the different Species of its numberless Inhabitants, Customs and Constitutions. By the Assistance of his natural & acquired Endowments, he is such a Master at Versification that one of his acquaintance has offered a considerable Wager upon his Faculty, against the great LAW, and even Dr. H —— R himself, and tho' I dare not rise to such a Height in my Opinion of his Capacity, yet I cannot but think he deserves the next Place to these wonderful Authors. He has attained to a considerable Perfection in the Art of Painting, and has given some incontestible Proofs of his Improvement; Having obliged our Club-Room, with the Draught of a Beau, a clown and a Coquet; and in Pursuance of a late Vote of our Society, is now taking the Physiognomy of what we call a Critick.

I might add the Character of Two Divines who sometimes do us the Honour to sit with us half an Hour, and improve us with their Excellent Conversation; But these Gentlemen are above the reach of my Pen to do them Justice. Their Lives are regular and Exemplary; their Learning Solid and Profound, and in the Pulpit, they command the Attention of their Audience with the Gracefulness of their Air, the Musick of their Voice, and the noble Majesty of their Eloquence. These Gentlemen will have no inconsiderable Hand in these Weekly Entertainments. M.

The third number of these Essays is a "Criticism upon Nonsense," which bestows some wholesome ridicule upon the false taste, that was thought to prevail among the writers of that period. One of those writers, "*Mr. George Brimstone* by Name," is thus described: —

Mr. Brimstone, as to his exterior Figure, is one of the portliest Mortals that have flourished in our World, since *Goliath* overtop'd the

*Philistian Army.* He is, moderately speaking, Nine Foot high, and Four in Diameter. His Voice is not unlike the Roar and Rapidity of a Torrent foaming down a Mountain, and reverberated among the neighboring Rocks. The hurry of Vociferation in which he drives along in the Heat of an Argument, imitates the Thunder of a Cart-load of Stones poured out upon a pavement. He was educated in a Ship of war, and one would imagine he learnt the Notes of his Gamut, from the various Whistlings of a Tempest thro' the Rigging of his Vessel. I was once so unadvised as to offer my Dissent from one of his Opinions; but I had better have held my Tongue: He turned upon me, and rung me such a peal of Eloquence, that had I not made off with the greatest Precipitation, would have gone near to have stun'd, and made me Deaf all my Days. Nay, I have cause to think my Hearing has been never the better for it to this Moment.

This is a short Description of his external Accomplishments; as to the Qualifications of his Mind, they will be best perceived, by a Transcript I shall here make, from an Oration he composed in *Praise of Beacon-Hill*. I must inform my Readers, that it was conceived as he stood upon the Summit of that little Mount, one Training Day, when, as he has since owned to me, the Drums and Musquets assisted his Inspiration, and augmented and deepened the Rumbling of his Periods. It begins in the following manner—

The gloriously-transcendent, and highly-exalted Precipice, from which the sonorous Accents of my Lungs resound with repeated Echoes, is so pompous, magnificent, illustrious, and loftily-towering, that, as I twirl around my arm with the artful flourish of an Orator, I seem to feel my Knuckles rebound from the blue Vault of Heaven, which just arches over my Head, I stand upon an amazing Eminence that heaves itself up, on both sides steep and stupendous! high and horrendous! The spiry Teneriffe, the unshaken Atlas, or Olympus divine and celestial, when compared to this prodigious mountain, sink to Sands, and dwindle to Atoms. It is deep-rooted in its ever-during Foundations, firm as the Earth, lasting as the Sun, immovable as the Pillars of Nature! I behold from this awful and astonishing Situation, the concave Expanse of uncreated Space, stretch itself above, and the Land and Ocean below, spreading an Infinitude of Extension all about me. But what daring Tropes and flaming Metaphors shall I select, O aspiring Beacon! to celebrate Thee with a suitable Grandeur, or lift Thee to a becoming Dignity? How does it shoot up its inconceivable Pinnacle into the superior Regions, and blend itself with the cerulian circumambient Ether! It mocks the fiercest Efforts of our most piercing Sight to reach to its impenetrable Sublimities. It looks down upon the di-

minish'd Spheres ; the fixt Stars twinkle at an immeasurable Distance beneath it, while the Planets roll away unperceived, in a vast, a fathomless Profound ! \* \* \* \*

The writer proceeds to give an account of Mr. Brimstone's Poem on Love, addressed to his Mistress, in which, in fifty-six lines, there were three *Celestials*, eight *Immortals*, eleven *Unboundeds*, six *Everlastings*, four *Eternities*, and thirteen *Infinities* ; besides *Bellowings*, *Ravings*, *Yellings*, *Horrors*, *Terribles*, *Rackets*, *Hubbubs*, and *Clutterings*, without number. But the gentleman's Poetical Description of a Game at Push Pin, was considered his master-piece. This poem began thus : —

Rage, fire and fury in my bosom roll,  
And all the gods rush headlong on my soul.

The pins are likened to two comets, enlightening the boundless deserts of the skies with a bloody glare ; and their first encounter was as if the two continents came in contact and produced a direful concussion in the midst of the briny Atlantic. The poem concluded with the following Lines : —

The Bars of Brass, harsh-crashing, loud resound,  
And jarring Discords rend th' astonish'd ground.  
So when aloft dire Hurricanes arise,  
And with horrendous shatterings burst the skies,  
Dread ghastly Terrors drive along in crowds,  
And hideous Thunder howls amongst the Clouds ;  
Eternal Whirlwinds on the Ocean roar,  
Infinite Earthquakes rock the bounding shore.

Most of the human passions, virtues and vices, are subjects of discussion in the following numbers, treated with becoming earnestness ; the more harmless follies of the day are touched with the pencil of levity. It is said that these essays were written by three different persons,



but it is not possible now to identify the several writers. Judge Danforth, the Rev. Mather Byles, and the Rev. Thomas Prince, were undoubtedly contributors to the Journal. Tradition affirms that most of the poetical contributions were from the pen of Dr. Byles. The thirty-first number was written soon after *the great Earthquake*. Fear is the subject of discussion, and the writer attempts to show that "Fear always rises in proportion to the worth and excellence of what it is probable we shall part with;" and as nothing is more dear than life, it is thence concluded that the terror inspired by the earthquake was a natural emotion:—

When the Earth rumbles under us, and begins to wave and quiver, where shall we run for Refuge and Safety? To our Habitations? They feel the same trembling and convulsion with the Earth. Shall we run out into our Streets? The Earth may gape under, or our Houses tumble over us. If we ascend the tops of Hills, the Earthquake is there, and the *Mountains skip and leap like Lambs*; either that part under our Feet may open and so ingulph us, or the whole of them may sink down till their Tops are lower than the Valleys which before lay at their feet. If we imagine to fly to the Waters, Flames may belch out of the Sea and make a speedy consumption of us, or our Foundation may fail us before we can get thither. So that, upon all accounts, an Earthquake leaves us the least Security of our Lives of any one temporal Judgment. If an Earthquake be caus'd by imprison'd Wind, which wanting Vent, rushes with a bellowing Roar under the Earth, and heaves up the Ground into Trembles, it must give us an amazing Horror to think this Subterranean Vapour must break out somewhere or other, and that we don't know but it may rush out under our Feet, and bury us all in one prodigious Chasm. If it be caused by Fires, which burn under us, and run in Rivers of Flame, which threaten to blaze out in the most dreadful Eruptions; it must fearfully surprize to think how the outward Convex Earth which is our present Foundation, is only an Arch, which as it were hangs over a fiery Sea; and that if it should once cave in, we should fall into a Boiling and Sulphurous Lake.

It is the Sentiment of the best modern Philosophers, that the Earth is continually sapt and undermined by Fire; and its Vitals burnt with

an hectic Fever, so that it is gradually preparing for the final Conflagration, when its extreme Surface will at last share the Fate that is now suffered by its Entrails. Doubtless those burning Mountains which throw out of their Caverns perpetual Flames and Cinder, and sometimes vomit Rivers of melted materials, have numerous Sources from all parts of this Globe, which still supply them with fresh and eternal Recruits. So that an Earthquake must needs give us some natural Expectation and Image of those last tremendous Convulsions when this large and spacious Arch which is stretch'd over the Hollow that is under it, shall descend down with a mighty noise, and the Waves of Fire breaking out, shall boil over it.

This essay closes with the following Hymn : —

The GOD of Tempest.

I.

Thy dreadful Pow'r, Almighty GOD  
Thy Works to speak conspire ;  
This Earth declares thy Fame abroad,  
With Water, Air, and Fire.

II.

At thy Command in glaring Streaks,  
The ruddy Lightning flies ;  
Loud Thunder the Creation shakes,  
And rapid Tempests rise.

III.

The gathering Glooms obscure the Day,  
And shed a solemn Night ;  
And now the heav'nly Engines play,  
And shoot devouring Light.

IV.

Th' attending Sea thy will performs,  
Waves tumble to the shore,  
And toss and foam amid the Storms,  
And dash, and rage, and roar.

V.

The Earth and all her trembling Hills  
Thy marching Footsteps own :  
A shud'ring Fear her Entrails fills,  
Her hideous Caverns groan.

VI.

My GOD, when Terrors thickest throng, —  
Thro' all the mighty space,

And rattling Thunders roar along,  
And bloody Lightnings blaze :

## VII.

When wild Confusion wrecks the Air,  
And Tempests rend the Skies,  
Whilst blended Ruin, Clouds, and Fire  
In harsh disorder rise ;

## VIII.

Amid the Hurricane I 'll stand,  
And strike a tuneful Song ;  
My Harp all-trembling in my hand,  
And all inspir'd my Tongue.

## IX.

I 'll shout aloud, Ye Thunders ! roll,  
And shake the sullen Sky ;  
Your sounding Voice from Pole to Pole  
In angry murmurs try.

## X.

Thou Sun ! retire, refuse thy Light,  
And let thy Beams decay :  
Ye Lightnings ! flash along the Night,  
And dart a dreadful Day.

## XI.

Let the Earth totter on her Base,  
Clouds Heav'n's wide Arch deform ;  
Blow, all ye Winds, from ev'ry place,  
And breathe the final Storm.

## XII.

O JESUS, haste the Glorious Day,  
When thou shalt come in Flame,  
And burn the Earth, and waste the Sea,  
And break all Nature's Frame.

## XIII.

Come quickly, *Blessed Hope* ! appear,  
Bid thy swift Chariot fly ;  
Let Angels tell thy coming near,  
And snatch me to the sky.

## XIV.

Around thy wheels, in the glad Throng,  
I 'd bear a joyful part ;

All Hallelujah on my Tongue,  
All Rapture in my Heart.

Six stanzas of this poem are introduced by Dr. Belknap into his collection of "Sacred Poetry," and are there attributed to Dr. Byles as the author.

There is one Poem inserted among these papers which is announced as the production of "Mr. Byles." It is "on the Death of King George I., and Accession of King George II." It is a pretty good specimen of the style of "Mr. Brimstone," which had been ridiculed in a previous paper. After a column of most extravagant personal compliment, and inflated description of the condition of England under the reign of the first George, the Poet exclaims —

But Oh! at once the heav'nly scenes decay,  
And all the gaudy visions fade away;  
*He dies* — my muse, the dismal sound forbear;  
In ev'ry eye debates the falling tear;  
A thousand passions o'er my bosom roll,  
Swell in my heart, and shock my inmost soul:  
*He dies* — Let nature own the direful blow,  
Sigh, all ye winds; with tears ye rivers flow;  
Let the wide ocean, loud in anguish, roar;  
And tides of grief pour plenteous on the shore;  
No more the spring shall bloom or morning rise,  
But night eternal wrap the sable skies.

Yet the spring *did* bloom, and the morning *did* rise;  
for the Poet, after a transition of six lines declares,  
"The *first* revives within the *second* George," and adds —

Ev'n our far shores confess the high delight,  
Where the faint sun rolls down the golden light;  
The daring billows leap along the main,  
Proud of the extent of George's happy reign;  
Applauding thunders shake the air around,  
Waves shout to waves, and rocks to rocks resound;

Each human breast glows with resistless fire,  
And ev'ry Angel strikes his sounding lyre.

O live, auspicious Prince, live radiant Queen,  
Long let your influence gild the glorious scene,  
And your fair Offspring, form'd for high command,  
Flourish, ye blooming Honours of the land :  
But when from the dim courts below you fly,  
To the bright regions of the upper sky,  
Where trees of life by living riv'lets teem  
Wave their tall heads, and paint the running stream  
May round your heads crowns flash, celestial, bright, \*

In another essay, (No. xxxiii.) there is a paraphrase of the Hundred and Fourth Psalm, in heroic verse, which is rather dull and prosaic, though the versification is smoothe and not ungraceful. The following are the concluding lines : —

Joyful, my GOD, my pious Song I 'll raise,  
Whilst vital Spirits down their circling maze.  
To thee I 'll sing, till to the Realms of Light  
My Soul with winged speed directs her flight.  
There shall my Raptures no deception know,  
But to duration's endless Ages glow.  
Mean time my GOD shall every Thought employ,  
My sorrow sweeten, and inspire my joy.  
Whilst on the Wicked His Almighty ire  
Shall rain a deluge of consuming fire ;  
My Soul thy Name with inmost ardour bless,  
You num'rous Worlds your grateful Songs express !

Several of these essays were republished in 1807 and 1808, in the EMERALD, a literary paper, published in Boston. In placing the first number before the readers of the Emerald, the editor said, — “If the appetites of general readers be not entirely vitiated by the literary whip-syllabub, which is served up in the trash publications of the present time, they must relish the solid fare, on which our ancestors regaled.” In a subsequent pa-

\* Three lines are here nearly obliterated from the Journal.

per, the editor remarked of these essays — “They appear to have been extremely popular, when first published, and we should be proud, at this day, of being, in the least degree, instrumental *in arresting their flight to the gulph of oblivion*. They carry internal evidence to prove themselves the production of some well bred scholar, whether of Oxford or Cambridge is of little moment. Some of them are not inferior to the numbers of the Spectator; and their writer seems to follow, and not *sub longo intervallo*, the footsteps of ADDISON. \*

\* \* \* The extensive familiarity with classical literature, which these productions discover, is perhaps such as to render it highly probable, that they originated with some English gentleman of education, then resident here. The diction is pure, the humor chaste, and the morality sound.”

In the seventy-first number of the Journal there is a “Congratulatory Poem,” addressed to Governor Burnet, who had then just taken possession of the government of Massachusetts, by appointment from the king of Great-Britain. It is highly charged with adulation, and contains more flattery than poetry. For example, —

But now, O Massachusetts, now rejoice !  
And Thou, blest Boston, lift thy cheerful Voice !  
For he, who long before had fill'd our Hearts,  
Now to our longing Eyes Himself imparts :  
He, he is come to be our Country's Prop ;  
Greater than Fame, and better far than Hope.

\* \* \* \* \*

While tender Infants smile to see his Face,  
The Aged gravely celebrate his Praise.  
Transports and Joys shine in each Face confest,  
While Expectation fills each heaving Breast.  
But while Priest, Senate, and the Throng express  
United Joy, great Sir, can we do less ?

From Castle William then a welcome take :

'Tis giv'n ! — what Noise our thundring Cannons make !

'Tis nought ! — For should we forth our Raptures sing,

Wide round the World the vast Report would ring.

The readers of the History of Massachusetts, will not need to be informed that Governor Burnet did not quite accomplish all the anticipations of the Poet. He began his administration by quarreling with the Representatives of the People, and closed it at his death, with no testimonials of their love or respect. The poem was undoubtedly written by Dr. Byles.

In January, 1729, — the third year of its existence, — the Journal was supplied with another series of original essays, which extended to eighteen numbers. Mr. Thomas says, they “were supposed by some to have been principally composed by Governor Burnet ; as they began the January after his arrival at Boston, and ceased a few weeks before his death.” These essays are written in a good style, and may properly claim the character of “moral and entertaining,” but they want the attractive sprightliness that gave popularity to those of Proteus Echo.

About the close of the year 1741, this paper was incorporated with the Boston Gazette, and published by Kneeland & Green, under the title of the “Boston Gazette and Weekly Journal.” The publication was discontinued in 1752, — twenty-five years after the first publication of the Journal.\*

In the Journal of January 8, 1728, is the following account of the celebration of the king's birth-day at Bath, England : —

At four o'clock in the morning the Bells struck out, a Bonfire was

\* See p. 46.

lighted, and a whole Ox set a roasting, with a Quantity of Liquor, and Huzza's to His Majesty's Health: At 6 the Drums beat the Young Gentlemen Volunteers to arms; by 8 one Hundred and Sixty assembled themselves together at the Colonel's House; by 10 they were ready to march, but first every man drank a Glass of Brandy to his Majesty's Health; the officers were extremely rich in their Apparel, Velvet, Embroidery, Gold and Silver Lace; the men with fine Caps, Cockades, Holland Shirts, Silver and Gold Ribbons, Shoulder-Knots, fine Scarlet Cloth Breeches richly laid, white Stockings, red Tops to their Shoes; the Slings to their Pieces had this Motto, God save King George the Second: By 12 they marched through the best part of the Town, with two Sword-Bearers, a Sett of Morris-Dancers, and Martial Musick before them; then came to the Market-Place, where they drew up in order for Fire; Wine was brought, and every Officer charg'd his Glass; the King, Queen and Royal Family went round distinct, with a Volley at each health; the Glasses were thrown over their Heads, and in other Parts of the Town they did the same; then Captain Goulding repeated this Verse *Ex tempore*:

*In spite of Legions of Infernal Devils below,  
To y<sup>e</sup> Powers above, Supream Divine,  
Let George in the Center our Standard be,  
And his Queen the Great Caroline.*

One Colonel Edward Collins that keeps the White Hart Inn, & Capt. Thomas Goulding Jeweller in the Walks, Capt. James Warriner Bookseller in the Walks, Lieut. Collins Wallen, Draper in the Church-Yard, Lieut. Taylor Sword-Cutler in the Church-Yard, and three more young Gentlemen of the Town-Officers, which makes 8 in number, that gave the Ox and all the Charges thereto: They drew to the Beef when roasting, with Handfuls of Silver each Officer, and obliged the Cook to stuff it into the Shoulders and Neck; and Capt. Goulding, Jeweller, stuffed above an Hundred true Stones into the Buttocks of the Ox, several Diamonds, Rubies, Saphires, Emeralds, Garnets, Amethysts and Topasses. At two the Ox was ready brought to the Table, put into a Dish 12 Foot long and 6 wide, made on purpose: They din'd in the public Market-House; but the Stuffing made the Mob so furious that they flung themselves over the Heads of the Officers, into the Dish, and stood over their Shoes in Gravy, and one was stuff'd into the Belly of the Ox, and almost stifled with Heat and Fat; the Grease flew about to that Degree, which made the Officers quit the Table, or all their Cloaths must have been spoil'd; they stopt and look'd on their Proceedings till Three, then they all march'd to the Colonel's, and staid till Four; they went out again on their Procession; at Five the Candles



began to light; at 6 the Town was illuminated; they beat into the Colonel's Quarters near Seven, with Huzzas, *King George for Ever!* where there was great Quantities of Wine and Beer drank to his Majesty's Health, and all his loving Subjects in his extended Dominions; at Eleven the Drums beat *Go to Bed Tom*, and all departed in Peace after Pleasure.

Of the Rev. Mather Byles, one of the most prolific writers for the Journal, the history is generally known. He was born in Boston, March 26, 1706. His father was an English emigrant, and died soon after the birth of the son. His mother was the daughter of the Rev. Increase Mather. He graduated at Harvard College, in 1725, and was ordained pastor of the church in Hollis-street, Boston, December 20, 1733. He was strongly attached to the royal government, at the beginning of the Revolution, on which account he was separated from his pastoral charge, in 1776. In May, 1777, he was formally denounced, in town-meeting, as a Tory, and was obliged to enter into bonds to appear at a public trial. He was pronounced guilty, and sentenced to confinement on board a guard-ship, and, with his family, to be sent to England; but this sentence, — at least, the latter part of it, — was not executed. He died in 1783, of a paralysis, which had afflicted him for some years. He made great pretensions to the character of a wit, and almost innumerable puns have been attributed to him. His literary talents gained him some reputation in England. That he understood the arts of flattery is evident from the following letter: —

To MR. ALEXANDER POPE.

New-England, Boston, Oct. 7, 1727.

Sir,

You are doubtless wondering at the novelty of an epistle from the remote shores where this dates its origin; as well as from so obscure a hand as that which subscribes it. But what corner of the earth so

secret, as not to have heard the fame of Mr. Pope? Or who so retired as not to be acquainted with his admirable compositions, or so stupid as not to be ravished with them?

Fame, after a man is dead, has been by some ingenious writers compared to an applause in some distant region. If this be a just similitude, you may take the pleasure of an admired name in America, and of spreading a transport over the face of a New World: By which you may, in some measure, imagine the renown, in which your name will flourish many ages to come, and anticipate a thousand years of futurity.

To let you see a little of the reputation which you bear in these unknown climates, and the improvements we are making under your auspicious influences, in the polite studies of the Muses, I transmit to you the enclosed Poems: Assuring myself, though not of the approbation of your judgement, yet of the excuse and lenity of that candor which is for ever inseparable from a great genius. But notwithstanding all these representations of your goodness, which my imagination is able to form, I find it very difficult to suppress the struggle of passions which swells my breast, while I am writing a letter to so great a man. I am at once urged by a generous ambition to be known to you; and forbid by a trembling consciousness of my own unworthiness and obscurity. Prompted by desire, flushed with hope, or appalled with concern, I add to the incorrectness which I would now most of all wish to escape. In short, Sir, when I approach you it is with a real awe and reverence, like that, which you have so humorously described in the Guardian upon dedications.

How often have I been soothed and charmed with the ever blooming landscapes of your Windsor Forest? And how does my very soul melt away, at the soft complaint of the languishing Eloisa? How frequently has the Rape of the Lock commanded the various passions of my mind: Provoked laughter; breathed a tranquillity; or inspired a transport! And how often have I been raised, and borne away by the restless fire of the Iliad, as it glows in your immortal translation!

Permit me, Sir, to conclude my letter with asking the favor of a few lines from the hand which has blest the world with such divine productions. If you thus honor me, assure yourself the joys you will produce in me, will be inferior to none but the poetic rapture of your own breast. Perhaps you will be disposed to write, when I confess, that I have a more superstitious ardor to see a word written by your pen, than ever Tom Folio in the Tatler, to see a simile of Virgil with that advantage.

I am, Sir, your great admirer, and  
most obedient humble Servant,

MATHER BYLES.

To this letter, Pope wrote an answer, composed in terms of extravagant compliment, which Byles was fond of exhibiting on every practicable occasion. Among other ironical expressions, Pope said, it had been long supposed that the Muses had deserted the British empire, but the reception of this book of Poems had relieved him of his sorrow, for it was evident they had only emigrated to the colonies.\*

The Rev. Thomas Prince is supposed to have been a contributor to the Journal, and to have given efficient aid to the publisher by enlightened and friendly counsel. This gentleman was a native of Middleborough, in the county of Plymouth. He was a graduate of Harvard College. Having spent several years in traveling in Europe, he arrived in Boston, in 1717, and was, the next year, ordained pastor of the Old South Church. He published a great number of sermons and tracts, but is now chiefly known by his *Chronological History of New-England*, — a work of great value, as far as it was completed, which was brought down only to 1633. He was an ardent friend and zealous supporter of the Rev. George Whitefield. He died October 22, 1758, in the seventy-second year of his age.

\* This anecdote I had from the Rev. John Eliot, D. D.

## THE WEEKLY REHEARSAL.

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THIS was the fifth newspaper established in Boston. The first number of it was published on Monday, September 27, 1731, "by J. Draper, for the author."\* Its author was JEREMY [or Jeremiah] GRIDLEY, a young man of fine literary acquirements. "For the first six weeks, mottoes in Latin, from the classics, were inserted after the title," and every succeeding paper had a new motto. "For the first six months, with very few exceptions, a moral or entertaining essay was weekly published, which usually filled more than half the paper."† These were mostly original, and were supposed to be the productions of Gridley alone. The following modest introductory article fills the entire first page of the first paper: —

There is nothing of greater disservice to any writer, than to appear in public under too forward and sanguine an expectation: For either he must elevate himself to the fondness of his reader's fancy, or both of them are respectively dissatisfied, — the reader by a disappointment, and the writer by a cold reception. To prevent therefore any incon-

\* In most of the newspapers printed in the early part of the last century, the word "author" was used to designate the *editor* or publisher. All communications are addressed "To the author of the Courant," — "To the author of the Rehearsal," &c.

† Thomas's History of Printing.

venience of this nature, I shall here enter into the design of the present undertaking, and delineate the idea I would have every reader conceive of it.

As to the reasons that have engaged me in it, several I find have been assigned, all which I leave in the same uncertainty and suspense, since there is no necessity of declaring upon motives, where the production is to be useful or entertaining. And to be so as far as possible is the professed intention of this paper; an intention that takes in a wide extent and variety of subjects. For what is there either in Art, or Nature, or History, not to be accommodated in this view? The minutest things, when set in a due light, and represented in apt words, will divert, and the greatest are entertaining of themselves. The nature of this design then is confined to no particular argument, and in fact will be circumscribed by nothing but discretion, duty, and good manners. These are the fences and boundaries I would think myself obliged never to transgress; for however uneasy a dissolute and licentious pen might be under these limitations, yet without them there is certainly no real pleasure in any action of life, and with them there is room for the widest range of thought, and the freest excursions of fancy. Room enough, every one will be ready to admit, but where shall we find the powers to traverse and cultivate it? Where the man equal to it? This is a hard, unnecessary question. I need not go very far to say where he is not, neither is there any need of proceeding farther to show where he is. For without any pretensions to genius, or universal capacity, an indifferent hand may be allowed, once in seven days, to publish a Rehearsal, and perhaps to entertain. A Rehearsal, what can we suppose it, but in the general course to be derivative? and what an infinity of sources have we to derive from? The ancient are yet living, and many of these later ages will forever live with them. They are too pure to displease, too numerous to fail us. And is it impossible for an industrious hand to give them a different course? May he not be useful to the public, by directing them where they will be valued, and where otherwise perhaps they would not have been enjoyed? This is all the vanity that can be imputed to the publisher of a Rehearsal; for as the paper takes its name, the readers should form their opinion from the general design. I am well aware of the exceeding and almost insuperable difficulty of being an original in this knowing and polite age; for besides the fertile comprehensive genius that Nature must bestow, how many other qualities are requisite to form a good and just writer? Easiness of mind and a competent fortune are indispensably necessary; for how can wit and humor be employed by a man in want? How can the arrangement of ideas be attended to by

him whose affairs are in confusion? Travel and the most refined conversation are to be added to these accomplishments: And beyond these, it were easy to select *many others*, that enter the character of an original author, and discountenance those who want them from any pretences to it. I would therefore decline this path, and presume no farther than Mr. Locke has suggested every man may, without any the least imputation of vanity. "Since no one (says that great author) sees all, and we generally have different prospects of the same things, according to our different positions to it,—it is not incongruous to think, nor beneath any man to try, whether another may not have notions of things, which have escaped him, and which his reason would make use of, if they come into his mind." These views and attributes we apprehend things in, are infinitely diversified by the particular circumstances of persons. And there is, I am persuaded, scarce any man of the least observation and remark, who has not been entertained with appropriate cast of thought, and turn of humor, even where he least expected it. Should I ever, therefore, even venture beyond the limits of a *Rehearsal*, this would be my plea and vindication: and should I fail in the attempt, what a great pleasure and obligation would it be, for some of my better readers to imitate the example of the Oxford scholar, who, although he had acquired an excellent hand at music, yet afterwards, falling into melancholy, grew averse to it, and would not be prevailed upon by his friends to touch it. They had but one way to excite him, and that, for some unskillful hand to take his violin and scrape upon it. He would then immediately snatch it from him, and in a kind of resentment, give it the utmost elegance of sound and harmony.

What has been hitherto said, considers this paper only in the essay kind and a speculative view; which is but one half the design. For it is intended to be a narrative of whatever shall occur in Commerce in the Civil or Learned World, as far as it deserves our attention, and comes within notice. It will be the endeavor of the publisher to procure the best intelligence, and to digest it in the most suitable method. He would aim to give this sheet all the variety and aspects it is capable of receiving; for, upon looking over a list of the subscribers, he finds names of every quality, and presumes there are tastes of every degree to be pleased. He owns himself under indelible obligations to the gentlemen that have advanced and favored the design, and would not question their continuance, till it deserves their disesteem, and becomes an opiate, by having too great an infusion of the poppy.

Some of the essays in the succeeding numbers of the *Rehearsal* are written with ease and sprightliness, and

are good specimens of the kind of writing that was made popular by the influence of the *Tattler*, *Guardian*, and *Spectator*. It is not, however, always easy to distinguish the original pieces from those that are selected. Many of them bear so near a resemblance in style and structure to those of Steele and Addison, as to lead the reader, at first view, to think he has seen them before. Here is a part of a paper on the prevailing fashions, which seemed familiar to the ear when first read, but I am not able to decide upon its originality : —

The love of novelty is the parent of Fashion, and as the fancy sickens with one image, it longs for another. This is the cause of the continued revolutions of habit and behavior, and why we are so industrious in pursuing the change. This makes Fashion so universally followed, and is the true reason why the awkwardest people are as fond of this folly as the genteelest, who give a grace to every thing they wear. . . . 'Tis plain that every novelty is not beauty, and that it requires great elegance of taste and truth of judgement to determine the modes of dress; that every one should consult the particular turn of their own manner in their choice, and be well convinced of its propriety before they ventured to set the world an example. But, as this is very seldom found, I shall content myself with recommending it only, and make the present entertainment a mere *register* of the fashions that are, by turns, in vogue, with a hint or two at the characters of the inventers.

I shall not busy myself with the ladies' shoes and stockings at all; but I can't so easily pass over the *Hoop*, when 'tis in my way, and therefore I must beg pardon of my fair readers, if I begin my attack here. 'Tis now some years since this remarkable fashion made a figure in the world, and from its first beginning divided the public opinion as to its convenience and beauty. For my part, I was always willing to indulge it, under some restrictions: that is to say, if 'tis not a rival to the dome of St. Paul's, to incumber the way, or a tub for the residence of a new Diogenes: if it does not eclipse too much beauty above, or discover too much below. In short, I am for living in peace, and I am afraid a fine lady, with too much liberty in this particular, would render my own imagination an enemy to my repose.

\* \* \* \* \*

The *Farthingale*, according to several paintings, and even history

itself, is as old as Queen Elizabeth of blessed memory, though 'tis impossible it had its original in the same manner with the Hoop and was worn as universally; but the prudes of our days revived it in stark opposition to that fashion, and boasted that while they were in that circle they were secure from temptation; nay some of them have presumed to say it gave them all the chastity of that heroic Princess, who died as she had lived, a Virgin, after so many years of trial.

The *Stay* is a part of modern dress that I have an invincible aversion to, as giving a stiffness to the whole frame, which is void of all grace, and an enemy to beauty; but as I would not offend the ladies by absolutely condemning what they are fond of, I'll recall my censure, and only observe that this female armor is changing mode continually, and favors or distresses the enemy according to the humor of the wearer; sometimes the *Stomacher* almost rises to the chin, and a *Modesty-Bit* serves the purpose of a ruff; at other times 'tis so complaisant as not to reach half way, and the *Modesty* is but a transparent show to the beauties underneath; the first may give passion too great a license, and the last may be an injury to nature; for which reason I recommend a medium. Coquettes are the encouragers of one and Prudes of the other.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have no objections to make to the *Tippet*; it may be made an elegant and beautiful ornament. In winter the sable is wonderfully graceful and a fine help to the complexion; in summer the colors and compositions are to be adapted with judgement, neither dull without fancy, nor gaudy without beauty. I have seen too many of the last, but, as I believe them to be the first trial of a child's genius in such performances, I only give this hint for their amendment.

As the *Breast Knot* allows a good deal of ingenuity in the delicate choice of colors and disposition of figure, I think it may be indulged, but very sparingly, and rather with a negligence than the least affectation. It seems there is a fashion even in the colors of ribands, and I have observed a beautiful purple to be lately the general mode; but 'tis not the beauty of the color that recommends it so much as the symbol it is said to bear.

I come now to the *Head-Dress*, the very highest point of female elegance; and here I find such a variety of modes, such a medley of decoration, that 'tis hard to know where to fix; lace and cambrick, gauze and fringe, feathers and ribands, create such a confusion, occasion such frequent changes, that it defies art, judgement, or taste, to recommend them to any standard, or reduce them to any order. That ornament of the hair, which is styled the *Horns*, and has been in vogue



so long, was certainly first calculated by some good-natured lady to keep her spouse in countenance.

\* \* \* \* \*

The *Hat* and *Peruke*, which has been some time made part of a lady's riding equipage, is such an odd kind of affectation, that I hardly know under what species to range it; 'tis such an enemy to female beauty, 'tis so foreign to every amiable grace, it adds such a masculine fierceness to the figure, and such a boldness to every feature, that neither decency nor elegance can justify it.

The *Riding Habit* simply, with the black velvet cap and white feather, is, in my opinion, the most elegant dress that belongs to a lady's wardrobe; there is a grace and gentility in it that all other dresses want; it displays the shape and turn of the body to great advantage, and betrays a negligence that is perfectly agreeable. This fashion was certainly invented by a woman of taste, and I am pleased to see the ladies in general so well reconciled to it. It argues something like good sense in their choice still remaining, and she, who makes her whole actions most conformable to that standard, will always be most secure of conquests and reputation.

This produced, in the next Rehearsal, a retort from a female correspondent, who said: —

You seem to blame us for our innovations and fleeting fancy in dress, which you are most notoriously guilty of, who esteem your selves the *mighty, wise, and head* of the species. Therefore I think it highly necessary that you show us the example first, and begin the reformation among your selves, if you intend your observations shall have any with us. I leave the world to judge whether our petticoat resembles the dome of St. Paul's nearer than you in your long coats do the Monument, or (not to borrow similes from abroad) our Beacon. You complain of our masculine appearance in our riding habit, and indeed we think it is but reasonable that we should make reprisals upon you, for the invasion of our dress and figure, and the advances you make in effeminacy, and your degeneracy from the figure of man. Can there be a more ridiculous appearance than to see a smart fellow within the compass of five feet immersed in a huge long coat to his heels, with cuffs to the arm-pits, the shoulders and breast fenced against the inclemencies of the weather (with as much care as a wet nurse) by a monstrous cape, or rather short cloak, shoe toes pointed to the heavens in imitation of the Laplanders, with buckles of a harness size? I confess the *Beaux* with their *toupee wigs* make us extremely merry; and frequently put me in mind of my favorite monkey, both in figure and apishness, and were it

not for a reverse of circumstance, I should be apt to mistake it for Pug, and treat him with the same familiarity.

The essay here annexed has two or three expressions, which the taste of the present age may condemn as indelicate, but I have presumed to transcribe it without abridgement : —

*Naturam expellas furia licet, usque recurret.*

Horace.

There is an old Heathen story, that Prometheus, who was a potter in Greece, took a frolic to turn all the clay in his shop into men and women, separating the fine from the coarse, in order to distinguish the sexes. The males were formed of a mixture, *blue red*, as being of the toughest consistence, fitter for creatures destined for hardships, labor, and difficult enterprizes; the females were moulded out of the most refined stuff, much of the like substance with China Ware, transparent and brittle, designing them mostly for show and beauty. By the transparency he intended the men might see so plainly through them, that they should not be capable of hypocrisy, falsehood, or intrigue, and by their brittleness he taught them they were to be handled with a tenderness suitable to their delicacy of constitution.

It was pleasant enough to see with what contrivance and order he disposed of his journeymen in their several apartments, and how judiciously he assigned to each of them his work, according to his natural capacity and talents, so that every member and part of the human frame was finished with the utmost exactness and beauty.

In one chamber you might see a *Leg-shaper*; in another a *Skull-roller*; in a third an *Arm-stretcher*; in a fourth a *Gut-winder*; for each workman was distinguished by a proper term of art, such as a *Knuckle-turner*, *Tooth-Grinder*, *Rib-cooper*, *Muscle-maker*, *Tendon-drawer*, *Paunch-blower*, *Vein-brancher*, and such like. But Prometheus himself made the *eyes*, the *ears*, and the *heart*; which, because of their nice and intricate structure, were chiefly the business of a *master-workman*. Besides this, he completed the whole by fitting and joining the several parts together according to the best symmetry and proportion. The statues are now upon their legs. *Life*, the chief ingredient, is wanting. Prometheus takes a *ferula* in his hand, (a reed of the island of Chios, having an oil pith) steals up the back stairs to Apollo's lodgings, lights it clandestinely at the chariot of the Sun; so down he creeps upon his tip-toes to his warehouse, and, in a very few minutes, by an application of the flame to the nostrils of his *clay images*, sets them all a stalking and

staring through one another, but entirely insensible of what they were doing. They looked so like the latter end of a Lord Mayor's feast, he could not bear the sight of them. He saw it was absolutely necessary to give them *Passions*, or Life would be an insipid thing: and so, from the superabundance of them in other animals, he culls out enough for his purpose, which he blended and tempered so well before infusion, that his men and women became the most amiable creatures that thought can conceive.

*Love* was then like a pure vestal flame, not made up of sudden joy, transports and extasies, but constant, friendly, and benevolent.

*Anger* did not appear horrid and frightful by turbulent emotions of the breast and distortions of the face; but preserved a dignity of resentment in the countenance, commanding a reverential awe in the offender.

*Fear* did not in the least encroach upon the bounds of Fortitude, by a slavish dejection of spirits, nor was it ever seen upon any occasion, but as a monitor, to prevent the doing of any action, which might be attended with disgrace or repentance.

In the same manner was every passion and appetite under the best regulation and dominion of reason. The world would have been a most delightful scene, had people continued in this situation; but, alas! there can be no happiness here without a mixture of misery.

Prometheus is apprehended for his theft and presumption, bound fast in chains to a rock, with a vulture to prey upon his liver. His journeymen get drunk for joy. They were now their own masters; during which interval they fall to man-and-woman-making, with excessive precipitation and hurry. Now you might see a small head set upon a pair of broad shoulders; a nose, too long, too short, too thick, too small, or awry on the face; a large heavy carcase reared upon a small pair of spindle shanks, by which means they become bandy; a long chin to a short face; one arm longer than the other; eyes too big for their sockets; mouth three times too wide or too narrow; every part and limb almost chosen and put together at random. But to conclude the farce, when they came to passion-work, instead of blending and tempering them in true proportion, they took from the worst of animals, simply and by guess. To one was given the rage and fury of a wolf; hence came a most virulent, persecuting, malicious villain; from whom has descended those boisterous and outrageous pests of society, who are every day disturbing our peace, — the only blessing we can enjoy upon earth. To another, the poison and rancor of a toad; from whom sprang the revengeful, who, upon the least touch of offence, are ever upon the watch, to ruin the inadvertent. To another, the subtlety and cunning

of a fox ; from whom we trace the politician, who turns all the motions of his soul to seducing, betraying, surprising, *fair promises with fowl intentions, perpetual stratagems to his own advantage, under the specious appearance of the public good.* To another, the alertness of a monkey : He beget a large family of jibbers, buffoons and mimics ; these are a numerous breed, and dispersed over the face of the whole earth. The chief business of their lives is to make people laugh at one another, and not to spare even their nearest friends, who, while they are copying the imperfections of others, come to be originals. You may distinguish this happy race by their hawk-noses, one eye less than t'other, and a perpetual sneer, which, by repeated habit, becomes inseparable from their faces. To another, the pride of a peacock : He turns beau, stitches all the tinsel about him that he can, hangs a tail to his head, and so walks through the world. To another, the gluttony, laziness, and luxury of a hog : From him descend all whose chief exercise consists in eating and drinking. They are easily distinguished by the plumpness and rotundity of their *development*, and *torosity* of their *necks* and *breasts*, and the *prominence* of their *abdomen*. Numberless are the instances that might be given of the predominance of brutes, thus occasioned in men ; but I hasten to give a summary account of the animals chiefly chosen by these journeymen, to give proper accomplishments to the other sex, viz. Cats, Ferrets, Weasels, Vipers, Magpies, Geese, Wagtails, Rats, Stoats, Rattle-snakes, Wasps, Hornets, and some few others. It is needless to inform the reader what qualities were infused from these, when he can behold them so plainly in one half or more of his female acquaintance.

Upon the whole I shall make this remark, that the handy work of Prometheus and their progeny are to be distinguished, with the greatest ease, from that of his journeymen ; his being all humane, benevolent, easy, affable, good-humored, charitable, and friendly : whereas, those of his journeymen are cruel, malicious, turbulent, morose, ill-natured, snarling, quarrelsome, pragmatical, covetous, and inhuman, which we daily experience among the great vulgar and the small, nor can all the power of art or education entirely wash away the dirt of the journeyman's palm, or quite abolish or restrain that exuberance of wrong passions, which are owing to the cause already assigned.

Four of this series of essays in the Rehearsal are occupied with a discussion upon the frauds and delusions, to which mankind are subjected, by natural causes or by the deceptions of the artful and hypocritical ; and in

attempting to remove the popular impressions and fears of spirits, apparitions, and witches ; a subject suggested, no doubt, by the proceedings in relation to witchcraft, which, about that time, were carried on with a pertinacity and apparent sincerity, that have been the astonishment of all the succeeding generations. The style and mode of treating this subject will be sufficiently shown in the extracts that follow : —

\* \* \* We are not, and we cannot be, sure that there are not other beings, who are inhabitants of the air or æther, with bodies suited to and nourished by these thin elements, and perhaps with senses and faculties superior to us ; for the works of Almighty God are as infinite as is his power to do them ; and 'tis paying a greater deference to him, and having higher conceptions of his omnipotence, to suppose that he saw all things which have been, are, or ever shall be, at one view, and formed the whole system of nature with such exquisite contrivance and infinite wisdom as by its own energy and intrinsic powers, to produce all the effects and operations which we daily see, feel, and admire ; than to believe him to be often interposing to alter and amend his own work, which was undoubtedly perfect at first, though in the pursuit of his eternal decrees, and in the course, progress, and unbroken chain of his original system, he seems to us, sometimes, to act occasionally when in compliance to our weak comprehensions, and in condescension to our low capacities, he speaks and appears to act after the manner of men. We have not faculties to see or know things as they are in themselves, but only in such lights as our Creator pleases to represent them to us ; He has given us talents suited to our wants and to understand his will, and obey it ; and here is our *ne plus ultra*. We may be very sure that we are not obliged to know what 'tis beyond our power to know ; but all such things are as nonentities to us.

Whenever therefore we hear of or see any surprizing appearances or events in nature, which we cannot trace and connect to their immediate causes, we are not to call in supernatural powers, and interest heaven or hell in the solution to save our credit and cover our own folly, when there are so few things in the world we know any thing of, and of these few we know but very little. We are not to measure the works of God by our scanty capacities ; and believe that he miraculously interposes in the course of human affairs, but when he pleases to intimate to us, that he intends to do so ; much less ought we to introduce demons into his

system of the universe, unless as objects or instruments, and executioners of his vengeance; but not to intrude into his government of the world, to trepan and mislead his creatures, and to thwart and oppose himself; and every now and anon, to cut the chain, stop the wheels, and interrupt the course of his Providence.

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Which of our senses does not often deceive us? Strangling, or strong pressure of the eyes, causes all things to appear on fire; of the ears, makes us hear noises; straight things, in the water, appear crooked; bodies, by reflection or refraction, appear otherwise and in other places, than they are in Nature. All things appear yellow to men in the jaundice; and to those in calentures, the sea appears like a green meadow, and, if not restrained, they will leap into it. Melancholy and enthusiastic persons fancy themselves to be glass bottles, knives, and tankards; madmen often believe themselves gods or princes, and almost always see spirits. . . . The frame and contexture of our bodies betrays us to these delusions. For as all objects and images from without are let in upon the mind by the windows or conduits of the senses, and the mind afterwards ranges, methodizes, operates, and reasons upon them; so it can only work upon such materials as it receives, and consequently when the organs of sensation are wrong-framed in their original contexture, or depraved after by sickness or accidents, the mind must be misled too, and often mistake appearances for real beings: When the spies, scouts, and out-guards are seized, corrupted, or deceived, the intelligence will be fallacious or none at all.

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Our present workers or seers of miracles never tell us any thing worth knowing; and we have no other evidence that they are seen or done, but the veracity of those who tell them, who may be deceived themselves, or invent lies to deceive others. The proof ought always to be equal to the importance of the thing to be believed; for, when it is more likely that a man should tell a lie, or be deceived, than that a strange phenomenon should be true, methinks there should be no difficulty to determine on which side of the question we should give our assent.

If one or two men affirm they saw another leap twenty yards at one leap, no one will doubt but they are liars; but if they testify that they saw a goblin with saucer eyes and cloven feet, in a church yard, leap over the tower, all the town is in a fright, and few of them will venture to walk abroad in a dark night. Sometimes these phantoms appear to one who is in company with others, and no one can see them but himself; and yet all the rest are terrified at his relation, without reasoning that they have the same, or better faculties of seeing than he has; and

therefore that his organs must be indisposed, or that he designs to impose upon them ; but it passes for a miracle, and then all doubts are solved and all inquiries at an end. All men believe most of these stories to be false, and yet almost all believe some of them to be true, upon no better evidence than they reject the rest. The next story of an old woman inhabiting a cat, or flying in the air upon a broomstick, sets them a staring, and puts their incredulity to a *non plus*. We often hear of a spirit appearing to discover a silver spoon, a purse of hidden money, or perhaps a private murder ; but we are never told of a tyrant, who by private murder has slaughtered thousands, and by public butcheries destroyed millions, ever dragged out of his court by good or evil spirits, as a terror to such monsters ; such an instance would convince all mankind ; and if Almighty God thought fit to work by such engines, and intended that we should believe in them or any of them, it is impossible to believe but he would take the properest methods to gain our assent.

From what I have said, and much more which might be said, I think I may with great assurance conclude, that these capricious and fantastical beings are not suffered to interfere and mingle with human affairs, only to mislead men, and interrupt them in the pursuit of their duty ; nor can I see any foundation in nature, reason, or Scripture, to believe there are any such as they are usually represented to us, which neither agree and keep up to the characters, dignity, and excellence of good angels, or the sagacity, use, and office of bad ones. When are we commanded to believe that the Devil plays hide-and-seek here on earth ; that he is permitted to run up and down and divert himself by seducing ignorant men and women ; killing pigs, or making them miscarry ; entering into cats, and making noises, and playing monkey-tricks in church-yards and empty houses, or any where else on earth, but in empty heads ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Methinks the advocates for Satan's empire here on earth are not very consistent with themselves ; and in the works they attribute to him do not credit enough to his abilities and power. . . . They give him a power to do miracles ; make him prince of the air, lord of the hidden minerals, wise, rich, and powerful ; as well as false, treacherous, and wicked ; and are foolish and presumptuous enough to bring him upon the stage as a rival for empire with the Almighty, but at the same time put a fool's coat and cap upon him. His skill has hitherto gone no farther than to cram pins down children's throats, and throw them into fits ; to turn wort, to kill pigs, to sell wind, (dog-cheap too ; ) to put out candles, or to make half blind people see two at once ; to help hares to

run away from dogs; . . . . and such like feats of knight-errantry And what is yet worse, I cannot find in these last eighteen hundred years, that, with all his cunning, he has invented one new trick, but goes on in the same dull road; for there is scarce a story told of a spirit or a witch, who has played pranks in the next parish, but we have the same story, or one very like it, in Cicero's Tract, *de Divinatione*.

He always plays at small games, and lives mostly upon neck-beef. His intrigues are all with old women, and when he has gained his ends of them, feeds them only with bread and water, and gives them but a groat in their pocket to buy tobacco; which, in my mind is very ungal-lant, not to say niggardly and ungenerous in so great a potentate, who has all the riches of the hidden world within his dominions. I cannot find in all my reading, that he has expended as much in five hundred years last past, as would have carried one election.

Methinks, he might have learnt a little more wit from his faithful emissaries here on earth, who throw and scatter about money as if there was never to be an end of it; and get him more votaries in a week than he can purchase for himself in a century, and put him to not a penny charge neither; for they buy people with their own money: But to keep such a clatter and coil about an old woman, and then leave her to be hanged that he may get her into his clutches a month sooner, is very ungrateful; and, as I conceive, wholly unsuitable to a person of his rank and figure.

I should have imagined, that it would have been more agreeable to the wisdom and cunning always attributed to him, in imitation of his betters, to have opened his purse-strings, and have purchased people of more importance, and who could do him more real service. I fancy that I know some of them, who would be ready to take his money, if they knew where he was to be spoken with; and who are men of nice honor, and would not betray or break their word with him, whatever they may do with their countrymen. Besides, I conceive, it is very impolitic in one of his sagacity and in one who has so many able ministers in his own dominions, and elsewhere, to act so incautious a part. It is very well known, a plot discovered, or a rebellion quelled, gives new credit and reputation to the conquerors, who always make use of them to settle their own empire, effectually to subdue their enemies, to lessen their powers, and to force them for the most part to change sides; and, in fact, one witch hanged or burnt, makes old Beelzebub a great many adversaries, and frightens thousands from having any more to do with him.

For these reasons I doubt he is shrewdly belied by those from whom he might expect better usage; and that all the stories commonly told about, and believed concerning, him, are invented and credited by such



only as have much less wit or not more honesty than himself. To enter into a detail of them is endless, as well as unnecessary for my purpose. . . . .

An essay on *Liberty and Toleration* concludes with these very just remarks : —

Perverseness and obstinacy are generally charged upon those that refuse a compliance in all schemes. This may not be true, even where the scheme is most unexceptionable ; but they are for the most part drawn up in words and forms so liable to dispute, and take in so many and unnecessary points, which are all equally prescribed under the same sanctions with the plainest and most important parts ; and without giving assent to all and every particular, how near so ever a man may approach towards it, there is no coming in honestly ; that what is called stubbornness is frequently nothing else but the most unbiassed integrity, and a more awful sense and reverence of truth than the greatest part of men have. And in all instances of non-compliance to a man's evident disadvantage in several considerable respects, 'tis fair presumption that he is a person of probity and conscience, though he may lie under an unfortunate mistake.

The following Lines in the Rehearsal of December 13, were inserted at the request of a friend, and said to be the production of a young gentleman in the country :

#### ON A LADY, SINGING.

Whilst Celia sings, let no intruding breath  
Deform the air ; ye winds, grow calm as death.  
On silken wings, ye whispering zephyrs fly,  
And in soft murmurs steal along the sky,  
Soft as the murmurs of a virgin's sigh.  
Close in the deep recesses of my breast,  
Those deep recesses, where she reigns confest,  
Let every traitor passion lie confined ;  
Let Love himself seem banished from my mind.  
Let every sigh be hushed ; for should my sighs  
Burst forth, and in rebellious murmurs rise,  
My sighs with noise the solemn scene would fill  
And breathe a storm, though all the winds were still.  
In vain, ye gales, your silken plumes display,  
In silence rise, in silence melt away,  
Soft as the voice, and gentle as the lay.

Strange power of harmony ! whose silver sound  
 Can charm so sweetly, and so sweetly wound.  
 Transported with the notes, that pierce our ear,  
 Our raptured souls exulting spring to hear.  
 My raptured soul would soar with every strain,  
 But that thy eyes command it back again.  
 To raise our powers with heavenly notes is thine,  
 To bid our grosser parts to soul refine ;  
 'Tis thine, fair Maid, with gentle warbling airs,  
 To soothe our passions, and beguile all cares.  
 All — but the cares of love ; these still arise,  
 Heave in our breasts, and wanton in our eyes.  
 Assisted by thy breath, the flames aspire,  
 Glow with new rage, and blaze with double fire.  
 Thus darts in venom steeped with barbarous skill,  
 Wing certain fate, with two-fold anguish kill.  
 None but the Father of the gods, and you  
 Could dart a flame so bright and killing too.  
 Swift as Jove's lightning flies each fatal sound,  
 And, like Jove's lightning, kills without a wound.  
 The muse invoked in elegiac strains  
 Soft warbling, strings the lyre to ease our pains.  
 Flow soft, ye strains ! and soothe her savage mind ;  
 O learn to charm the nymph, who charms mankind.  
 In vain, alas ! the muse and treacherous lyre  
 Torment our flames and face the raging fire ;  
 Whilst you, like Echo, with so sweet a sound,  
 Repeat our strains. . . . Our strains increase the wound.  
 Think, then, thou Fairest of the fairer train !  
 What fatal beauties arm thy face and mein ;  
 Whose very voice can lasting flame inspire,  
 We think 'tis *air*, but ah ! we feel 'tis *fire*.

The original essays of the editor of the Rehearsal were discontinued before the close of the first year. It became then a mere record of the passing events of the day. In 1733, Thomas Fleet who had, for some time, been the printer, and was interested in the publication, became the sole proprietor. In announcing the new arrangement to the public, he declared himself of no

party, and invited "all gentlemen of leisure and capacity, inclined on either side, to write any thing of a political nature, that tends to enlighten and serve the public, to communicate their productions, provided they are not over long, and confined within modesty and good manners ; for all possible care will be taken that nothing contrary to *these* shall ever be here published."

Of Jeremy Gridley, the projector, author and proprietor of the *Rehearsal*, the Rev. Dr. Eliot says, in his *Biographical Dictionary*, — "He was Attorney-General of the province, member of the General Court, Colonel of the first regiment of Militia, President of the Marine Society, and Grand Master of Freemasons. In 1725, he took his degree at Cambridge ; was assistant in the Grammar School in Boston, and a preacher of the Gospel ; but soon turned his attention to the law, and became one of the most eminent of the profession. In 1732, he was editor of a newspaper called the *Rehearsal*, and filled the first page with an essay, either moral or critical, besides writing political paragraphs. His manner of writing is handsome, and his speculations ingenious. At the bar his speech was rough, his manner hesitating, but energetic, and his words forcible by a peculiar emphasis. His opinion was always given, even to the judges, with a magisterial air ; his legal knowledge was unquestionable. He was on the side of the Whigs ; and, in the House of Representatives, where he was a member some years from Brookline, he opposed the measures of Great-Britain ; but in a question on search-warrants, his speech as Attorney-General, contains sentiments incompatible with freedom, which was confuted by Otis. . . . He died poor, because he despised

*wealth."* He died in Boston, September 7, 1767. The Gazette and News-Letter of the 17th of that month has the following "Extempore Lines" on his death : —

Of parts and learning, wit and worth possessed,  
Gridley shone forth, conspicuous o'er the rest ;  
In native powers robust, and smit with fame,  
The genius brightened and the spark took flame ;  
Nature and Science wove the laurel crown,  
Ambitious, each alike conferred renown.

High in the dignity and strength of thought,  
The maze of knowledge sedulous he sought,  
With mind superior studied and retained,  
And Life and Property by Law sustained.

Generous and free, his liberal hand he spread,  
The oppressed relieved, and for the needy plead ;  
Awake to friendship, with the ties of blood ;  
His heart expanded and his soul o'erflowed.

Social in converse, in the Senate brave,  
Gay e'en with dignity, with wisdom grave ;  
Long to his country and to courts endeared,  
The Judges honored and the Bar revered.

Rest, peaceful Shade ! innoxious, as thy walk,  
May Slander babble, and may Censure talk,  
Ne'er on thy memory Envy cast a blot,  
But human frailties in thy worth forgot.

## THE BOSTON EVENING POST.

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IN the Rehearsal of August 14, 1735, Thomas Fleet, then its sole proprietor, gave notice that, for the future, he should print it every Monday evening, — instead of Monday morning, as it had previously been published: But the next Monday, instead of the Rehearsal, he issued a paper with the title of The Boston Evening Post, — in every thing except the title, a *fac simile* of The Rehearsal. It was numbered 202, — the last number of the Rehearsal having been 201; but, in order to break off the apparent continuity of connection between the two papers, and to destroy their identity, the second number of the Evening Post was marked Number 2, and all succeeding issues followed in their proper numerical order.

The Evening Post soon became the most popular of the Boston newspapers. Fleet was a man of considerable talent, and often afforded specimens of his wit and humor in editorial paragraphs and advertisements. It does not appear, from the files of his paper, that he took a very decided part in the political or religious controversies of the day. Writers of entirely different

views, on topics, which agitated the public mind, made use of his columns, without stint, and, sometimes, with little regard to decency. They indulged, occasionally, in language, which, now, would subject a printer to severe public censure, if not to the action of a grand jury. Public sentiment, in regard to the newspaper press, has undergone an essential revolution, since that period. The following is a copy of the proceedings of the Governor and Council of Massachusetts, concerning a paragraph, published by Fleet, on the eighth of March, 1741:—

At a Council, held at the Council Chamber in Boston, upon Tuesday the 9th day of March, 1741.

Whereas there is published in the weekly paper called the Boston Evening Post of yesterday's date, a paragraph in the following words: "Last Saturday Capt. Gibbs arrived here from Madeira, who informs us, that before he left that Island, Capt. Dandridge, in one of His Majesty's ships of forty guns, came in there from England, and gave an account, that the Parliament had called for all the Papers relating to the War, and 'twas expected the Right Hon. Sir Robert Walpole would be taken into custody in a very few days. Capt. Dandridge was going upon the Virginia station to relieve the valiant and vigilant Knight there, almost worn out in the service of his country, and for which he has a chance to be rewarded with a *Flag*." Which paragraph contains a scandalous and libelous Reflection upon his Majesty's Administration, and may tend very much to inflame the minds of his Majesty's subjects here and disaffect them to his Government;

Therefore, *Ordered*, That the Attorney-General do, as soon as may be, file an Information against Thomas Fleet, the Publisher of the said Paper, in his Majesty's Superior Court of Judicature, Court of Assize and General Gaol Delivery, in order to his being prosecuted for his said offence, as Law and Justice requires.

W. SHIRLEY.

Copy Examined, per *J. Willard*, Sec.

How this affair ended, is not known. Mr. Thomas thinks that no prosecution took place, "as Fleet procured five respectable persons to testify to the truth of the contents of the paragraph."

Several of the Boston newspapers had been printed for postmasters, and very little printing had been executed by printers on their own account. To these circumstances allusion is made in the following editorial in the Post, No. 50: —

We have lately received from an intelligent and worthy friend in a neighboring Government, to the Southward of us, the following remarkable Piece of News, which we beg our Readers Patience to hear, viz. That the Printer there gets a great deal of money, has *Twenty Shillings* for every Advertisement published in his News-Paper, calls *Us* Fools for working for nothing, and has lately purchased an Estate of *Fourteen Hundred Pounds* Value. We should be heartily glad (had we Cause for it) to return our Friend a like surprizing account of the Printers Prosperity here. But alas! the reverse of our Brother's Circumstances seems hereditary to *Us*: It is well known we are the most humble, self-denying Set of Mortals (we wish we could say Men) breathing; for where there is a Penny to be got, we readily resign it up to those who are no Ways related to the Business, nor have any Pretence or Claim to the Advantages of it. And whoever has observ'd our Conduct hitherto, has Reason enough to think, that we hold it a mortal Crime to make any other Use of our Brains and Hands than barely to help us

To purchase homely Fare, and fresh small Beer,  
(Hard Fate indeed, we can't have better Cheer,)  
And buy a new Blue Apron once a Year.

But as we propose in a short Time to publish a Dissertation upon the *mean and humble* state of the Printers of this Town, we shall say no more at present upon this important Subject, and humbly ask Pardon for so large a Digression. Only we would inform, that in this most necessary Work we are promised the Assistance of a worthy Friend and able Casuist, who says he doubts not but that he shall easily make it appear, even to the Satisfaction of the Printers themselves, that they may be as good Christians, as useful Neighbors, and as legal Subjects, altho' they should sometimes feed upon *Beef* and *Pudding*, as they have hitherto approved themselves by their most rigid abstemious way of living.

Here are some of Fleet's advertisements: —

To be sold by the Printer of this paper, the very best Negro Woman in this Town, who has had the small pox and the measles; is as hearty as a Horse, as brisk as a Bird, and will work like a Beaver.

To be sold by the Printer of this Paper, a Negro man, about thirty years old, who can do both Town and Country Business very well, but will suit the Country best, where they have not so many Dram Shops as we have in Boston. He has work'd at the Printing Business fifteen or sixteen years; can handle Ax, Saw, Spade, Hoe, or other Instrument of Husbandry as well as most men, and values himself, and is valued by others, for his Skill in Cookery and making of Soap.

☞ A Certain Person in this Town wants to buy a good easy and gentle Horse, that will go in a Chaise. Whoever has got one to dispose of is desired to inform the Printer, who will direct him to a chap.

☞ The Subscribers for this Paper, (especially those at a Distance) who are shamefully in Arrear for it, would do well (methinks) to remember those Apostolical Injunctions, Rom. xiii. 7, 8. *Render therefore to all their dues;—and Owe no man any thing.*—It is wonderful to observe, that while we hear so much about a *great Revival of Religion in the Land*; there is yet so little Regard had to *Justice and Common Honesty!* Surely they are *Abominable Good Works!*

In the Post of March 30, 1741, a correspondent informed the editor that on the preceding evening he had the curiosity to attend the lecture of Mr. John Presbyter, [the Rev. John Morehead, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, in Federal-street,] where, instead of the Gospel of peace and love, he heard the most violent rant, the most angry and ill-natured invectives, that he had ever heard in his life. “Mr. Presbyter was expounding the second chapter of Solomon’s Song, and when he came to the 15th verse, — ‘*Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil our vines,*’ &c. — having worked up to a proper temper of rage and fury, he fell foul of Wesley’s Sermon on Free Grace, [then lately printed by Fleet,] calling it a bundle of the vilest heresies, and declaring that it ought to be burnt by the common hangman; and having dismissed the author, he bawled against the printer, in a most hideous manner, denouncing the judgements of God against him, calling



him a mercenary *little fox*, that worked for hire; and last of all, brought in the poor printing-press, as a vile and wicked creature, a dangerous engine, a sink of sedition, error, and heresy, and advised the magistrates to have it put down," &c. To this Fleet published a reply, that filled more than a column of his paper, — rather sarcastic in its tone, and not very complimentary to his reverend opponent. "For my part (he said) as I have often declared, so I do again declare, that I am of no party, but act purely as a printer, and would as soon serve one side as the other. I printed Mr. Wesley's Sermon, not because I liked it, but because several gentlemen of learning and good sense (who I think have as good a right to be gratified as other people) desired to have it printed, and I had a prospect of getting a penny by it, as I have by all that I print, having no other way to support my family, and to pay what the Church and State expect from me: And I cannot see with what front Mr. Presbyter could charge my working for hire as a crime, when I never yet heard that he served his people *gratis*. . . . Of all the books of controversy, that I have ever read, (and I have read some,) I never met with one that blamed the printers. The great Dr. Edwards, who, for his knack at finding fault, might have claimed the office of *Accuser-General of all Europe*, and made as free with authors as any man ever did, and for aught I know, has censured more than Mr. Presbyter ever read, never, that I can find, meddled with the printers: and it is but of late, that some weak men have thought it the safest and easiest way to answer books, and prejudice people against authors and printers, to *whisper* against them in chimney corners, or declaim

in more public and exalted places, where none may with safety oppose them, or speak in their own defence." \* \* \*

After much more in a similar strain, Fleet closed with a "P. S. I am just now told that Mr. Presbyter's railing fit is not gone off yet : This is just as I expected : For, as I know the man, I'd have laid *five pounds* to a *pipe of tobacco*, that *Nature* would be too strong for *Prudence*. However, I'll own I was mistaken in this ; I did not expect he would have profaned any part of the Sabbath with his wild and uncharitable *rant*, as he did yesterday, when I am told he had no more mercy on the poor printers than a sow would have had on a tailor. *O Monstrum Horrendum !* to use a barbarous Latin scrap of his own. To have done, I advise all good folks that have sore heads or thin skulls, to play at cudgels as little as possible ; and such as are troubled with sore shins, to beware of a foot-ball."

The ministers and the printers of Boston were often engaged in disputes, if they were not in a state of continual warfare. In December, 1742, Fleet said, — " We are credibly informed that an eminent minister of this town has lately warned his people against reading of pamphlets and newspapers, wherein are contained religious controversies. This seems a bold stroke, and a considerable step (if the advice should be regarded) towards that state of ignorance, in which, it seems, some folks would willingly see the body of this people enveloped. The next stroke may probably be at the *Liberty of the Press*. And what a fine introduction this will be to *Popery*, we leave our readers to judge. However, we cannot forbear saying, that however desirous some men may be of having the sole direction of our con-

sciences, and that we should believe *all* that *they* say, and *nothing* else, yet there is reason to suspect, from the squabbles and contentions observable among *themselves* at this day, that there are but few men in these parts of the world, whose dictates are infallible.

Here is one of his humorous editorials : —

Last Wednesday was published, (in a half sheet in octavo) a Paper, called the *Boston Weekly Magazine*, containing some pieces from the Magazines formerly printed in London, a Poem to a *political* Lady, an Ode by Mr. Addison, a short article of news from *this* paper and another from the Post-Boy, the Boston entries, and two Advertisements. And, on Saturday, another Paper made its appearance among us, entitled, *The Christian History*; containing (besides the Title Page and a long advertisement) some extracts from a printed pamphlet just arrived from Scotland. Both Papers are designed to come out weekly. The *first* offers Room for Disputes on both sides, (which is fair enough,) so that our Religious Controversies are more likely to increase than subside. The *last* seems a *Party Paper*, and design'd only for the use of *special Friends*, it being with great Difficulty that we could obtain one, they refusing (for some Time) to sell 'em, either at the *Printer's* or at the *Publishing-office* but on Conditions too hard to be complied with by many, who were yet desirous to see the Specimen.

The *sudden* Appearance of these two Papers, without the previous Proposals for Encouragement, must needs be very mortifying to the Rev. Gentleman, who, more than a year ago published Proposals for printing a weekly *Casuistical* Paper, but has not yet found sufficient Encouragement to begin it. And, as we are now favoured with a Paper *every* day, except *Friday*, (which, by the way, is said to be a very *unlucky* Day to go to Sea, make Soap, or begin any other *important* Business on) it behoves the Gentleman to bestir himself, lest some other Person, out of *pure Love to his Country*, should put out a Paper on *that* Day, and thereby he be utterly excluded.

The appearance of the Rev. George Whitefield in Boston, caused a great "*stir*" among the people. The clergy were much divided in their opinions regarding him. Some of them invited him to their pulpits to preach and to assist in the administration of the sacrament of the supper; while others endeavored to stay the pro-

gress of an enthusiasm, that seemed to threaten the overthrow of some of the established congregational churches. Fleet, himself, was evidently opposed to Whitefield, and looked upon him and his followers as enthusiasts and bigots, or something worse ; but a large portion of the Evening Post, during the interval between Whitefield's first and second visits, was occupied with the communications of those who chose to defend, as well as those who opposed him. These two parties ridiculed and abused each other without remorse. Whitefield's second visit to Boston was in 1744. He was attacked and defended not only in the newspapers, but in pamphlets. The Rev. Thomas Foxcraft, senior pastor of the First Church in Boston, wrote and published a labored "Apology in Behalf of the Rev. Mr. Whitefield," &c. which was followed by a number of very severe pieces in reply in the Evening Post. The Rev. William Hobby of Reading published "A Defence of the Itinerancy and Conduct of the Rev. Mr. Whitefield," which subjected him to numerous attacks, some seriously indignant, and some sarcastically ludicrous. Fleet published and advertised for sale, "*A Sprig of Birch for Billy's Breech* — a Letter to the Rev. William Hobby, &c. '*Judgements are prepared for scorers, and stripes for the back of fools.*'" The Rev. Mr. Gee of Boston, published in the Boston Gazette an account of a conversation he had held with Fleet in relation to something he had published about Whitefield. Fleet replied in his own paper, in an article of great severity, and with a boldness which showed that he was not much afraid of his *spiritual* antagonist. The following is the concluding paragraph : —

It is in vain, Sir, for men to call upon the government to protect their characters, while they take so little care of 'em themselves, or to complain of calumny and slander, when their own actions are the greatest enemies to their reputation; or to seek sanctuary in the ministerial office, when they hardly ever discharge any part of the ministerial function. Suffer me, therefore, as a friend, to advise you, Sir, . . . . to study to be quiet, and do your own business, and in every thing to behave as the Gospel requires you should; then will you be honored and respected by all men, and by none more than your very humble servant,

*Thomas Fleet.*

Two letters appeared in this paper, signed "Deborah Shearman," — probably written by Fleet, — from which the following paragraphs are extracts: —

Dear Mr. Whitefield,

For since there are so many folks about you, that I can't come to talk with you, I must write to you. I am glad you are come back; I wanted to see your dear self again, as well as to hear you preach. And besides I wanted you to come to stop the mouths of the wicked opposers, who say you were glad to get out of the way, that you might not be obliged to take notice of the two wicked letters that were published about you. Dear Sir, do own you an't a churchman, but are turned dissenter, and then all the long letter will come to nothing. You know, Sir, there is no harm in changing, when a body sees a reason for it. You must do something about it, for a good many of your friends are disturbed at it. O how bold have the opposers been since you have been gone. Almost every day something or other has been printed about you. . . . . Ay, and the bold creatures no longer conceal themselves, but put their names to what they write. Besides the letter-learned Rabbies of Cambridge, (and you know that sort of people have always been against you in every part of the world,) eight and twenty ministers have signed a paper against you. Dear Sir, the Philistines have come out of their lurking-holes, and set the battle in array against the people of Israel. . . . . What names have they not called you? . . . . Some of them are wicked enough to laugh at your sermons, and say you told us with much gravity, that *Jacob's ladder had got two ends to it*. Just so they served dear Mr. Moorh—d, but for all that he keeps his lectures up yet. Ah, dear Sir, don't mind their laughing. . . . . Do, dear Sir, let us have a Journal of your last Journey, for I long to know what passed upon every spot of ground, where dear Mr. Whitefield trod.

\* \* \* \* \*

Welcome once more, dear Mr. Whitefield. It is quite time for you to come back again. Your cause suffered very much by your absence. We have had fine work here since you have been gone. Next time you go away, do leave things in better hands than Mr. M——d's, to keep up your morning lectures, and Mr. H——by's to write in vindication of your *Itinerary*. They have both of them come off badly. As to Mr. M——d, indeed, Sir, he won't do. It is not worth one's while to get up early for him. He talks along so fluently and uses so many hard words, that I really believe he is a very learned man; but something or other is the matter; when meeting is done, a body can't tell one word he has been saying. Your other assistant, poor Mr. H——by, what work they have made of him! They have whipped him to some tune. They call it only a *twig*, but it falls so heavy, that I should take it for a *stick* as thick as my arm. But what frets one the most is that every body says it is no more than he deserves. I had like to have forgot dear Mr. F.; he has done all he could for you. But Heaven grant he may write no more *Apologies*. I am sure the women have no reason to thank him. If what he has wrote be true, there is no safety in *matrimony*, especially for Sailor's wives. Their husbands may have sweethearts at every port they go to. He has been sadly handled by a man with three or four names.

Dear Mr. Whitefield, what have you been doing ever since you have been gone? O why won't you let us know! What spiritual battles have you fought? What victories have you won? What towns, churches, and pulpits have you entered triumphantly against opposers? . . . . Ah, Sir, you were quite wrong in leaving off your Journals. I did not think you would let your opposers laugh you out of any thing. For want of leaving us something to read and talk about, your name has been hardly mentioned except among a few choice friends, any more than if you had never been in the country. . . . Ah, Sir, you had better have wrote *Journals*, and talked of the ministers as you used to do, for I do assure you one great reason why we thought you the best minister in the world, was because you had persuaded us that most others were good for nothing. Now you are come back, I hope you will set all to rights. O how tedious have been the hours of your absence! how long your delay! how dull all the preaching I have heard!

Now the gentle zephyrs unbind the earth from winter's icy chains, the fields resume their cheerful dress, and all nature begins to look lovely. Now you need not regard the opposition made to your being admitted into pulpits. To no purpose are they shut against you, while the fields are open. There unconfined by walls, you may make your

charming voice roll over the wide extent, while prattling Echo, enamored with it, delights to repeat it from every rising ground. O how do the sweet sounds enter deep into our hearts ! how do they soften our affections and make us all tenderness ! Ah ! they may call it *enthusiasm*, they may call it *quietism*, they may call it what they will. They that never felt it, can't tell how charming it is to be lulled into such a sweet insensibility, such a languid indolence. . . . Come, then, dear Mr. Whitefield, come away into the fields. Delay not our joys any longer. That I mayn't be any hindrance, I will break off my tattling, and subscribe once more, dear Mr. Whitefield, your humble servant,

*Deb. Shearman.*

April 3, 1745.

The Rev. Dr. Chauncey, the colleague of Mr. Foxcroft, wrote a pamphlet, entitled "Seasonable Thoughts on the State of Religion in New-England," which, judging from the notices of it in the newspapers, was intended to allay the ill feelings that pervaded the community. Some one addressed to him, through the *Evening Post*, a poetical epistle, beginning, —

Rev. Sir,

While you are boldly set in Truth's defence,  
And true religion join to solid sense,  
Pardon a Muse, who, with her infant lays,  
Dares to offend, by lisping in your praise ;  
That dares to interrupt that sacred pen  
That vindicates the laws of God and men ;  
And since you will engage in Virtue's cause,  
Learn to forgive, and bear mankind's applause.

\* \* \* \* \*

Go on, Sir ; still Religion's cause maintain,  
Fear not the weak or wicked to restrain ;  
No wonder such your steady zeal oppose,  
Since Truth and Reason are their greatest foes.  
Go on, regardless, Sir, of what they say,  
Your part is still to pity and to pray.  
Let them curse on ; with bitter censures rail ;  
Such angry curses never can prevail :  
Their willful ignorance with candor view ;  
Where there are  *Davids*  there 'll be  *Shimeis*  too.

And ending, —

May you possess your wonted calm of mind,  
 Your universal love for all mankind;  
 May godlike charity inspire your breast;  
 Still may you entertain that heavenly guest,  
 Foretasting the delights of saints above,  
 Where all eternity is filled with love;  
 That so, when all things else shall fade away,  
 Your sun may shine with everlasting day.  
 Many shall then surround the throne of God,  
 Arriving there in paths which you have trod,  
 Blessing their Savior for his tender care,  
 In lending such a guide to lead them there.

The great Comet of 1744, was thus noticed by  
 Fleet : —

The Comet now rises about five o'clock in the morning, and appears very large and bright, and, of late, it has been seen with its lucid train, in the day-time, notwithstanding the lustre of the Sun. This uncommon appearance gives much uneasiness to timorous people, especially women, who will needs have it that it portends some dreadful judgements to this our land : And if, from the apprehension of deserved judgements, we should be induced to abate of our present pride, extravagance, &c. and should become more humble, peaceable, and charitable, honest and just, industrious and frugal, there will be reason to think that the Comet is the most profitable Itinerant Preacher, and friendly NEW LIGHT, that has yet appeared among us.

The same paper contains the following Poem, stated to have been published the week before, with a curious cut, representing the Comet, the Sun, &c. and to be sold by the booksellers, price four-pence : —

#### THE COMET : A POEM.

Descend, Urania, and inspire my verse ;  
 I raise my song to sing your kindred stars ;  
 I aim to rove where glittering Comets stray,  
 Trace the bright wanderers through the ethereal way.

See, heavenly Muse, view with attentive eyes,  
 The ruddy wonder of the evening skies !  
 From star to star, the burning ruin rolls,  
 Beams through the ether, and alarms the poles.  
 Around the earth the wondering nations gaze  
 On the dire terrors of the lengthened blaze,



While, trailing on, they dream its sparkling hair  
Shakes famine, earthquake, pestilence, and war :  
Illusions vain ! remote from human things,  
Where other planets roll in other rings,  
It travels vast, and all around proclaims  
A world in chaos, or an earth in flames.

So through the ether swept the ancient earth,  
Ere time, and forms, and beauty first had birth ;  
Unshaped and void, through space immense it roamed,  
Till spake the God, — and Eden instant bloomed.

What ruin, what confusion might be hurled,  
By such a ball upon our guilty world !  
Witness, ye waves, which in the deluge spread,  
Whelmed o'er the earth, and stretched the nations dead.  
Down heaven's high steep, wide-spread, the steaming train  
Rushed on the fields, and poured the floods of rain :  
The dark abyss, attracted into day,  
Gushed o'er the mountain tops, and roared away ;  
The tossed ark, tottering, through its fabric shook,  
Involved in clouds and darkness, foam and smoke,  
By tempests plunged along from steep to steep,  
Bounds to the clouds, or dashes down the deep.  
Ye angels ! guard her through the stormy scene,  
Till the gay rainbow arch the heavens serene.

But, O my Muse ! swift must the time come on,  
When, fresh inspired, and fervid from the sun,  
The flagrant stranger shapes a different path,  
And from its annual orbit drags the earth.  
Ye fancy, mortals ! distant as ye are,  
All calm and placid round the sailing star,  
In gentle rays serenely gleams the head,  
And easy lustre through the train is spread :  
Ah ! ye perceive not what loud tumult reigns  
Through the hot regions of its wild domains ;  
What hideous thunder the wild ether shocks,  
Of tumbling mountains, and of crashing rocks :  
Fierce seas of flame beat round the burning shores,  
And every tempest raves, and every furnace roars.  
To this devoted earth it marches on,  
And midnight blazes with the glare of noon :  
Big and more big, it arches all the air,  
A vault of fluid brass the skies appear,

From their foundations where they ancient stood,  
Down rush the mountains in a flaming flood :  
The minerals pour their melted bowels out,  
The rocks run down, the flying rivers spout ;  
The earth dissolves through its disjointed frame,  
Its clouds all lighten, and its *Ætnas* flame :  
The sea exhales, and in long volumes hurled,  
Follows the wandering globe from world to world ;  
Now at the sun it glows, now steers its flight  
Through the cold deserts of eternal night,  
Warns every creature through its trackless road,  
The fate of sinners and the wrath of GOD.

No wonder that "timorous people, and especially women," were frightened out of their wits, if they read much of such sublime nonsense as this *poem*.

In 1748, during the war between England and Spain, a Spanish ship, captured by an English cruiser, was sent into Boston. Among other articles in the captured vessel, were several bales of Bulls or Indulgencies, issued by the Pope, and printed on one side of a small sheet. Fleet purchased a large quantity of them at a low price, and printed songs and ballads on the back of them. In the Evening Post he advertised them, as follows : —  
"Choice Pennsylvania Tobacco Paper to be sold by the Publisher of this Paper, at the Heart and Crown ; where may also be had the BULLS or Indulgencies of the present Pope *Urban VIII.* either by the single Bull, Quire, or Ream, at a much cheaper Rate than they can be purchased of the *French* or *Spanish* Priests, and yet will be warranted to be of the same Advantage to the Possessors."

THOMAS FLEET, the proprietor and editor of the Evening Post, died on the twenty-first of July, 1758, having nearly completed seventy-three years of age.

He was the son of Thomas Fleet, of Tillstock, in the county of Shropshire, England, and was born in that place, on the eighth of September, 1685. He served an apprenticeship to the printing business at Bristol, and worked as a journeyman in that place. While he was employed there in that capacity, the notorious Dr. Sacheverell passed through Bristol, on his "tour of triumph," after having undergone his sentence of suspension from the performance of his clerical functions. The Doctor was carried in the procession on men's shoulders, amidst the waving of flags, the display of handkerchiefs, and the shouts and huzzas of the populace. As the procession approached the house where Fleet was at work, he, (though he felt no interest in the affair,) in mere sport, hung a halter on a pole and waved it from a window. This was considered as a signal of contempt, and caused an attack on the house. Stones and other missiles were hurled at the windows; the doors were broken in, and search was made for the offender, — who, in the mean time, had gone to the top of the house, and passing from the roof of one house to another, at length descended into an unfrequented street, and made his escape. He absented himself for some time. Supposing that his offence might be forgotten, he returned to his employment, but found that he was still likely to get into trouble. He thought that his personal safety required that he should emigrate; and, accordingly, he went on board a vessel bound to America, and landed in Boston, in 1712.

Soon after his arrival, Fleet opened a printing-house in Pudding-lane, (now Devonshire-street,) and carried on the printing of ballads, pamphlets, and small books

for children. He was industrious and frugal, and acquired property. In 1731, he rented a new brick building, on the northerly corner of Water-street and Cornhill, (now Washington-street,) which he afterwards purchased, and in which he spent the remainder of his life. The price he paid for this estate was about \$2200! The house was spacious, and afforded rooms sufficient for the accommodation of his family, and for the transaction of his business. To his occupation as a printer and bookseller, he added that of an auctioneer, — of which he gave notice in the News-Letter of March 7, 1731, as follows : —

This is to give Notice to all Gentlemen, Merchants, Shopkeepers and others, that *Thomas Fleet* of Boston, Printer, (who formerly kept his Printing House in Pudding Lane but is now removed into Cornhill at the sign of the *Heart & Crown*, near the lower end of School Street) is willing to undertake the Sale of Books, Household Goods, Wearing Apparel, or any other Merchandize, by Vendue, or Auction. The said Fleet having a large & commodious Front Chamber fit for *this Business*, and a Talent well known and approved, doubts not of giving entire Satisfaction to such as may employ him in it; he hereby engaging to make it appear that this Service may be performed with more Convenience and less Charge at a private House well situated, than at a Tavern. And for farther Encouragement, said Fleet promises to make up Accompts with the Owners of the Goods Sold by him, in a few Days after the sale thereof.

The following anecdote, — related by Mr. Thomas, — if true, proves that Fleet would not lose a joke, though he might enjoy it at the expense of the feelings of others : — “The members of his family, though worthy and good people, were not remarkable for personal beauty, and he sometimes indulged in a joke at their expense. He once invited a friend to dine with him on *Pouts*, — a kind of fish, of which he knew the gentleman was remarkably fond. When the dinner

appeared, the guest remarked that the Pouts were wanting. "O no, (said Fleet,) only look at my wife and daughters!"\*

On the death of Fleet, he was succeeded by his sons Thomas and John, who had learned the printing business of him. They formed a partnership, which continued till the death of Thomas, in March, 1797. They were born in Boston, and received a common school education. They were skillful and correct printers, and were much respected as good citizens, and men of integrity and punctuality in all their dealings.

On assuming the proprietorship of the *Evening Post*, T. & J. Fleet introduced at the head a cut representing the sign, which their father had placed over his door: †



\* At his death, Fleet left a widow, three sons, and two daughters. One son and the daughters were never married. The first son, William, was a sea-captain and merchant, and died in 1787, leaving children;—one of whom was married to Andrew Oliver, a hatter, of Boston. She was the mother of William Oliver, late of Dorchester, merchant, who left all his property, — more than \$110,000, — after the death of two sisters, to the Asylum for the Blind and the Massachusetts General Hospital.

† This cut remained at the head of the paper till the publication was discontinued in April, 1775. The sign was afterwards changed to the *Bible and Heart*: — a sign well remembered by many persons now living.

The paper was conducted on the principles established by the father ; and through the exciting period, in which it was in possession of the sons, maintained its character as an independent journal. The political communications were numerous, and both Whigs and Tories seemed privileged to lash each other in its columns. The Tories took advantage of the privilege to abuse the writers in Edes and Gill's Boston Gazette, to an extent that was hardly to have been expected, if the Fleets were in full communion with the Whig party. There is, however, no partiality to the Tories discoverable in their editorial notices of the stirring incidents that marked the few years immediately preceding the Revolution.

A correspondent of the Post, August 22, 1768, says the following song was much in vogue, and was heard resounding in almost all companies in town, and by way of eminence was called "The LIBERTY SONG." He requests its publication, "for the benefit of the whole continent of America : " — \*

To the Tune of *Hearts of Oak.*

Come join hand in hand, brave Americans all,  
And rouse your bold hearts at fair Liberty's call ;  
No tyrannous acts shall suppress your just claim,  
Or stain with dishonor America's name.  
In Freedom we 're born, and in Freedom we 'll live ;  
Our purses are ready,  
Steady, Friends, steady,  
Not as Slaves, but as Freemen, our money we 'll give.  
Our worthy Forefathers — let 's give them a cheer —  
To climates unknown did courageously steer ;

\* This song was written by John Dickinson, of Pennsylvania, the author of the celebrated Farmer's Letters. It was first published in the Boston Gazette, July 18, 1768. See *Tudor's Life of James Otis*, p. 322, and Appendix, p. 501.

Through oceans to deserts for Freedom they came,  
And, dying, bequeathed us their freedom and fame :  
In Freedom we 're born, &c.

Their generous bosoms all dangers despised,  
So highly, so wisely, their birthrights they prized ;  
We 'll keep what they gave — we will piously keep,  
Nor frustrate their toils on the land or the deep.

In Freedom we 're born, &c.

The Tree their own hands had to Liberty reared  
They lived to behold growing strong and revered ;  
With transport they cried, — “ Now our wishes we gain,  
For our children shall gather the fruits of our pain.”

In Freedom we 're born, &c.

Swarms of placemen and pensioners soon will appear,  
Like locusts deforming the charms of the year ;  
Suns vainly will rise, showers vainly descend,  
If *we* are to *drudge* for what *others* will *spend*.

In Freedom we 're born, &c.

Then join hand in hand, brave Americans all ;  
By *uniting* we stand, by *dividing* we fall ;  
In so righteous a cause let us hope to succeed,  
For Heaven approves of each generous deed.

In Freedom we 're born, &c.

All ages shall speak, with amaze and applause,  
Of the courage we 'll show in support of our laws ;  
To *DIE* we can *bear* — but to *SERVE* we *disdain*,  
For *shame* is to Freemen more dreadful than *pain*.

In Freedom we 're born, &c.

This bumper I crown for our Sovereign's health,  
And this for Britannia's glory and wealth ;  
That wealth and that glory immortal may be,  
If *she* is but *just*, and *we* are but *free*.

In Freedom we 're born, &c.

A few weeks after the publication of this Song, the following Parody appeared in the Post — but whether inserted by request of those, who approved its temper and style, or to expose that temper to the indignation of the Whigs, does not appear.

## A PARODY

Upon a well-known LIBERTY SONG.

[Said to be in great vogue at a certain Fortress, where it was composed.]\*

Come shake your dull noddles, ye Pumpkins, and bawl,  
 And own that you're mad at fair Liberty's call;  
 No scandalous conduct can add to your shame,  
 Condemned to dishonor, inherit the fame.

In Folly you're born, and in Folly you'll live,  
 To madness still ready,  
 And stupidly steady,

Not as men, but as monkeys, the tokens you give.

Your grandsire, Old Satan, now give him a cheer,  
 Would act like yourselves, and as wildly would steer;  
 So great an example in prospect still keep,  
 Whilst you are alive, Old Belza may sleep.

In Folly you're born, &c.

Such villains, such rascals all dangers despise,  
 And stick not at mobbing when mischief's the prize;  
 They burst through all barriers, and piously keep  
 Such chattels and goods the vile rascals can sweep.

In Folly you're born, &c.

The Tree, which the wisdom of Justice hath reared,  
 Should be stout for their use, and by no means be spared;  
 When fuddled with rum the mad sots to restrain,  
 Sure Tyburn will sober the wretches again.

In Folly you're born, &c.

Your brats and your bunters by no means forget,  
 But feather your nests, for they're bare enough yet;

\* This Parody was also published in the Boston Gazette, Sept. 26, 1768, — introduced by the following notice: — Last Tuesday, the following Song made its appearance from a garret at Castle W——m." Immediately following it is the following Letter:

Castle William, Boston Harbor, Sept. 25, 1768.

Messieurs Edes & Gill,

Having been told that you intended to publish a Song in your Newspaper, called a Parody on the Song of Liberty, under my name as the Author of it, I think proper to forewarn you from publishing such a falsity, or any other thing under my name, without my authority; and if you persist in doing it in this, or any other instance, it shall be at your peril.

I am, Your humble Serv't,

HEN. HUTTON.

The editors add in a note — As we have never published any thing, and never intend to, under the name, much less under the AUTHORITY of Mr. Hutton, we should have been glad, if he had explained his idea of the word *persist*.



From the insolent rich sure the poor knave may steal,  
Who ne'er in his life knew the scent of a meal.

In Folly you're born, &c.

When in your own cellars you've quaffed a regale,  
Then drive, tug and stink, the next house to assail;  
For short is your harvest, nor long shall you know,  
The pleasure of reaping what other men sow.

In Folly you're born, &c.

*Then* plunder, my lads, for when red coats appear,  
You'll melt, like the locust when winter is near;  
Gold vainly will glow, Silver vainly will shine,  
But, faith, you must skulk, you no more shall purloin.

In Folly you're born, &c.

Then nod your poor numskulls, ye Pumpkins, and bawl,  
The De'il take such rascals, fools, whoresons, and all;  
Your cursed old trade of purloining must cease,  
The dread and the curse of all order and peace.

In Folly you're born, &c.

All ages shall speak with contempt and amaze,  
Of the vilest banditti that swarmed in these days;  
In defiance of halters, of whips, and of chains,  
The rogues would run riot, —fools for their pains.

In Folly you're born, &c.

Gulp down your last dram, for the gallows now groans,  
And over depressed her lost empire bemoans;  
While we quite transported and happy shall be,  
From mobs, knaves, and villains, protected and free.

In Folly you're born, &c.

The Post of the next week contained

#### THE PARODY PARODIZED.

*Or the MASSACHUSETTS LIBERTY SONG.*

Come swallow your bumpers, ye Tories! and roar,  
That the Sons of fair Freedom are hampered once more;  
But know, no *such furies* our spirits can tame,  
Nor a host of oppressors shall smother the flame.

In Freedom we're born, and, like sons of the brave,  
Will never surrender,  
But swear to defend her,  
And scorn to survive, if unable to save.

Our grandsires, blest heroes ! we'll give them a tear,  
Nor sully their honors by stooping to fear ;  
Through deaths and through dangers their trophies they won ;  
We dare be their rivals, nor will be outdone.

In Freedom, &c.

Let tyrants and minions presume to despise,  
Encroach on our rights, and make Freedom their prize,  
The fruits of their rapine they never shall keep ;  
Though vengeance may nod, yet how short is her sleep !

In Freedom, &c.

The Tree, which proud Haman for Mordecai reared,  
Stands recorded, that Virtue endangered is spared ;  
That rogues whom no bands and no laws can restrain,  
Must be stript of their honors, and humbled again.

In Freedom, &c.

Our wives and our babes, still protected, shall know,  
Those who dare to be free, shall forever be so ;  
On these arms and these breasts they may safely rely,  
For in Freedom we'll live, or like heroes we'll die,

In Freedom, &c.

Ye insolent tyrants ! who wish to enthrall,  
Ye minions, ye placemen, pimps, pensioners, all ;  
How short is your triumph ! how feeble your trust !  
Your honors must wither, and nod to the dust.

In Freedom, &c.

When oppressed and reproached, our King we implore,  
Still firmly persuaded our rights he'll restore ;  
When our hearts beat to arms to defend a just right,  
Our monarch rules there, and forbids us to fight.

In Freedom, &c.

Not the glitter of arms, nor the dread of a fray,  
Could make us submit to their chains for a day ;  
Withheld by affection, on Britons we call, —  
Prevent the fierce conflict which threatens your fall.

In Freedom, &c.

All ages shall speak with amaze and applause,  
On the prudence we show in support of our cause ;  
Assured of our safety, a Brunswick still reigns,  
Whose free loyal subjects are strangers to chains.

In Freedom, &c.

Then join hand in hand, brave Americans all!  
To be free is to live; to be slaves is to fall;  
Has the land such a dastard, as scorns not a lord,  
Who dreads not a fetter much more than a sword!  
In Freedom we're born, and, like sons of the brave,  
Will never surrender,  
But swear to defend her,  
And scorn to survive if unable to save.

The practice of publishing for writers on both sides of the great question which then agitated the whole country, was persisted in, but evidently created dissatisfaction among the Whigs. In the paper of the 10th of March, 1775, the following notice was published:—

Whereas it hath been hinted in several letters lately received from England, that one or more printers of the public newspapers in the principal towns in America are hired, or rather bribed, (from a fund said to be established for that use) for the vile purpose of publishing pieces in their respective papers tending to favor despotism and the present arbitrary and tyrannical proceedings of the ministry relative to America; The publishers of the Boston Evening Post (whose papers have always been conducted with the utmost freedom and impartiality) do, for themselves, thus publicly declare, that no application has ever been made to them to prostitute their paper to such a base and mean purpose; and should they hereafter be applied to for that design, they shall despise the offer and those who make it, with the greatest contempt; not but that their paper shall, as usual, be open for the insertion of all pieces that shall tend to amuse or instruct, or to the promoting of useful knowledge and the general good of mankind, as they themselves (who are the sole directors and proprietors thereof) shall think prudent, profitable, or entertaining to their numerous readers.

This proclamation of neutrality was unavailing, but tended to increase rather than diminish the discontent of the public. In a few weeks after, viz. on the 24th of April, the Post contained the following notice:—  
“The Printers of the Boston Evening Post hereby inform the Town that they shall desist publishing the papers after this day, till matters are in a more settled

state." Just preceding this notice is the following paragraph: —

The unlucky transactions of the last week are so variously related, that we shall not at present undertake to give any particular account thereof.

The "unlucky transactions" here alluded to, it will be perceived, were the battles at Lexington and Concord. With that declaration the publication of the Post was suspended and never revived.

**THOMAS FLEET**, the second of the name, and the senior partner in the house of T. & J. Fleet, was born April 10, 1732, and died, single, March 16, 1797, aged 65 years. **JOHN**, the other partner, was born September 25, 1734, and died March 6, 1806, aged 71½ years.\* He had a son, Thomas, who was a printer, and connected in the business with his father, but gave it up soon after his father died. He died a bachelor, in 1827, about 59 years of age. These Fleets, — father, sons, and grandson, — conducted the printing business, through a period of seventy-five years, in the building before mentioned, at the corner of Washington and Water-streets. The estate is still in possession of the heirs.

When they discontinued the publication of the Evening Post, the Fleets pursued their business of printing in all other respects, and executed a large share of the *job work* of the town. At one time they did all the printing required for the General Court, and County and Town officers, and acquired what was considered a

\* This John Fleet had also a son John, who was graduated at Harvard College in 1786, — was a respectable physician in Boston, and died unmarried, in January 1813, aged 47. He had also three daughters, two of whom were married to Ephraim Elliot, — long known as a respectable apothecary in Hanover-street: — the other, born April 5, 1772, is still (1850) living, enjoying, as many of the Fleet family had before enjoyed, an old age of unblest celibacy.

handsome property. They were also employed to print most of the valuable works, which were published during the War, and a few years that immediately succeeded it. The first edition of Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts was printed at their press. In 1779, they published the first number of the "Pocket Almanack and Fleet's Annual Register," which was continued annually, and met with extensive sales, till the year 1801, when it passed into the hands of Manning & Loring and John West.

Soon after the evacuation of Boston by the British troops, the Fleets removed the sign of the "Crown and Heart," which had been erected by their father, and put in its place the "Bible and Heart;" and this remained on the building, till the final relinquishment of their business, and the removal of the family, in 1808. Many persons expressed a desire that it should be preserved, but it was found to be much weather-beaten and decayed, and fell to pieces in the hands of the workmen who removed it.



## THE BOSTON WEEKLY POST-BOY.

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**THE** first number of this paper was issued in October, 1734, by Ellis Huske, who had just been appointed post-master of Boston. No printer's name appeared in the imprint, during its whole existence, which was about twenty years. The latest number that is preserved in the Historical Library, was published in December, 1754, in which there is no notice of any intended discontinuance. Mr. Thomas thinks the publication was continued till some time in 1755. The character of this paper did not differ essentially from that of its predecessors, — the News-Letter and the Gazette. It was simply a weekly issue of extracts from English papers, and a few articles of intelligence, concerning trade and navigation, and a brief notice of the common occurrences of the week. It does not appear that Huske became

involved in any controversy with his cotemporaries of the press, or in any exciting disputes that might have existed in regard to matters of public interest. The paper has no pretension to a literary character, and had rarely a contribution from a correspondent.

In relation to the personal history of Huske, I have not been able to discover any thing more than what is stated by Mr. Thomas. "He was afterward appointed deputy-postmaster-general for the Colonies. He had a son, bred a merchant in Boston, who was afterward a member of the British Parliament. He was superseded in the department of the post-office by Franklin and Hunter."

The devices at the head of this paper were the same as those used in the first Boston Gazette, viz. the Ship on the left of the title, and the Post-Boy on the right. The Post-Boy was also used by Green & Russell, when they began the Weekly Advertiser.



## THE INDEPENDENT ADVERTISER.

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**THE** first number of this paper was published in Boston, January 4, 1748, by Rogers & Fowle. It was printed on a half-sheet of crown size, two pages folio ; — the head embellished with a cut, the device of which Mr. Thomas thus explains : — “ Britannia liberating a bird, confined by a cord to the arms of France. Britannia is represented sitting ; the arms of France lying on the ground before her ; the bird is on the wing, but being impeded by the cord, one end of which is fastened to the arms of France and the other to the bird, Britannia is in the act of cutting the cord with a pair of shears, that the bird may escape.”

The opening address it will be seen, is written in a better style, than had been usual in that department of the newspaper press : —



*The PUBLISHERS to the READERS.*

GENTLEMEN.

Upon the encouragement we have already received, and agreeable to our printed proposals, *The Independent Advertiser* now makes its entrance into the world, and as it will doubtless be expected upon its first appearance that we should more fully explain our design and show what the public may expect from it, we would accordingly observe, That we shall by no means endeavor to recommend this our paper by depreciating the merit of other performances of the same kind, neither would we flatter the expectations of the Public by any pompous promises which we may not be likely to fulfil; but this our Readers may depend upon; that we shall take the utmost care to procure the freshest and best intelligence, and publish it in such order, as that every reader may have the clearest and most perfect understanding of it; and for the benefit of those who are unacquainted with the geography of foreign parts, we may insert such descriptions as may enlighten them therein. But as we cannot expect to gratify our inquisitive customers with a constant supply of news, (especially in this barren season,) we propose occasionally to insert such valuable extracts from our most celebrated writers, which may be most likely to improve or entertain our readers. And as our present political state affords matter for a variety of thoughts, of peculiar importance to the people of New England, we propose to insert every thing of that nature that may be pertinently and decently wrote. For ourselves, we declare we are of no party, neither shall we promote the private and narrow designs of any such. We are ourselves free, and our paper shall be free,—free as the constitution we enjoy,—free to truth, good manners and good sense, and at the same time free from all licentious reflections, insolence and abuse. Whatsoever may be adapted to state and defend the rights and liberties of mankind, to advance useful knowledge and the cause of virtue, to improve the trade, the manufactures and the Husbandry of the country, whatever may tend to inspire this people with a just and proper sense of their own condition, to point out to them their true interest, and rouse them to pursue it; as also any piece of wit and humor, shall at all times find (free of charge) a most welcome reception. And although we do not altogether depend upon the casual benevolence of the public to supply this paper, yet we will thankfully receive every thing from every quarter conducing to the good of the public and our general design.

The Advertiser was devoted chiefly to politics. Most of the essays, which were ably written, were contributed by a society of gentlemen, associated for that pur-

pose, among whom the inflexible Whig, Samuel Adams, was prominent and influential.

Rogers & Fowle, the publishers of this paper, formed a partnership in 1742, and carried on the printing business on a scale somewhat larger than any of their predecessors or cotemporaries. They issued a number of volumes, which were neatly and accurately printed, — chiefly on their own account. In 1743, they published the first number of the American Magazine, — in its execution equal to that of the English periodicals, — which was continued three years. They were excellent workmen. They manufactured ink for their own works, and are supposed to be the first printers in America, who were successful in that branch of domestic manufacture. They printed an edition of two thousand copies of the New Testament for Daniel Henchman, — the first impression of that book in English, which had issued from an American press. In 1750, about two years from the commencement of the publication of the Independent Advertiser, Rogers & Fowle dissolved their partnership, and the Advertiser was discontinued.

GAMALIEL ROGERS served his apprenticeship with Bartholomew Green, senior. He began business as a printer, in 1723, and printed chiefly for the booksellers. After the dissolution of his partnership with Fowle, he opened a printing-house at the westerly part of the town, and wrought at his profession, in a small way for two or three years, when his house was burned, and his press and most of his types destroyed. His property being chiefly lost, he gave up business as a printer. Dejected and broken in spirit, at an advanced period of life, he opened a shop near the Old South meeting-house, where

he supported his family by retailing groceries in small quantities, and selling a few pamphlets, — the remnants of the stock accumulated in more prosperous days. “He was an industrious, sensible, amiable man, and a good Christian.” Soon after the battle of Bunker-Hill, in 1775, when Boston was in possession of the British troops, and besieged by the provincial army, Rogers obtained permission of the British commander to leave the place. He removed to Ipswich, in the county of Essex, and died there, in the autumn of that year, aged seventy years.

DANIEL FOWLE, the junior partner in the firm of Rogers & Fowle, was born in Charlestown, and served his apprenticeship with Samuel Kneeland. He began business as a printer on his own account, in 1740. Soon after his separation from Rogers, in 1750, he opened a printing-office in Ann-street, where he kept a small collection of books for sale, and printed a number of pamphlets. In July, 1755, a pamphlet made its appearance in Boston, of which Fowle was suspected to be the printer, and on that suspicion was subjected to severe treatment. The pamphlet was entitled “The Monster of Monsters: a true and faithful Narrative of a most remarkable phenomenon lately seen in this Metropolis; to the great Surprise and Terror of His Majesty’s good Subjects; humbly dedicated to all the Virtuosi of New-England: By Thomas Thumb, Esq.” This *allegorical* monster appears to have been an excise law, which was on its passage through the House of Representatives. It was said to have made its first appearance in an Assembly of Matrons, where it was received with great favor, and great pains taken to make others admire it.

A number of speeches were reported as having been made by the principal ladies of the assembly ; but whether the speeches bore any resemblance to the discussions in the House of Representatives, is quite doubtful. But the House chose to make an application of the remarks to several of its members, and

*Resolved*, That the pamphlet entitled *The Monster of Monsters*, is a false, scandalous Libel, reflecting upon the proceedings of the House in general, and on many worthy members in particular, in breach of the privileges thereof.

*Ordered*, That the said pamphlet be burnt by the hands of the common Hangman, below the Court-House in King-street, Boston, and that the Messenger of the House see the same carried into execution.

*Resolved*, That the Messenger of the House do forthwith take into custody Daniel Fowle of Boston, Printer, who, they are informed was concerned in printing and publishing the said pamphlet, and that the Speaker issue his warrant for that purpose.

In pursuance of the Speaker's warrant, on the 24th of October, while he was at his dinner, Fowle was arrested, taken to the House, and examined, after an hour's confinement in the lobby. In a pamphlet, entitled, "A Total Eclipse of Liberty," written and published by Fowle, in the latter part of the year 1755, he gives the following account of his examination : —

After proper compliments before that Grand Assembly, I was interrogated in the following manner, by Mr. Speaker, viz. *Do you know any thing of the printing of this ?* After looking it over some time, I said it was not of my printing, neither had I any such letters in my print-house. After some considerable pause, and the gentlemen looking at one another, I was asked, *Whether I knew any thing relating to said book ?* I then desired the opinion of the House, Whether I must answer to that question. But notwithstanding this reasonable request, there was no vote passed, that I could perceive, except three or four gentlemen said, *Yes, Yes, very earnestly* : Upon which I informed them I could not say, *I had no concern* ; for, as I heard there was such a pamphlet to sell, I had bought two dozen, and sold them out of my shop, and should not thought any harm, if I had sold a hundred of them. This brought on

the following questions and answers, viz. *Who did you buy them of?* I replied, they were sent, I thought, by a young man, but could not tell his name. *Who did he live with?* I then again desired the opinion of the House, Whether I was obliged to tell who I bought of? Three or four again rose up, and said, *I must.* Upon which I said I believed the young man lived with Mr. Royal Tyler. It was then demanded, *Whether I had any conversation with him about them?* I replied, I believe I might in the same manner as I had with many others, not that I imagined him the author, nor any other person, for I never agreed with any person about the printing of it, neither was it ever offered to me. I was then asked, *Whether any of my hands assisted in the doing of it?* I believe my Negro might, as he sometimes worked for my brother. I was then queried, *Whether my brother had any help?* I said, No. Then a gentleman said, *Somebody must help him, for one could not print alone.* As this was what I never knew before, I replied, one could print, and I could do five hundred with my own hands. I was next questioned, *Whether I ever saw any of it while printing?* As I was determined to show no contempt of authority, I acknowledged I had seen some of it printing off, as printers transiently go into one another's houses. *Whose house was it?* I think it was my brother's. *What is his name?* Zechariah. *Where does he live?* Down Cross-street. One gentleman stood up and said, *Some time ago I said I bought but two dozen, afterwards I bought a hundred;* to which I replied, I would have bought a hundred if I could have sold them. Another then stood up, and said, before I had time to answer, **YOU DO NOT KNOW WHEN YOU LIE:** Upon which I said, *Begging your pardon, Sir, I know when I lie, and what a lie is, as well as yourself: to which there was no reply.*

Fowle was then again locked up for three hours in the upper chamber of the Court-house. He was then taken down and re-examined, and repeated what he had said before. He was locked up in the garret, a third time, and kept there till between nine and ten o'clock, when he was removed to the gaol. According to his account he was treated with great harshness and indecency. On the 28th, he was taken to the House of Representatives and reprimanded by the Speaker, and an order was issued for his discharge on his paying the costs. Not complying with the condition he was returned

to the gaol. The next day he received information that his wife had been suffering under violent agitation on account of his confinement, and was pronounced in a dangerous condition by a doctor. He sent a message to the House of Representatives, asking to be permitted to go home to his wife, and promising to be ready to wait on them when they should have occasion for him. He was accordingly discharged, and no further proceedings were had in the matter.

Royal Tyler was arrested and taken before the House, but declined to answer any interrogatories. He was committed for contempt, but was released on a promise to appear when called for.

The treatment he received from the government induced Fowle to leave Massachusetts, and establish a printing-office in Portsmouth, N. H. In the following year, 1756, he commenced the publication of the New-Hampshire Gazette. He was the first printer that settled in that state. He was appointed printer to the government, and continued in business, till his death, which happened in June, 1787, at the age of seventy-two.

The Negro, mentioned by Fowle in his examination, was called Primus. Mr. Thomas says, — "He was an African. I well remember him; he worked at press, with or without an assistant; he continued to do press-work, until prevented by age. He went to Portsmouth with his master, and there died, being more than ninety years of age; about fifty of which he was a press-man."



## THE BOSTON GAZETTE, OR WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

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**AFTER** the dissolution of the partnership of Kneeland & Green, Kneeland began the publication of a new paper, with the title of the *Boston Gazette, or Weekly Advertiser*. The first number was issued January 3, 1753, and was avowedly a continuation of the old *Boston Gazette and Weekly Journal*. It was printed on a half sheet of crown quarto. The title was embellished with a cut, which had been originally intended to illustrate one of *Æsop's Fables*; but after the first year, it was exchanged for that which stands at the head of this article. This was better executed than any cut that had before appeared in any newspaper. During the first year, no name of printer or publisher appeared in the imprint. At the close of that year Kneeland inserted his name, as printer. The paper was handsomely print-

ed. It contained nothing original except occasionally a paragraph of intelligence. It was discontinued in March, 1755, on account, as was stated, of the provincial stamp act, and was immediately succeeded by Edes & Gill's Boston Gazette.







## THE BOSTON GAZETTE AND COUNTRY JOURNAL.

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ON the seventh of April, 1755, — one week after S. Kneeland relinquished the publication of his “*Boston Gazette, or Weekly Advertiser*,” — a third newspaper, bearing the title of the *Boston Gazette*, was published by Edes & Gill. It was a crown half sheet, printed in two pages, folio. When it first appeared, its head was decorated with two cuts, one of which was the same that Kneeland had used for *his* *Gazette*; the other was that, which embellished the title of Rogers & Fowle’s *Independent Advertiser*. The title of the paper stood between these two cuts. About the year 1760, both these devices were laid aside, and that, which appears at the head of this article, was adopted, and was continued as part of the title as long as the paper was published. This device, according to Mr. Thomas, repre-

sents Minerva (instead of Britannia) seated before a pedestal, on which is a cage; Minerva holds a spear surmounted with the cap of liberty in her left hand, and, with her right opens the cage, and liberates the bird, which is represented as flying towards a tree that stands at some distance from a city. At the time of this change, the form of the paper was enlarged, and it was printed on a whole demy sheet, and the typography underwent some improvements.

The establishment of this Gazette was an important event among the memorable circumstances and incidents, which preceded the Revolution. The office of its publication became the habitual resort of the most distinguished political writers of that period. Some of them had been correspondents of the Independent Advertiser. James Otis, Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Joseph Warren, Thomas Cushing, John Adams, and Josiah Quincy, jun. inflexible advocates of civil, political, and religious liberty, were the moving spirits at these meetings; and there is no doubt, that many of the measures of opposition to the acts of the British Parliament for taxing the Colonies, which produced the Declaration of Independence and resulted in the complete separation of the Colonies from the parent country, originated in the deliberations of this association of patriots and statesmen. Edes and Gill were men of bold and fearless hearts, of good reputation as private citizens, and unwavering in their opposition to the policy of the government. Supported and encouraged, as they were, by writers of the first talent and respectability, the Gazette soon became the organ of the Whigs, and gained extensive circulation. Every innovation upon the chartered privileges of the

Colonies was examined, reviewed, reprobated, and condemned, with a freedom which knew no fear, and a severity which despised all control. No press in the country exerted a more powerful influence over the feelings, opinions, and conduct of the people.

The measures of the provincial government furnished a long catalogue of grievances, on which the writers for the Gazette were wont to make their comments, even from the first publication of the paper; and the warmth, with which they began, increased with every succeeding act of oppression, — the Stamp Act, the Massacre, the Tea Tax, and the closing of the port of Boston, — to the highest pitch of indignation. The proceedings of town-meetings, of committees, and of individuals, concerned in opposing the arbitrary measures of the government are detailed in the Gazette, and impart an interest to its columns, which will not be subdued till the events themselves shall be forgotten. The Boston Massacre, which took place on the evening of the Fifth of March, 1770, is minutely narrated in the Gazette of the twelfth; and this narrative has always been deemed faithful and authentic. As it was an event that could not be foreseen, the public could not be prepared for it by any warning voice from the press, as in the case of the Stamp Act; and such was the horrible nature of the transaction, — involving the certainty of a judicial trial for assassination — that the press preserved an almost total silence after the tragedy was performed. Little concerning it can be found in any of the papers of the day, until after the trial. The result of the trial was not universally satisfactory. From an occasional remark in the Gazette, it may be inferred that the editors would have been better

pleased, had the verdict been otherwise than it was. A writer under the signature of "Vindex," published a series of articles, reviewing the arguments of counsel and the decisions of the Court, and tending to show that the verdict was not such as the testimony in the case would have justified. That John Adams and Josiah Quincy engaged in the defence of the soldiers, who were indicted for the murder, was evidently much regretted by many of their friends, as well as by a large portion of the people.

The anniversary of the massacre was marked, in Boston, by the observance of solemn ceremonies, and an oration for several succeeding years. On the evening of the anniversary in 1771, a pageant was exhibited, which is thus noticed in the Gazette : —

Tuesday last was the Anniversary of the never-to-be-forgotten Fifth of March, 1770, when Messieurs *Gray, Maverick, Caldwell, Carr, and Attucks* were inhumanly murdered by a Party of Soldiers of the XXIXth Regiment in King-Street : — The Bells of the several Congregational Meeting-Houses were tolled from XII o'clock at Noon till I : — In the Evening there was a very striking Exhibition at the Dwelling-House of Mr. PAUL REVERE, fronting the Old North Square. — At one of the Chamber-Windows was the appearance of the Ghost of the unfortunate young Seider, with one of his Fingers in the Wound, endeavoring to stop the Blood issuing therefrom : Near him his Friends weeping : And at a small distance a monumental Obelisk, with his Bust in Front : — On the Front of the Pedestal, were the Names of those killed on the Fifth of March : Underneath the following Lines,

*Seider's pale Ghost fresh bleeding stands,  
And Vengeance for his Death demands.*

In the next Window were represented the Soldiers drawn up, firing at the People assembled before them — the Dead on the Ground — and the Wounded falling, with the Blood running in Streams from their Wounds : Over which was wrote FOUL PLAY. In the third Window was the Figure of a Woman, representing AMERICA, sitting on the Stump of a Tree, with a Staff in her Hand, and the Cap of Liberty

on the Top thereof,—one Foot on the Head of a Grenadier lying prostrate grasping a Serpent—Her Finger pointing to the Tragedy.

The whole was so well executed, that the Spectators, which amounted to many Thousands, were struck with solemn Silence, and their Countenances covered with a melancholy Gloom. At nine o'clock the Bells tolled a doleful Peal, until Ten; when the Exhibition was withdrawn, and the People retired to their respective Habitations.

Another subject of great and permanent interest among the people of Boston during this period of general excitement and irritation, was the tax upon Tea, and the proceedings of the town in reference thereto. The Gazette has a full account of the various town-meetings, and the correspondence between several committees appointed at those meetings and the persons, to whom the Teas, then on board certain ships in the harbor, were consigned. The *Destruction of the Tea*—a world-renowned exploit,—is thus recorded in the Gazette of December 20, 1773 :—

On Tuesday last the body of the people of this and all the adjacent towns, and others from the distance of twenty miles, assembled at the Old South meeting-house, to inquire the reason of the delay in sending the ship Dartmouth, with the East-India Tea, back to London; and having found that the owner had not taken the necessary steps for that purpose, they enjoined him at his peril to demand of the collector of the customs a clearance of the ship, and appointed a committee of ten to see it performed: after which they adjourned to the Thursday following, ten o'clock. They then met, and being informed by Mr. Rotch, that a clearance was refused him, they enjoined him immediately to enter a protest and apply to the Governor for a passport by the castle, and adjourned again till three o'clock for the same day. At which time they again met, and after waiting till near sunset, Mr. Rotch came in and informed them that he had accordingly entered his protest and waited on the Governor for a pass, but his excellency told him he could not consistent with his duty grant it until his vessel was qualified. The people finding all their efforts to preserve the property of the East-India Company and return it safely to London, frustrated by the tea consignees, the collector of the customs, and the Governor of the Province, DISSOLVED their meeting. — But, BEHOLD what followed! A number

of brave and resolute men, determined to do all in their power to save their country from the ruin which their enemies had plotted, in less than four hours, emptied every chest of tea overboard the three ships commanded by Captains Hull, Bruce, and Coffin, amounting to 342 chests, into the Sea!! without the least damage done to the ships or any other property. The masters and owners are well pleased that their ships are thus cleared; and the people are almost universally congratulating each other on this happy event.

The state of public feeling, in regard to the use of Tea, is truly illustrated in the annexed article, from the Gazette of September 5, 1784, — evidently the composition of one of the editors: —

About ten days since, there came a villanous pedlar to a store in Leominster, who, upon examination was found to have a quantity of the destructive and detestable weed, Tea — which he asserted he had brought with him in a late foreign voyage, and pretended he was carrying it home to his dear wife; but it seems he had not the greatest regard and affection for her, by his giving her poison. — However, he offered his Tea for sale, thinking the store-keeper to be an enemy to his country; but, to his great sorrow, he soon found it was not so; for, by this time, the shop was well stored with true Whigs, (a most respectable assortment,) who, it seems, were privately invited there by the store-keeper; at First sight, struck a horrid damp on the Tea-Merchant, and perhaps caused as violent an agitation in his knees, as ever was in those of Belshazzar; so that he cried for quarter, begging they would not clothe him in the modern dress, the weather being excessively hot. The Whigs granted his petition, but repeatedly exhorted him to reform, and be no longer an enemy to himself and country; — and finally they made him these very friendly proposals, which were as follows, that he should either immediately burn that Tea, at his own cost, or at theirs, or have it taken by force and consumed; the former of which he readily agreed to, by burning the Tea. He then departed, heartily thanking them for their kindness and benevolence toward him.

But lenity cannot, must not be exercised towards these enemies much longer; — it is to be feared the direful period is at hand, when the Sons of Liberty will be bound in duty, both to God and themselves, to hang, drown, or otherwise demolish these execrable villains from the face of the earth, that posterity may enjoy a peaceful and happy land, preserved from utter ruin by the noble efforts of Freedom's Sons. Oh! that the refulgent rays of liberty might penetrate the transparent skulls of those abandoned few, who are ever plotting their country's ruin.

During the administration of Governor Hutchinson, frequent and almost constant attacks were made upon it by the editors or correspondents of the Gazette. His speeches and messages to the General Court were reviewed and censured with freedom, and frequently in severe and indignant language. A writer under the signature of "Lucius" addressed to him a series of letters, of which the following,—being No. II.—is a specimen:—

TO MR. HUTCHINSON.

I have again perused your letters, and am constrained to revisit you. Being unused to claim audience of *the Great*, you will pardon my ability to attemper my awkward but honest salutations to the elegant organs of *the courtier*. Your repeated injunctions of secrecy to your confidential correspondents, evidence you to be perfectly callous to the feelings of humanity. Those who shrink not at guilt frequently recoil at shame. The most finished profligate is more appalled at the hazard of detection, than in the perpetration of the grossest enormities. Influenced as I am by that first great duty of every citizen to drag to light the conspirators against the public safety, I feel some regret to wound a sensibility so tremblingly alive. I could applaud you, could I hush my conscience to a dead sleep, with less reluctance than I now censure you. Were I not thoroughly persuaded your conspiracies tend to the ruin of my country, you might glut your unsated ambition, and cram your avarice to bursting, sooner than provoke my indignation.

The iniquitous measures concerted by you and the junto of enemies to the peace and welfare of the colony, have steadily received all that encouragement and support, which your native cunning, specious address, and extensive popularity could afford them. The natural weight of family interest, joined to the adventitious aid of exterior circumstances, and that fertile source of corruption, *titular dignities*, which you have managed like a skillful gambler, have preponderated in the adverse scale, by the foul revolt of the natural guardians of the rights of the people. The infamous monopoly of the offices of government in your family, has served to render the most of them of some significance: Others have been elevated in the true policy of a Roman prefect, from the very dregs of mankind: So far from being distinguished by their natural or acquired excellences, they are rather remarkable for a gross defect of education and understanding: These have been

modestly denominated *the better sort of people*. I affect not to despise any man, but detest the motive of snatching a rascal from the dunghill, though, by arts the most contemptible, he may have acquired a casual opulence, and introduce him to rank and place, to abet the designs of a traitor. Men of such characters, so unaccountably distinguished by you, to be sure, could not be ungrateful; they must of necessity adopt the sentiments, and concur in the measures, of a person of your reputed wisdom, from whom they live, move, and have their political being; the dread of being consigned to their primitive nothingness, should they be possessed of one spark of virtue, would prevent their acting counter to your sovereign dictates. Could they be supposed to court disgrace by an heroic act of self-denial, you had another tenure to secure obedience by your assurance, that *they would certainly meet with favor and encouragement*.

In your own person you exhibit a shining example of the corrupt traffic of the times; you have received a noble compensation for your pliability. If you are become a pack-horse of tyranny, you bound over us with glittering trappings. I cannot but admire the fertility of your genius; rich in expedients, you could ever bend your interpretations to the temper of your masters: ministerial mandates operate in your hands with an energy uncontrollable: Right, justice, private judgement and public convenience, have ever been annihilated at the *fiat* of a private instruction; yet by the strange struggle of a political dilate, you have affected to wash your hands of the guilt of parricide. But have you not gone beyond your tether, Sir? In the career of success, you have failed to consider the times might alter still. As you have proceeded too far to retreat without covering yourself with disgrace, persevere, I charge you. Let us not arraign you of want of fortitude or consistency; blush only in secret, if conscience, awakened, denies you repose; laugh at that bugbear of the sordid and timorous; despise the frowns of the virtuous, the curses of the multitude; preserve what? Conscience placated, honor unimpeached, integrity untainted, or your country unthralled? No, Sir; preserve your place.

You insist, *there must be an abridgement of what are called English Liberties*; you wish to see a further restraint of Liberty in the Colony: for what reason, Sir? Because your misrepresentations would fail of their designed effect, without the total ruin of the colony? Let me challenge you in the face of Heaven, What right has the colony justly forfeited? What claim has she not justly made? Do not reason and equity forbid us to pay submission to such acts and regulations, which, so far from being beneficial, are grievous and unconstitutional? Are we indulged in the personal security of British subjects? No! Is acquired property



ours by any certain tenure? No. Are not our claims of charter-rights deemed nugatory, insolent, and contumacious? Yes. One question more I must be indulged in, — What must be the opinion of your virtue and honesty, among your confidential correspondents, when they consider you as a native American so solicitous to abridge the liberties of your countrymen? What must be the resentments of your fellow-citizens respecting the man, whom they have peculiarly caressed, honored, and promoted? You have intended the colonies irreparable mischief, by inculcating that narrow and diabolical maxim, that *a colony, distant from the parent state, cannot possibly enjoy all the liberty of the parent state.* You refer, probably, to the colonies of Rome, the fruits of conquest: Do not the circumstances of these colonies materially differ from those? Pray inform me, What is the bond of our subjection? Those colonies were harassed by other Bernards and other Hutchinsons. They finally revolted; and, after tearing the empire to pieces by intestine broils, Rome, the mistress of the universe, gave up the ghost; and bequeaths a wiser lesson to Britain than that of the sage Mr. *Hutchinson*, quoted above. Through your machinations, and those of your great antetype *Bernard*, this colony has suffered violence; even at this period, power has no barrier in America. A tyrant, Sir, can make no atonement for reducing subjects to slavery. Power, once perverted to the radical injury of a state, becomes too poor to make them compensation, and must and will be checked, whenever time and abilities present a favorable opportunity. To this dilemma your wicked counsels have reduced the nation: they certainly foresee that civil discord must eventually purchase what is unreasonably withheld from unavailing petitions.

LUCIUS.

The letters, alluded to at the beginning of the preceding address to the Governor, were written by him to a member of the British cabinet, in the year 1772. The originals were obtained by Dr. Franklin, and sent to Massachusetts, to a member of the General Court, who presented them to that body. The doors leading to the galleries of the House of Representatives were closed while the letters were read. The House immediately voted, "That the tendency and design of said letters was to subvert the constitution of this government, and to introduce arbitrary power into the provinces." The

next day the Governor sent a message to the House, stating that he had been informed of their vote, and denying that he had ever written any public or private letter with such an intention, or that could have any such effect. He demanded a transcript of their proceedings, and information as to the letters referred to. The demand was complied with, and another message was transmitted to the House, in which he endeavored to exculpate himself from the imputation implied in the vote of the House ; but the attempt was ineffectual and the treachery of the Governor became apparent. The matter was discussed in the House, and, on the 15th of June, that body passed, by a very large majority, a set of Resolutions, the last of which was — “That this House is bound in duty to the King and their constituents, humbly to remonstrate to his Majesty the conduct of his excellency Thomas Hutchinson, Esq. Governor, and the honorable Andrew Oliver, Esq. Lieutenant-Governor of this Province ; and to pray that his Majesty would be pleased to remove them *for ever* from the government thereof.” The House immediately appointed the Speaker, and Messrs. Adams, Hancock, Hawley, and Leonard, a committee to carry the resolution into effect.\*

I have not been able to ascertain at what time John Adams began to write for the Boston Gazette. It is probable that many of the communications, animadverting on the arbitrary proceedings of the ministry, and of their agents in the colonies, and published under different signatures, were his productions. A controversy

\* A full and interesting history of proceedings and events connected with the transmission and receipt of these Letters, may be found in Sparks's *Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin*, vol. iv. p. 414.

arose between him and William Brattle, of Cambridge, concerning the appointment and salaries of Judges, which was published in the Gazette. The articles written by Mr. Adams, in this controversy, are signed with his name. It was in January, 1775, that Mr. Adams began to publish in the Gazette the celebrated series of papers, under the signature of "NOVANGLUS." These were occasioned by a series signed "MASSACHUSETTENSIS," written by Jonathan Sewall — an eminent lawyer, who abandoned his country and her cause, and went to England in 1775. "He and John Adams were bosom friends. He attempted to dissuade Mr. Adams from attending the first continental congress; and it was in reply to his arguments, and as they walked on the Great Hill at Portland, that Adams used the memorable words: 'The die is now cast; I have now passed the Rubicon; swim or sink, live or die, survive or perish with my country is my unalterable determination.' They parted and met no more, until Sewall came to America in 1788. The one, the high-souled, the lion-hearted Adams, had a country, and a free country; the eloquent and gifted Sewall lived and died a colonist." \*

Mr. Adams addressed his communications "To the Inhabitants of the Colony of Massachusetts-Bay," and promises, in his introductory paper, to accompany his antagonist, in his "ingenious labors to convince the people that the system of colony administration, which has been pursued for ten or twelve years, is a wise, righteous, and humane plan; that Sir Francis Bernard and Mr. Hutchinson, are their best friends; and that those gentlemen in this and the other colonies, who have been in

\* Sabine's *American Loyalists*, p. 609.

opposition to it, are from ignorance, error, or from worse and baser causes, your worst enemies." Massachusetts had pledged himself to "avoid personal reflections, but to penetrate the arcana, and expose the wretched policy of the Whigs." "I, on my part," says Novanglus, "may, perhaps, in a course of papers, penetrate arcana, too; — show the wicked policy of the Tories — trace their plan from its first rude sketches to its present complete draught; — show that it has been much longer in contemplation, than is generally known — who were the first in it — their views, motives, and secret springs of action, — and the means they have employed. This will necessarily bring before your eyes many characters, living and dead. From such a research and detail of facts, it will clearly appear who were the aggressors, and who have acted on the defensive, from first to last — who are still struggling, at the expense of their ease, health, peace, wealth, and preferment, against the encroachments of the Tories on their country, — and who are determined to continue to struggle, at much greater hazards still, and, like the Prince of Orange, resolve never to see its entire subjection to arbitrary power, but rather to die fighting against it, in the last ditch." This series of papers was continued for several months, — occupying a large portion of the Gazette, not unfrequently two or three pages at a time. They were received and approved, everywhere, by the Whigs; admired for the manly freedom and energy of their style, the clearness of the writer's reasoning, the pertinence of his reflections, and the indisputable facts and testimonies, on which his arguments were founded. They placed the grounds and progress of the controversy in the fairest point of view,

and detected the base arts and false glosses, by which the principles and conduct of the Whigs had been misrepresented.

One of the most bold, powerful, and eloquent, of the fearless patriots, who wrote for the Gazette, was Josiah Quincy, jun. This gentleman, — born in 1744, and graduated at Harvard College in 1763, — published in the Gazette of September 28, 1767, an article signed "HYPERION," which was followed by a second piece under the same signature, on the 5th of October. He was then only in the twenty-fourth year of his age, and had just commenced the practice of the law in his native town of Boston. The following sentences are extracted from the first of these articles : —

'Tis a political maxim, that all government tends to despotism, and, like the human frame, brings, at its birth, the latent seed, which finally shall destroy the constitution. This is a melancholy truth — but such is the lot of humanity. The art of an ingenious physician may, indeed, for a time, illude the desperate poison, the skill of an able patriot may prolong, for a while, the political existence of a state ; but the constitution still hastens, with increasing velocity, to inevitable death. This truth is founded in nature : Experience, has, in every age, verified this maxim of politics, and the approaching fate of our mother country shall but confirm the observation.

An insatiable appetite, an enormous thirst of despotic sway, is a threatening symptom and sure presage of the final catastrophe of the constitutional system. A desire of absolute government prompts to the extension of legal authority, and states, like men, are precipitated headlong, by a boundless ambition, from the giddy precipice of power into the gulf of ruin and destruction. O Britain ! hold thy cruel hand ! suspend the bloody sword an instant, and while, with an outstretched arm, thou art forcing from thy injured colonies one right after another, — while, even now, thou art making the desperate pass, which stabs the very vitals of thy children, reflect, one single moment, upon the unnatural, the brutal action. But if the dismal scene of wo, — thy sons and daughters weltering in their infant blood, touch not thy adamant heart, look back to distant ages, and see the rise and fall of ancient kingdoms ! Behold their fate, and learn thine own ! . . . .

The powers of the human mind were never made for unlimited jurisdiction over the extensive realms of science, neither was the sceptre of civil society formed for arbitrary and universal empire. The political like the animal body is in the best health, while the original constitution is kept pure and undebauched.

The second communication of "Hyperion," published in the Gazette of October 5, 1767, here follows entire. The motto, it will be perceived, is a string of quotations from Shakspeare, with slight variations, to adapt the sentiment to the time and the occasion. This seems to have been a common practice with Mr. Quincy. The mottoes to many of his subsequent contributions to the Gazette, are thus constructed. "His compositions, during this period, prove that he was extensively conversant with the best writers of the French and English schools. Above all, the genius of Shakspeare seems to have led captive his youthful imagination. In his writings, quotations, or forms of expression modeled upon those of that author, perpetually recur. There still exists among his papers a manuscript of the date of 1762, he then being in the junior class of the college, of seventy closely and minutely written quarto pages of extracts from that writer." \*

———— Are we unpregnant of our cause?  
 Can we do nothing, no, not for our country,  
 Upon whose property and most dear life  
 A vile defeat is made? Are we all cowards?  
 ——— ——— It cannot be  
 But we are pigeon-livered, and lack gall  
 To make oppression bitter, or, ere this,  
 We should have fatted all the region kites  
 With the offal of these slaves. Bloody villains!  
 Remorseless, treacherous, kindless villains!  
 O vengeance! ——— ——— ———  
 O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?

\* See "*Memoir of Josiah Quincy, jun., by his Son, Josiah Quincy,*" page 7.

And shall I couple Hell? O fie! Hold, hold, my heart!  
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
 But bear me stiffly up. Can I forget thee?  
 O my poor country! while memory holds a seat  
 In this distracted globe, I will remember thee!  
 Yea, from the table of my memory,  
 I'll wipe away all trivial, fond records,  
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
 That Youth and observation copied there,  
 And thy commandments all alone shall live  
 Within the book and volume of my brain,  
 Unmixed with baser matter:—Yes, by Heaven!

When I reflect upon the exalted character of the ancient Britons, when I call to mind the fortitude of our illustrious predecessors, when my memory retraces the noble struggles of the late memorable period; when from these reflections a very natural transition is made, and I contemplate the gloomy aspect of the present day, my feeling heart is alternately torn with doubt and hope, despondency and terror. Can the true, generous magnanimity of British heroes be entirely lost in their degenerate progeny? Is the Genius of Liberty, whose breath, but a few days since, inflamed our bosoms with a celestial ardor, fled forever? Is the spirit of the prophets departed from among us, that our enemies should become triumphant, and those, who seek our destruction, should rejoice? Or does the Lion of the wood but sleep, that when he is roused from his slumbers, the roaring of his mouth and the flame of his nostrils may be the more terrible? O ye ravenous blood-hounds! who eager stand, with wide-expanded jaws, to seize your prey, *to you I call, but with no friendly voice.* Have you not seen the young Lion of the forest enraged? have you not heard the thunder of his voice? have you not beheld the lightning of his eye?—Come not too near his sacred retreat; disturb not his peaceful repose; tempt not his wrath, lest he gnash his teeth with indignation, lest he tear you in pieces in the frenzy of his passion, and give your flesh to the birds of the air, and your bones to the wild beasts of the field.

An attentive observer of the deportment of some particular persons, in this metropolis, would be apt to imagine that the grand point was gained; the people entirely broken to the Yoke; all America subjugated to bondage. Does the baleful blast of calamity blow upon our land?—See these accursed betrayers of their *native* soil snuff with joy the tainted gale. Does the herald of report sound forth the doom of a sister colony?—See these *vipers of our bosom* swell with triumph; see them, even now, devouring, in imagination, the vitals of their country,

and anticipate the riotous feast they expect shortly to make upon the blood and treasure of their fellow-citizens; and, as if already they had fattened and grown wanton upon the spoils of the land, see them toss the head of insolence, put on the haughty air of contemptuous disdain, and insultingly display their lordships and dominions, their potentates and powers; nay, they dare to tell us, our only hope is to crouch and cowl under the iron rod, and kiss the sceptre of oppression. Precious sample of the meek and lowly temper of those, who are destined to be our imperious lords and masters!

Be not deceived, my countrymen, by these venal hirelings, these mercenary tools of power. Let them not cajole you by their subtleties into submission, or frighten you by their vaporings into compliance. Should some wretched minion, who would palm himself as "*a true Patriot*," endeavor to flatter you into "*moderation and prudence*," tell him that calmness and deliberation are to guide the judgement; courage and intrepidity are to command in action. Should he tell us to "*perceive our inability to oppose the Mother Country*,"—we boldly answer, that, in defence of our civil and religious rights, we dare to *oppose* the world; that, with the God of armies on our side, even the God, who fought our Fathers' battles, we fear not the hour of trial; though the host of our enemies should cover the field like locusts, and set their armies in dreadful array against us, yet the sword of the Lord and of Gideon shall prevail.—But, "*away with political enthusiasm!*" If this, thou Blasphemer, is enthusiasm, then will we live and die enthusiasts.

"IF YOU ARE AGGRIEVED," says the "True Patriot," "*strive by all prudent means to obtain redress*."—Go, thou dastard! Get thee home! A rank adulterer riots in thy bed, a brutal ravisher deflowers thy only daughter, a barbarous villain now lifts the murderous hand, and stabs thy tender infant to the heart. See the sapphire current trickling from the wound, and the dear boy, as he now gasps his last, cries out for the ruffian's mercy. Go! thou wretch! be calm, and soothe the frenzy of thy soul into tame *moderation*;—Go! *Doubt the injuries you feel*;—Go! question with the *assassin of thy wrongs*;—and when, insultingly, he brandishes the fatal dagger, reeking with thy infant's gore, nay, holds the crimson-tinged point to thy own bosom, and bids defiance to thy utmost rage, then, in the very instant of tumultuous fury,—Go! Let even thy coward soul boast, if it can, of "*prudence, calmness, and deliberation*."

Out, thou abandoned caitiff! Desist thy vile but impotent attempts to lure my fellow-countrymen to the hidden snare. Thy blandishments will not fascinate our eyes, neither do thy threats of a "*halter*" intimidate us. For, under God, we are determined, that, wheresoever, when-



soever, or howsoever we shall be called to make our exit, we will die free men. And well do we know, that all the regalia of death cannot dignify a villain's past life, nor diminish the ignominy with which a slave shall quit his existence; neither can it taint the unblemished honor of a son of freedom, though he should make his departure on the already-prepared gibbet, or be dragged to the new-erected scaffold for execution. With the plaudit of conscience he will go off the stage; the crown of joy and immortality shall be his reward; the history of his life, his children shall venerate; the virtues of their sire shall excite their emulation.

Hear me, thou *Patriot-Traitor*, and all ye despicable tribe of great and petty villains! Display not too soon your "*halter, fire, and faggot*;" quaff not our blood *before your time*, lest your eagerness to anticipate forestall the delights of fruition.

My much respected countrymen! Be not terrified by the threats and vaunting of your sworn foes: For, even in our times, we have seen the finger of the Lord; and we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have told us, the great things which God did for them in their day; how he delivered them, in the howling wilderness, out of the paw of the Lion, and out of the paw of the bear; how, with an outstretched hand, he led them through the dreary desert, giving them the manna of heaven for food, and the water out of the rock for them to drink; how he miraculously preserved his chosen people from tempest, fire, sword, and famine, and put all their lurking and insidious enemies to flight. Surely, his ear is not heavy, that he cannot hear, nor his arm shortened, that he cannot save. — Did he not plant us with his own hand? Hath he not nourished and brought us up as children? Surely, he will not, now, altogether cast us off! If we seek him, he will be found of us; while we serve him, he will never forsake us. And, if our God be for us, who shall be against us? Though our enemies should be as the vermin of the field, or as the insects of the air, yet will I not be dismayed; for the breath of his mouth shall scatter them abroad, the power of his strength shall confound and overwhelm them with mighty destruction.

HYPERION.

The agreement, entered into by most of the Boston merchants, to discontinue the importation of British goods, was greatly annoying to the Tories. A writer in the Boston Chronicle, who adopted the signature of "a Bostonian," was illiberal and abusive, and endeavored to divert public attention from matters of general moment

to the concerns of individuals. Mr. Quincy published in the Gazette of February 12 and 26, 1770, two articles, signed "an Independant," in reply to "Bostonian." In the first of these, the following paragraphs occur: —

A writer, who sets out, with telling us that "our attention has long been engrossed *with wild chimeras*," carries "a title-page, that speaks the nature of a volume." The objects that have attracted our eyes, as well as the hearts of all North-America, need no further elucidation to show their value and importance. If there is any "charm," that is like to ensnare us, — any "fascination," that should be dispelled, it is the "fascinating charm" of imitating the enticing luxuries of those, who riot on the toil of others; — a greater danger, a danger, that is alarming, in proportion as it is not generally perceived. A great danger of the present day is, that we should be allured by the affluence and splendor of the creatures, among us, who are insinuating their poison, by increasing their connections, and corrupting the minds of the young and unwary, with flattering expectations of eating idle bread.

\* \* \* \* \*

"If I ask, (says the Bostonian,) an advocate for the non-importation agreement, what end it is to answer, I am told it is to bring about a REPEAL of the revenue laws." But, by the gentleman's leave, I, who am an advocate for the same agreement, would make a very different answer. I believe, if those laws are never repealed, it will be happy for my country; and therefore, as a good citizen, I wish for their continuance. . . . From a conviction in my own mind, that America is now the slave of Britain; from a sense that we are every day, more and more, in danger of an increase of our burdens, and a fastment of our shackles, I wish to see my countrymen break off — OFF FOR EVER! — all social intercourse with those, whose commerce contaminates, whose luxuries poison, whose avarice is insatiable, and whose unnatural oppressions are not to be borne. That Americans will know their rights, that they will resume, assert, and defend them, are matters, of which I harbor no doubt. Whether the arts of POLICY, or the arts of war, will decide the contest, are problems we will solve at a more convenient season. He, whose heart is enamored with the refinements of political artifice and finesse, will seek one mode of relief; — he, whose heart is free, honest, and intrepid, will pursue another, a bolder and more noble mode of redress. This reply is so intelligible, that it needs no comment for explanation.

The Gazette of August 6, 1770, contains another of Mr. Quincy's communications, signed "An Old Man," in which he says:—"A wise people will inquire thoroughly into every scheme proposed for their adoption, and when its baneful or salutary effect is discerned, will be inflexible in their resolutions. A nation would be mad, indeed, should they see, as in the meridian sun, a design to enslave them, and, after a feeble opposition, be cajoled or bullied into timid acquiescence. But their conduct would be singularly infamous and deplorable, should they tamely surrender their birthrights to pimps, parasites, and harpies, when their solemn protestations of resistance, to their hearts' blood, had been registered in the records of eternity. Dead, also, must they be to every moral sentiment, should they be actuated to commit the most atrocious crime by a fondness and precipitance to imitate the perfidy of others. Surely, it is to good men and Christians a strange doctrine, that the villany of one part of society, is a sanction for the wickedness of the residue. Men, who have a genuine attachment to their most important concerns, will examine what is their duty, and what the Lord their God requireth of them; and then will walk as a well-informed conscience shall dictate. On such men alone, under God, do we depend;—on those, who, despising the disingenuity of fraudulent subterfuge, will persevere, with untainted probity, to the end.

"We have been verging, an unexpected length of time, to that trying period, which is to delineate, and mark for ever, our true characters. If we are blind, we shall surely be deluded; if discerning, we shall escape the snare. If we are pusillanimous wretches, we may

be easily frightened ; if brave, our courage, vigor, and stability will accumulate strength by opposition. And let those, who fear the wants arising from loss of trade, remember the toils and labors of their forefathers, and blush when they repine at fancied miseries. If it did not move our derision, it would excite the sharpest anger, to hear the difficulties we now sustain, mentioned with a complaining regret. Good God ! Consider my fellow-citizens, what you are struggling for — consider what you oppose, and what you seek ! In defending your fair inheritance, it is impossible for you to suffer half the pains and sorrows your pious ancestors bore, in the arduous acquisition.”

Mr. Quincy continued to write for the Gazette, adopting various signatures, as fancy or circumstances might induce him to change. Many of his productions it would be difficult to identify. In the Gazette of November 25, 1771, there is a piece signed “Hyperion,” which, from the style, as well as from the fact that he had formerly written under the same signature, may be attributed to Mr. Quincy. It is addressed “To the man, whom Conscience forbids to style my Governor.” The annexed paragraph is a specimen of its serious admonition : —

Are riches the desire of your eyes ? In the right hand of wisdom and virtue are riches, yea, durable riches and pleasures forevermore. Does power inflame your ambition ? Consider you can be but a subordinate ruler ; you must please a master, or be at last “dismissed and punished,” let the denunciation seem as grating to you as it will ; and who so great, so powerful, or so honorable a master, as the King of kings, who requires you, on pain of his highest displeasure, to govern this great people as one that must give an account ? The meanest peasant is as much the darling of heaven as the finest courtier. Is a good conscience a most cordial companion through life, and a comforting stay to the

soul, when, sublunary things receding, the DIVINITY enlarges upon the mind? This is only to be maintained in *doing unto others*, as, by change of circumstances, you wish them to *do unto you*. A timely check to the *rabies dominandi*, which early infected your mind, would have secured you all these. But, alas! such a conquest as this was too hard for a stripling, who early confessed he had *sucked prerogative milk*, and observed *it would never be good times till the landed interest was got into few hands*.

An article signed "Calisthenes," in the Gazette of February 10, 1772, was written by Mr. Quincy. It is a severe and bitter rebuke to the Judges of the Supreme Court, for postponing the sentence of the law upon a criminal, who had been legally convicted of murder. The delay of judgement and execution is attributed to political favoritism. The criminal had then been in gaol twenty-two months. "Twenty-two months imprisonment for a capital crime, (says Calisthenes,) in a tormenting suspense between life and death, is what no man, undeserving of death, ought to bear. Either the laws want mending, or the ministers of justice want *something else*. . . . Is Richardson kept in gaol in order to recommend him to mercy? The *honor* of magistracy ought openly to avow it; — the *wisdom* of recommenders ought to justify it. A *secret, cunning-like* conduct, in persons of *judicial* characters, is base, odious, and execrable. It is base, because little: odious, because wicked: execrable, because destructive of social security and happiness. . . . Prisoners have their rights, as well as other men. COMPLAINT IS THE PREROGATIVE OF THE INJURED. No order of men are too high *to be called upon*, — too honest to *exclude suspicion*, — too pure to be tempted, — too powerful to be amesned to the tribunal of the public, and punished by — THE PEOPLE. Remember this important truth: What

is law for a *Richardson*, is law for a *SIDNEY*. If oppression is warranted by law, the *PATRIOT* is much more likely to fall a victim, than the pimp and pander. *HAMPDENS* will stain the scaffold with blood, while a robber or murderer finds a city of refuge. *No tyranny so severe, none so intolerable, none so dangerous, none so remediless, as that of EXECUTIVE COURTS.*"

In the Gazette of June 7, 1772, is the first of a series of papers by Mr. Quincy, under the signature of "*MARCHMONT NEDHAM.*" It begins as follows: —

"The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field."

I scarce ever inspected the face of Mr. H. [Hutchinson] or considered his conduct in public and private life, but some passage of my beloved Milton came to my mind: And however "*doubtful or equivocal*" his behavior may appear to the *gullable* and *gaping*, he is easily kenned and seen through by the sagacious and penetrating. Worldly policy and serpentine insinuation have, in general, been his characteristics. These have so often served his turn, and a dolt must become so considerable an adult by practice, that when he obviously stumbles out of his common track, I suspect he is ridden by a *superannuated* driver, or urged on by one, who has been a *blunderer* from the beginning.

The act of Governor Hutchinson, which was the occasion of the attack upon him in this paper, was his *convening* the General Court at Cambridge instead of Boston, under pretence that "it was, in many respects, very inconvenient for the sitting to be held in Boston." The House of Representatives had earnestly requested "a removal to Boston, as a matter of the greatest public advantage."

Several messages passed, on this occasion between the House of Representatives and the Governor. In one of them the Governor said — "I must govern myself by the measure not of your understanding but my own. What appears to you to be sufficiently plain, appears to

me to be doubtful and equivocal. So in complying with your desire, founded upon this among other reasons, I should or should not conform to the instructions of the King, whose servant I am. As reserved as you have been in your answer to my message, I will be unreserved and open with you. Whilst you dispute the authority by which I at first removed the court from Boston, I do not intend to carry it thither again."

"Lelius," a writer in the Massachusetts Gazette, (which was the official organ of the Governor) undertook to defend the Governor, and complained that he was assailed in the "language of a porter;" to which "Nedham" replies, — "This writer ought to know that *propriety of language* must be determined by a joint consideration of the sentiment to be conveyed, the person addressed, and him, who is spoken of. Now, when the sentiment of the heart is justly abhorrent of the turpitude of the culprit, the language of the lips ought to be expressive of the feelings. Hence it is becoming the man, who acts from principle, to treat all villains with words and actions correspondent to their crimes. This alone ought to silence one half the clamors made about civility and politeness to dignified knaves and robbers. **FACT** is a test of just sentiment. **TRUTH** is an eternal standard of propriety in language."

The following is from a subsequent number of these essays: —

An elevated oppressor may make a trade for life of his oppression, and there may be none found to detect, or of ability to punish: he may, by betraying the interests of a single town, make his way to a station more fitted for the destruction of a province: the fall of a province may give a rise sufficient for accomplishing the sacrifice of a new world: the reign of a tyrant—(shame to the morals and virtue of

man!) — is seldom thought a time for complaint, conviction, or punishment. Thousands become interested to obey; thousands to serve; thousands to protect: the few discern, the many gaze, and the tamest tremble: The deceivers and deceived, the oppressors and the oppressed, make so great a part of the community, that the wise and good, the noble and brave, are often crushed and overwhelmed in the general calamity. Every sensible man knows that this is not a time to review or display in a true light, Mr. Hutchinson's whole conduct. Our business is to take such parts of his administration, as we may treat with wisdom and safety; to form a proper estimate of the man from his *more open* operations, and draw that *useful* knowledge, which may serve to counteract or defeat his *more secret, but not less dangerous and desperate* machinations.

I have known this gentleman a selectman of the town, a representative, and a counselor. I have seen him sit in judgement, heard his speeches and his charges, and have now lived to see him in the chair of government. I have attended and marked him, and think *I know him*. As an *individual*, having never received any private injury from him, I bear him no enmity. As far as he is an *adversary of my native country*, I am his foe. Disappointed ambition (of which we have sometimes heard) has not moved me; for I never had an ambition, which Mr. H. had an *opportunity* to gratify; and, at my present time of life, and health, I ought to feel no higher ambition, than that of fulfilling the more important duties. Being advanced in age and infirmity, I wish to see my country free and happy; that my children may partake as fair an inheritance as I have received. These and similar motives actuate me in my present works, and, I hope, will lead me to those pursuits and labors, which may render the small residue of my days profitable to my species, to whom I bear much affection.

Believe me, my countrymen, that a love to the human race is a moral and religious duty. It is a great, and too successful, art, which is often practised, to disseminate an aversion of man to man. More of this seed is sown, and more evils spring from it, than is generally apprehended. Disunion inevitably succeeds this aversion, till the divided *many* fall an easy prey to the contracted *few*. For this infernal purpose, the execrable WALPOLE propagated his accursed maxim — "EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE." For similar purposes the servile imitators of that odious prostitute have continued to inculcate like principles and doctrines; and, whether *caroled* at a noisy riot or *retailed* in Draper's paper, the same object is still ultimately in view, — To destroy all faith and confidence among men, that the subtle and rapacious may sooner subjugate the poor and innocent. This is the true *leading plan* of the rich



and powerful;—a plan, that levels virtue with vice, benevolence with selfishness, and all that is good and great with all which is vile and despicable. To oppose a project so pregnant of every moral and political evil, is a common duty. He, who sneers at all public virtue, and denies or ridicules the supposed existence of all affection for mankind, betrays that turpitude of heart, which characterized Satan in the garden of Eden:—he ought to be avoided as a pestilence. Cultivate an affection for each other, and for the world; and let this love be fervent, and it will do mighty works. Oppose with bitterness all, who go about to disunite the members of that great body—**THE MULTITUDE**. I bless **GOD** that, in early youth, I considered all men as my brethren: and now, in the decline of life, if I have one prominent desire, next to the plaudit of my **CREATOR** and my conscience, it is, that of having **THE MANY** to arise and call me blessed.

In the Gazette of December 20, is the first number of a series entitled “Nedham’s Remembrancer,” intended as a supplement to the papers already noticed. This was a few days after the destruction of the tea in the harbor. In allusion to that proceeding, the writer says—“**THE PEOPLE** have been mild and considerate; they have been temperate and patient. When their mildness was called timidity, and their consideration want of courage, they did not cease to reason and entreat. When their temperance was treated with insult, and their patience with contempt, they felt the injury, though they stayed their vengeance. When the situation of public affairs called them to resolve upon their danger and duty, they were unanimous and determined; and when the exigency of the times increased, and *resolutions alone* were vain, they proceeded to action with order and discretion; and executed *the only remaining duty*, without unnecessary outrage and intemperate revenge.”

The same paper contains the publishers’ account of the throwing overboard of the tea. After a brief recapitulation of the proceedings at the several town-meet-

ings, at which every possible endeavor to induce the consignees to take the teas back to London had been made, the record proceeds — “The people, finding all their efforts to preserve the property of the East-India Company and return it safely to London, frustrated by the consignees, the collector of the customs, and the governor of the province, DISSOLVED their meeting. — But, BEHOLD what followed ! A number of brave and resolute men, determined to do all in their power to save their country from the ruin, which their enemies had plotted, in less than four hours, emptied every chest of Tea on board the three ships commanded by Captains Hall, Bruce, and Coffin, amounting to 324 chests, into the sea !! without the least damage done to the ships or any other property. The masters and owners are well pleased that their ships are thus cleared ; and the people are almost universally congratulating each other on this happy event.”

This series of “Nedham’s Remembrancer,” extended to seven numbers. The following are disconnected extracts : —

——— Think on thy country,  
And die in terror of thy *guiltiness*.

Politically speaking, the crime of betraying one’s country is — the unpardonable sin. No guilt more deeply poisons the heart and embitters reflection. What pangs must swell the breast of a man, in the close of life, who looks back and sees himself laboring to *abridge the liberties of his country*, enslaving its inhabitants, and procuring the introduction of troops, which insult the civil magistrate, and shed the blood of his brethren ? What and how exquisite must be his feelings, when he hears young and old imprecate vengeance on his hoary head, and sees his name and progeny blasted with execrations and infamy !

Jan. 10, 1774.

——— Meet it is I here set down,  
That one may *smile*, and *smile* and be a VILLAIN !

——— And, with this visage, sugar o'er  
THE DEVIL HIMSELF.

Subterfuge and evasion are the true characteristics of a little mind; and so are falsehood and cowardice. Such artifices are but temporary expedients which great souls scorn to use; like base coin they may pass currently with the ignorant and incautious for a time, but the cheat is soon discovered, and the impostor is punished and remains infamous for life. Thus he, who practises the low arts of political cunning, will, in the end, be detected, and sink into contempt, unless his crimes and his station consign him to an *exemplary* punishment and everlasting infamy.

Jan. 17, 1774.

These objurgatory passages are introductory to animadversions on the conduct of Governor Hutchinson, most tremendously severe and biting. That, which follows, is the conclusion of the whole series: —

Thus have I considered Mr. Hutchinson as degrading the highest station in the law to the lowest office of the inquisition; as descending from the rank of CHIEF JUSTICE to that of a COMMON INFORMER: an informer against “particular persons and the province in general:” — yes, — the *dark assassin of private characters* and HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.

Convinced, as I am, that Governor Hutchinson, in defiance of every principle of right, every sentiment of honor and gratitude; convinced, I say, that HE is the first, the most malignant and *insatiable* enemy of my country; — that he is the chief author and supporter of the severest calamities under which this people labor; — convinced that he has done more general mischiefs, and committed greater public crimes, than his *life* can repair or his *death* satisfy; — and that *he is the man*, against whom the blood of my slaughtered brethren cries from the ground; I have, and shall, as strength is given me, pursue him. And if, at this time of life, I am too *old* for an AVENGER OF BLOOD, I am also too *young* to desert the service of my country. But it may be profitable now to leave him to the reflections of his own conscience — the anguish of a *departing* spirit. And if he be not speedily called to the great bar of the universe, peradventure I shall once more call him — but with no *friendly* voice — to the highest, the most terrible, tribunal on earth; — the tribunal of his injured countrymen.

Addressing to the contemplations of his pillow, I close, for the present, with the words of a favorite author: —

*You have lived long enough ; your way of life  
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf,  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
You must not look to have : But, in their stead,  
CURSES, BOTH LOUD AND DEEP.*

MARCHMONT NEDHAM.

This is supposed to be the last article written by Mr. Quincy, for publication. He went to England, soon after, on account of ill health. In March, 1775, he set out on his return. "On the 20th of April, within sight of that beloved country, which he was not permitted to reach, he expired. A few hours after his death, the ship, with his lifeless remains, entered the harbor of Gloucester, Cape Ann." \*

The writers for the Gazette, for several years which preceded the beginning of the Revolutionary War, were numerous, bold, fearless, and patriotic. Several volumes might be filled with their productions, — inculcating the principles of civil and religious freedom, and exposing the hypocrisy and knavery of their rulers, and the agents of the government. One united spirit of hostility to the arbitrary exercise of power and prerogative pervaded their minds, and each seemed strengthened and invigorated by contact with another. It is to be lamented that so few of these interesting and important papers can now be appropriately assigned to their respective authors. If the writers of the papers signed "Vindex," "A Military Countryman," "A Bostonian," (Letters to Sir Francis Bernard,) "Candidus," "Fervidus," &c., could now be ascertained, their names might pass to pos-

\* Memoir of Josiah Quincy, jun., by Josiah Quincy, p. 348.

terity with honors like those attached to the names of Otis,\* Quincy, and the Adamses.

The closing of the harbor of Boston, by an act of the British Parliament known as *The Boston Port Bill*, furnished the writers in the Gazette with a subject for many columns of animadversion, and they availed themselves of the opportunity to address their countrymen in language, that could not fail to stir up all the spirit of patriotism.

In May, 1774, Governor Hutchinson was superseded by General Gage, and an attempt was made by Parliament to change the organization of the government of the province. The act provided that the counselors — twenty-eight in number — hitherto chosen by the General Court — should thereafter be appointed by the king. This act excited such general and violent opposition, that many of the counselors, thus appointed, resigned, or declined to accept the office. The proceedings of the inhabitants of several towns in the county of Worcester, assembled at Rutland, will give an idea of the prevalent feeling on this subject. It is stated in the Gazette of September 5, that the assembly was composed of upwards of a thousand persons, who intended to wait on John Murray, Esq. of Rutland, “in order to converse with him upon his new and unconstitutional appointment and acceptance as a counselor,” but to their disappointment, they found that on the preceding evening he had been apprized of their intention, and had absconded

\* Although it is known that Otis was a frequent writer for the newspapers, and one of the most ardent Whigs of his day, I believe that no one has attempted to identify the articles that came from his pen, except a few in the early volumes of the Gazette, which are signed with his name. Many of the Massachusetts State Papers were of his composition. See *Tudor's Life of Otis*.

from his dwelling. The people retired, after directing a committee to leave the following notice with his family :

*To John Murray, Esq.*

*Rutland, August 27, 1774.*

SIR,

As you have proved yourself to be an open enemy to this province by your late conduct in general, and in particular in accepting the late appointment as an unconstitutional counselor; in consequence whereof a large number of men from several towns are assembled, who are fully determined to prevent your holding said office as Counselor, at the risque of our lives and fortunes; and not finding you at home, think proper to propose to your serious consideration the following, viz. That you make an immediate resignation of your office as a Counselor.

Your compliance as above, published in each of the Boston News-Prints by the Tenth Day of September next, will save the People of this County the Trouble of waiting on you immediately afterwards.

In the name and Behalf of the whole Assembly now present.

WILLARD MOORE,

*Chairman of a Committee*

*chosen for the Purposes aforesaid.*

It is not known whether Mr. Murray complied with the requisition, nor do I find any account of further proceedings in his case: But several of the Counselors did resign their offices, and gave public notice of their resignation, after the following fashion: —

*Sturbridge, August 25, 1774.*

Whereas I, ABIJAH WILLARD of Lancaster, have been appointed by mandamus a Counselor for this province, and have without due Consideration taken the Oath, do now freely and solemnly declare that I am heartily sorry that I have taken the said Oath, and do hereby solemnly and in good faith promise and engage that I will not sit or act in said Council, nor in any other that shall be appointed in such manner and form; but that I will, as much as in me lies, maintain the Charter Rights and Liberties of this Province, and do hereby ask forgiveness of all the honest, worthy Gentlemen that I have offended by taking the abovesaid Oath, and desire this may be inserted in the public Prints.

Witness my Hand,

ABIJAH WILLARD.

Many of the Sheriffs and their Deputies refused to perform the duties of their respective offices, and Jurors in several counties refused to be sworn ; but a notice in detail of their resignations, protests, and recantations, and prayers to be forgiven, would be sufficient to form a separate history. The number of those, who solicited from their fellow-citizens forgiveness for having signed a complimentary address to Governor Hutchinson on his leaving the country was not inconsiderable. A single specimen must suffice : —

*To the PUBLIC.*

Amidst the various enjoyments of Human Life, none affords me greater satisfaction than the Society and Esteem of my Fellow-Men, which I find I have in a great measure lost, by signing an Address to the late Governor Hutchinson : And had I the least suspicion that the said Address would have given such general Discontent, it should not have had my name to it. I am heartily sorry for the offence it has occasioned, and I do hereby renounce said Address in all Respects, and beg the Forgiveness of the Public, and to be reinstated in their Favor, assuring them that none shall be foremost in the Defence of the Liberties and Privileges of their Country, both civil and religious, than their humble servant,

JOHN WEBB.

*Marblehead, Sept. 4.*

All these things prepared the people for open and organized resistance to the acts of the British Government. The General Court met at Salem on the 5th of October, agreeably to a writ issued by the Governor, and after waiting two days without receiving any communication from him, resolved itself into a Provincial Congress, and adjourned to meet in Concord on the 11th of the same month. The proceedings of this body, which are given at large in the Gazette, are full of interest, and should be studied by every one who seeks for

an acquaintance with the political and civil history of the country.

In the Spring of 1775, the town of Boston being in possession of the British troops, Edes contrived to evade the vigilance of their guards, and went to Watertown, with an old press and one or two imperfect founts of type. Here he continued to print the Boston Gazette. Owing to the difficulty of procuring paper and ink, of a decent quality, the paper, during the whole period of its publication in this place, was but a poor specimen of printing. The Provincial Congress was then sitting at Watertown; and the Gazette is chiefly filled with the proceedings of that body, and of the Continental Congress, which was sitting at Philadelphia.

Soon after the evacuation of Boston by the British troops, Edes returned to the town. The partnership of Edes & Gill was dissolved, and the Gazette was continued by Edes and his two sons, Benjamin and Peter. He persevered in his patriotic career, with all the talent he possessed, and with as much ardor as ever. But the number of his contributors was much diminished, and those, which remained, lacked the brilliancy, the eloquence, and the fire, which gave character and energy to the productions of Otis, Quincy, Warren, and the Adamses. By a violent and ruffianly assault, Otis had been disabled from writing; Quincy had fallen a premature victim to disease; Warren had been sacrificed on Bunker-Hill; John Adams was busy in the public service, and Samuel Adams, if he continued to write for the press,—as he doubtless did, though probably less frequently than formerly,—was much and laboriously engaged in the performance of duties devolved upon him



by the state. Though the Gazette was occasionally enriched by powerful communications, it was not what it had been. During the Revolutionary War its conductors were faithful and prompt in collecting and publishing intelligence, and the Gazette may now be examined with advantage by all, who wish to read a narrative of the stirring events of that period in its freshest and most touching aspect.

The General Court, at its winter session in 1785, passed an act laying a duty of "two thirds of a penny" on every newspaper and almanack that might be published. It excited strong opposition. The name of Stamp Act was offensive to the people. Edes came out boldly in opposition to the measure. At the succeeding session the act was so modified as to lay the tax on advertisements. This gave no better satisfaction than the original law, and a writer in the Gazette, under the signature of "The Printer's Friend," sustained the opposition with considerable force of argument. Here is one of Edes's articles, which evinces rather an ingenious mode of evading the penalty of the law : —

The sixteenth article of our Bill of Rights says "The Liberty of the Press is essential to the security of Freedom in a State : It ought not therefore to be restrained in this commonwealth."

While the papers of the other states are crowded with advertisements, (free of duty) those of this state are almost destitute thereof; which justly occasions the oppressed printers of those shackled presses to make their separate complaints, as many do, owing to their being prohibited advertising in their own papers their own Books and Stationery without incurring a penalty therefor. We, for the same reason that our brother Typographers use, forbear publishing that *Bibles, Testaments, Psalters, Spelling-Books, Primers, Almanacks, &c.* besides *Stationery and all kinds of Blanks*, may be had at No. 42, Cornhill.

The duty on advertisements also prevents our publishing that we have lately reprinted an excellent moral Discourse, entitled, "The

**Shortness and Afflictions of Human Life** illustrated," for the price of said book being but *eight pence*, it will take away the profits of too many; and perhaps encourage government to continue this burthen."

From the first of July, 1794, till its discontinuance, the Gazette was published by Benjamin Edes, senior, alone, both sons having previously left the concern. The day of its popularity, and, consequently, that of its prosperity, was past. Differences of opinion, concerning public measures, had weakened old associations and contributed to the organization of new parties. Edes and some of his correspondents were opposed to the constitution for the United States, as prepared by the Convention of 1787, and expressed their disapprobation of some of its features, in terms of great bitterness; and when it was finally adopted, the federal administration was treated with contumely and abuse. They were ardent friends of the French Revolution, and justified, to the fullest extent, most of the proceedings of whatever party gained or held ascendancy in Paris. Thus they became identified with the Jacobin societies, that were formed in our country; and as their sympathies for France were excited, their animosity to England gained strength. The Federalists, — then the dominant party in the United States, — or, at least in New-England, — were accused of subserviency to Great-Britain, and ingratitude towards France. The policy of the federal administration was condemned; and though Washington and his acts were spoken of with some degree of deference, — apparently with unwilling respect, — Adams and Hamilton were treated with savage ferocity, as aristocrats and monarchists. The funding system was the constant theme of abuse, from those who believed,

or pretended to believe, that the government was in the hands of men, who were willing to sacrifice public honor and public faith to private speculation and emolument.

Jay's treaty was another topic of angry discussion between the federal and republican parties. Edes and his assistants opposed it with all the vigor and vituperation that political ferocity could invent or exercise. But in all this, the Gazette was only playing a second part. The Chronicle was the accredited organ of the Republican, or anti-federal party, and had the aid of several writers of great ability, among whom was one, — Benjamin Austin, jun. — who, as a popular writer, was equal to any one that ever undertook to support and vindicate that party. Several attempts were made by Edes and his Sons, — by appeals to public sympathy and justice, — to keep up the credit of the Gazette, and to secure a larger share of the public favor; but without effect. The symptoms of poverty, which were exhibited in the mechanical execution, — to say nothing of the decay of intellectual power, plainly discernible in the original matter, — foretold the fate that awaited it, and the absence of any redeeming attribute in its conductors.

What, in its years of decline, the Boston Gazette wanted of that soberness and dignity, that might have rendered its old age useful and respectable, was made up in querulous complainings and bitter and vulgar personality. No distinguished Federalist escaped the abuse, which was rendered contemptible by its grossness and vulgarity. In 1794–5, a series of papers, entitled "A Review of the Jacobiniad," appeared in the Federal Orrery. The authorship of these papers was attributed to the Rev. J. S. J. Gardiner, then the assistant minis-

ter of Trinity Church. Assuming for a fact that Mr. Gardiner was the real author, he became an object on which whole columns of personal abuse were poured. The persons who were the subjects of satire in the Jacobiniad, had, in truth, great provocation, — for, it must be confessed, they were lampooned without mercy, — and, in return, they and their political associates availed themselves of the barrenness of the Boston Gazette, to repay their obligation with a liberal usury. Mr. Gardiner was called a “sycophant,” a “scoundrel,” “the supercilious and bombastic curate,” a “journeyman reader,” a “desperado,” and other names of reproach, too numerous to be repeated ; and was accused of more sins than are forbidden in the Decalogue. The reader, who wishes to see what flowers were gathered in the fields of Billingsgate to embellish these out-pourings of gall, is referred to the early numbers of the Gazette of 1795.

The evidences of poverty and destitution excited less resentment than compassion, for the old veteran of the revolutionary press. One of his touching appeals to the sympathy of the public, was noticed by a correspondent of the Orrery, who proposed a plan for his relief, — “suggested by a genuine gratitude to Mr. Edes for his past devotedness to his country, and a sensibility to his present distress.” As the age of Mr. Edes was believed to incapacitate him for the active duties required of an editor of a newspaper, the proposal was that “a subscription be opened for him, of one dollar and fifty cents each subscriber, annually, during Mr. Edes’s life,” not to enable him to carry on the Gazette, but “bottomed on the consideration of his long, faithful, and im-

portant devotion to the cause of his country, in her most arduous and perilous times. From some inquiry, that I have made, (the writer adds,) I am confident that this town will give an example of at least four hundred voluntary subscribers. With such a merited and generous benefit on his last exhibition, this distinguished typographic supporter of the political drama may retire from the stage, and, from behind the scenes, review with satisfaction his own performances ; and, commensurate with his existence, enjoy the life-supporting plaudits of a numerous, grateful, and admiring auditory."

It is presumed that neither Edes's appeals to the public, nor the suggestions of the writer in the *Orrery*, produced any effect ; for, on the first day of January, 1797, he again solicited attention to his forlorn condition, as follows : —

*The aged editor of the GAZETTE to the PUBLIC.*

A few years since, the misfortunes and necessities of my family induced me to throw myself on the benevolence of that Public, to which, as an editor of a paper, I have for upwards of forty-one years been a faithful servant, as far as my abilities and the purity of my principles would enable me. I wish not to boast, but a consciousness of the integrity of my motives, and the conspicuous part, which I took in those perilous times, when not only LIBERTY but LIFE, were suspended on the issue, justify me, at this late period of my existence, in GLORYING in those duties, which as a citizen I was called on to perform. The Boston Gazette was both the Herald and the Centinel, in the days of OTIS, HANCOCK, the ADAMSES, WARREN, &c. while contending against Britain ! when their declaratory act was expressive of the disposition of that arrogant nation, when they assumed a right to "tax us in all cases whatsoever !" when the streets of Boston were crimsoned with the blood of our slaughtered citizens ! At these all-trying periods, did you, my fellow-citizens, ever find the Boston Gazette deficient in a manly and energetic remonstrance against these horrid and cruel impositions ? Did an OTIS at that time seek in vain to declare his principles through this channel ? — or did WARREN *unnerv* himself or the cause of freedom, by strains of *submission*, through this conveyance ? — No, fellow-citizens ;

the Gazette of Edes & Gill, was always subservient to the cause of Freedom, and this was the CLARION, which announced through the continent the sentiments of your Patriots. Soon expecting to quit this world, for the mansions of those, where honesty and integrity will be rewarded, by the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, I shall submit the following simple statement of my determination and situation, and then resign myself to that fate which Providence may allot me in my retirement—conscious, however, that I have served my country with faithfulness, and the most disinterested zeal, I cannot but observe with regret, that thousands have become enriched by a *base speculation* on those services which have impoverished me and many others.

☞ The aged Editor of the Gazette presents the compliments of the Season to his generous Benefactors, and invites all those who have any demands on him, to call and *receive their dues*: He likewise requests those of his Customers, who are two, three, and more years in debt, to discharge their arrears, as he finds it impossible to live upon the wind, and promises equally uncertain. By the indulgence of Providence he is determined to complete the 42d year of publication, which will end the last of March ensuing, (and which is longer than any Printer in the United States ever did before, only one excepted) after which time he shall discontinue its publication, unless he meets with greater encouragement than he has had for more than two years past. The former number of subscribers to the Gazette (in times which tried men's souls, and *bodies* too) were upwards of Two Thousand; near three fourths of which are no more. But being now reduced to 400, and not advertisements enough Weekly to procure Paper, he is necessitated to relinquish publishing it any longer than the Time before mentioned.

BENJAMIN EDES.

These pathetic calls on the public produced no effectual relief. The subscribers diminished almost daily in numbers, and those, who remained, were actuated chiefly by motives of compassion and benevolence. The publication of the Gazette was continued to September 17, 1798, the close of the forty-third year of its existence. The paper of that date thus announces its last appearance, in the farewell address of its editor: —

☞ THE EDITOR'S FAREWELL.

The Editor of the Boston Gazette after repeated attempts to prosecute his professional occupation, in the *declining period of his life*, is at

length obliged to relinquish his exertions, and to retire to those melancholy paths of *domestic embarrassments*, to which misfortune has consigned him.

While thus passing the gloomy valley of *old age* and *infirmity*, his consolation still rests on that *STAFF*, which can support a mind conscious of its own rectitude; and though he often feels the thorns and briers on the road, goading him in his passage, yet he patiently suffers under these afflictions, hoping that ere long he shall arrive at that peaceful abode, "where the weary are at rest."

During upwards of forty-three years of hard labor in that "*ART WHICH SUPPORTS ALL ARTS*," he has uniformly attempted to vindicate the *RIGHTS OF HIS COUNTRY*. He *early* made himself conspicuous as the *scourge* of tyrants — His press was the asylum of the distressed — through *that medium* an injured people could ever express their wrongs, or plan measures for their deliverance. At that *AFFLICTING CRISIS*, when America lay groaning under the innumerable tortures of a relentless nation, the Boston Gazette was employed as the *HERALD* to sound the alarm through the most remote parts of the Continent.

The Patriots of our Country, at those "*times which tried men's souls*," were constantly assembled within the confines of his office, and their manuscripts were displayed as with a *TELEGRAPH*, in legible characters, within the columns of his periodical publications.

ADAMS, HANCOCK, WARREN, with a train of co-patriots, were his chosen intimates; under their guidance and direction, he stood on the *WATCH TOWER*, and, like a faithful Soldier in the cause of Freedom, ever held himself ready, and willing, to *fall* or *rise* with the *ruin* or *happiness* of his country.

But, alas! the cause of *LIBERTY* is not always the channel of preferment or pecuniary reward. The little property which he acquired has long since fell a sacrifice; — the *paper-evidences* of his services were soon consumed by their rapid depreciation, and the cares of a numerous family were too powerful to be resisted, though he fed them with property at *four shillings and sixpence in the pound*, which he faithfully and industriously earned at *twenty shillings*.

However, it is beneath a patriot to mourn his own misfortunes. The *INDEPENDENCE* of America being obtained, he enjoys the pleasing contemplation, that the *same virtuous sentiments* which led to the *acquisition* will not cease to operate for its *continuance* — That his fellow-citizens will ever revere the *FIRST PRINCIPLES* of the Revolution; and it is his earnest prayer to Heaven, that the *RISEING GENERATION* will remember the exertions of *THEIR FATHERS*, in opposing the lawless attempts of *BRITAIN* for their subjugation.

Let the citizens of America REVERENCE THEMSELVES. Let them strive to maintain the REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES of their own Constitution; and while practising these duties, we may trust to the GUARDIAN ANGEL, which has conducted us through dangers, the most alarming and distressing.

And now, my Fellow-Citizens, I bid you FAREWELL! MAINTAIN YOUR VIRTUE—CHERISH YOUR LIBERTIES—and may THE ALMIGHTY protect and defend you.

B. Edes.

Boston, Sept. 17, 1798—and in the *Forty-fourth Year of the Independence of the BOSTON GAZETTE.*

BENJAMIN EDES, the senior partner of the firm of Edes & Gill, was born in Charlestown in 1723. I have not been able to obtain any account of his apprenticeship or education. His learning was probably acquired at the common schools in Charlestown or Boston, except that, which experience and the native energies of his mind enabled him to obtain. He began business in Boston, in company with John Gill, in 1755. The partnership continued twenty years. He was a man of untiring industry and perseverance. When the Revolutionary War began he had accumulated a handsome property, which, if he had been less indulgent to his patriotic propensities, might have afforded him a competent support to the end of his life. He was ever ready to contribute to the necessities of individuals and to the requirements of the public. What he had preserved during the war, was lost at its close, by the depreciation of the paper currency. After he gave up the publication of the Gazette, he continued to work at his business, whenever he could procure employment in the way of *jobbing*. He had several daughters depending for subsistence on the scanty income derived from this precarious source. In the beginning of the year 1800, his old and worn-out types and press were in a small wooden



building on the westerly side of Kilby street, in a chamber over a tin-plate-worker's shop. He removed the miserable remains of founts of letter, on which had been impressed some of the finest patriotic productions, to a house in Temple-street, in which he lived. In 1801, I had occasion to call on him, at his printing-room, and found him at work on a small job at the case, while an elderly female (probably one of his daughters) was at the press, striking off shop-bills. The venerable form of the old man, setting types "with spectacles on nose," and the singular sight of a woman, *beating and pulling* at the press, together with the aspect of destitution, that pervaded the whole apartment, presented a scene well adapted to excite sympathy, and to make an impression on the mind, which the vicissitudes of fifty years have not effaced. At length the infirmities of age overcame his physical powers, and the curse of poverty lay heavily on his spirit. Oppressed with years and sickness, neglected and forgotten by those, who enjoyed the blessings he had helped to secure, he died in December, 1803, at the age of eighty years.



## THE BOSTON WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

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THE first number of this paper was published, August 22, 1757, by Green & Russell. At the head of the first column is the following : —

The PRINTERS to the PUBLIC.

GENTLEMEN,

Agreeable to our Printed Proposals, Published some Time since, The first Number of the *Weekly Advertiser*, now makes its Appearance, And as the Continuation of it will greatly depend on the favorable Reception it meets with from the Public, We shall use our utmost Endeavors to collect from Time to Time, the newest and best Intelligence, both Foreign and Domestic : and shall always be obliged to any Gentlemen, that will favor us with Pieces of Speculation, provided they are wrote in a manner consistent with Decency and Public Peace. It being our only Intention, as far as lies in our Power, to promote Knowledge, Vertue, and innocent Amusement.

The invitation to gentlemen to favor the publishers with “ Pieces of Speculation ” does not appear to have produced many original contributions. For the first

year of the publication, the paper is entirely barren of any thing of a literary character. It is well filled, however, with foreign and domestic intelligence, selected from other papers. Its advertisements are numerous. August 14, 1758, the publishers have a short advertisement of their own, stating that — "THIS PAPER [No. 52.] finishes one Year, since the BOSTON *Weekly Advertiser* was first printed, . . . which is mention'd not to cheer those, [in this publick Manner,] who encouraged the publishing it at first, but to return our THANKS to them; and at the same Time to inform them, That the good Reception it has met with from the PUBLICK, is a great Inducement to its Continuance; and will lay us under still further obligations," &c.

At the close of the second year, the title of this paper was changed to "Green & Russell's Post-Boy and Advertiser," with the devices of the ship and Post-Boy; and at a subsequent period it was again entitled "The Massachusetts Gazette, and Post-Boy and Advertiser." When it took the last title, a cut representing the king's arms was placed in the centre. Its circulation, it is said, was never extensive. The files show that it was not distinguished for original essays or editorial speculations. The printers were appointed printers to the British Commissioners, and, of course, they became the advocates of the measures of the British administration. In 1768, it was united with the *News-Letter*, and was announced as "Published by Authority." \* In September, 1769, the four-sided association of *News-Letter*, *Advertiser*, *Post-Boy*, and *Gazette*, was dissolved, and Green & Russell continued to publish a

\* See page 30.

paper, with *three* of the titles, namely, "The Massachusetts Gazette, and Boston Post-Boy, and Advertiser," retaining the cut of the king's arms at the head. In April, 1773, they gave up the printing and publishing of the paper to Mills & Hicks, who continued it with renewed spirit, under the patronage and encouragement of the officers of the crown. Several good writers in favor of the government became its supporters, and gave it additional attraction. The publication was continued till after the beginning of the war in 1775, when it ceased, after an existence of about eighteen years.

In the month of December, 1757, Richard Draper and Edes & Gill had a dispute about the publishing of an Almanack, which they carried on in the Weekly Advertiser, though both the belligerents were themselves Printers of papers. The controversy was begun in the Advertiser by Draper, who accused Edes & Gill of pirating the copy; and advertised the public, "That the almanacks from the original copy purchased of Dr. Ames," were sold by certain printers and booksellers whom he named. He also stated that in the "pirated Almanack, *Inferior Court, Newbury*, was omitted" in its proper place. To this Edes & Gill replied, acquainting the public "that said Inferior Court at Newbury, (which they had since put in its place,) was omitted in near one thousand copies," which they had received of Draper, "and said to be printed from the original." In their turn they accuse Draper of selling to them incorrect almanacks, and then "cautioning the public not to buy copies printed from the same, though EXACTLY agreeable." This produced a long rejoinder from Draper, in which, to clear himself from the charge of selling false

copies to Edes & Gill, he charged them with taking, — in their impatience to get a copy, — an unfair method to obtain it, namely, “by means of their book-keeper.” The next week Edes & Gill retorted with some tartness, and affirmed that they had no book-keeper; and added that Mr. Draper “might as well claim the property of printing the Testament, Psalter, or Primer, as to charge them with piracy.” To the bottom of their advertisement, Green & Russell added a note, hoping that, as their readers were pretty well acquainted with the disputes between Mr. Draper and Messrs. Edes & Gill, concerning Dr. Ames’s almanack, they hoped the parties would forbear troubling the public any more through the Advertiser with what so little concerned them. This did not, however, silence the rival printers of the almanack. Draper came out, in the next paper, with a longer and more angry advertisement, concluding with a promise to trouble the editor no further with the dispute. Edes & Gill next published nearly a column, ridiculing their antagonist rather sharply, and criticizing his language as ungrammatical, high-flown, full of blunders, &c.; and concluded by promising “to pay him ten *Spanish Mexican mill’d Dollars*,” if he would produce any evidence to prove his charge against them of unfairness in obtaining their copy of the Almanack. Draper made a short response in the next paper, accusing Edes & Gill of deceit, in garbling one of his sentences, and choosing “not to claim their offered reward to evidence their conduct to be bad.” He concluded with a quotation from Pope, describing those whom “Nature meant but fools:” and here the controversy ended in the Advertiser.

JOHN GREEN, one of the printers of the Weekly Ad-

vertiser, was the son of Bartholomew Green, jun. He was born in Boston, and served his apprenticeship with John Draper. JOSEPH RUSSELL, the other partner in the firm of Green & Russell, was also born in Boston. He served his apprenticeship with Daniel Fowle. The partnership was formed in 1755. A few years afterward, Russell opened an auction office, the profits of which were shared by the firm. Green managed the printing-office, and Russell took charge of the auction room. By their industry in the two occupations they acquired a handsome property.

“Green became interested in the Independent Chronicle published by Powars & Willis, but his name did not appear in the imprint. He was a man of steady habits, true to his engagements and well respected. He died in November 1787, aged sixty years. He had no children. He was, I believe, the last of the descendants of Samuel Green of Cambridge, who printed in Massachusetts.” \*

“Russell was a good workman in the printing business; but his talents were more particularly adapted to the duties of an auctioneer. He soon arrived at celebrity in this line, and had more employment in it than any other person in Boston. When his partnership with Green was dissolved, he formed a connection with Samuel Clap, and this company, under the firm of Russell & Clap, continued the business of auctioneers, till the death of Russell,” which happened in November, 1795, when he was in the sixty-second year of his age. “Russell was full of life, very facetious and witty, but attentive to his concerns. Few men had more friends, or were more esteemed. He acquired considerable prop-

\* History of Printing, vol. I. 348.

erty, but did not hoard up his wealth, for benevolence was one of his virtues." \*

NATHANIEL MILLS was born in the neighborhood of Boston, and learned the art of printing of John Fleming. He was a sensible, genteel young man, and had the principal charge of the printing of the Gazette and Post-Boy. JOHN HICKS was born in Cambridge, and learned his trade of Green & Russell. Before entering into partnership with Mills, he was supposed to be a zealous Whig. He was reputed to have been one of the young men, who had an affray with some British soldiers, which led to the memorable massacre of the *Fifth of March*, 1770. His father was one of the first men, who fell on the Nineteenth of April, 1775; — being one of the foremost to fly to arms, to attack the detachment of British troops, on their return from Concord to Boston. Notwithstanding this sacrifice of his father in the cause of his country, the younger Hicks adhered to the British, and remained with the royal army, and supported its cause as a printer, till peace was concluded and the independence of the country acknowledged by Great Britain. He followed the army, or went with it, to Halifax, and having acquired wealth, he returned to Massachusetts, purchased a farm at Newton, in the county of Middlesex, and resided on it till his death.

The partnership of Mills & Hicks, was not dissolved till 1783. For a while they kept a stationery store in New-York, and executed printing for the royal army and navy. They were also connected with Alexander and James Robertson in the publication of the Royal American Gazette in that city.

\* History of Printing, vol. i. 340.

## THE BOSTON CHRONICLE.

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ON the twenty-first of December, 1767, Mein & Fleming began the publication of *The Boston Chronicle*. It was printed on a whole sheet, in quarto, on a new and handsome type, and, in its mechanical execution, far surpassed any paper that had appeared before it, in New-England. The price was six shillings and eight pence a year, — a very low price, for a paper containing such an amount of matter. There were but few advertisements, and but little space was occupied in detailing the ordinary intelligence of the week. The contents were, chiefly, selected from foreign papers, and from the works of popular English authors. In the first volume were published essays of some of the best prose writers, Collins's *Oriental Eclogues*, Shenstone's *Pastorals*, and some of Goldsmith's poetry; copious extracts from the writings of John Wilkes; and from the *Pennsylvania papers*, the celebrated "*Farmer's Letters*." The taste and judgement, exhibited in the management of the paper, its handsome appearance, and the convenience of its form for preservation, immediately attracted the favorable notice of the public, and secured a respectable and



unexpected number of subscribers. In the third number is the following notice : —

We are sorry that we cannot serve the gentlemen, who, during the course of the last week, sent us their subscriptions for the Chronicle, with the first and second papers ; although we printed near three hundred more than were engaged of the first number, they were all disposed of in a few days. We have printed an additional quantity of this paper, number three, and at the end of the year, our subscribers who have been disappointed, may depend on being supplied with the two first papers, as we shall then reprint them.

At the close of the year, in an advertisement, proposing to enlarge the Chronicle, and introduce sundry changes in the selection and arrangement of the matter, the publishers say, —

We have been blamed by some, for not publishing their essays on Liberty ; and also by many, who have sent us pieces in support of prerogative : The reason they were not inserted, was, that they tended more to traduce private characters than to serve the cause, which the Authors wrote in favor of. We will always, when any dispute claims general attention, give both sides of the question, if they can be obtained : But will never print any piece that may injure the characters of individuals ; this we can with justice say, we have always avoided, and shall continue to do so.

The form of the Chronicle was then changed to folio. It had been published weekly on Monday, during its first year ; it was now published on Mondays and Thursdays, and was the first paper published twice a week in New-England. “Before the close of the second year of publication, its publisher, Mein, engaged in a political warfare with those, who were in opposition to the measures of the British administration. In the Chronicle, he abused numbers of the most respectable Whigs in Boston, and he was charged with insulting the populace. To avoid the effects of popular resentment, it became necessary for him to leave the country. Fleming con-

tinued the Chronicle, during the absence of Mein, in the name of the firm ; but it had fallen into disrepute, and its subscribers, in rapid succession, withdrew their names. Many supposed that Mein was privately assisted by the agents of government, and several circumstances rendered this opinion probable. But when the paper lost its subscribers, it could neither be profitable to its publishers, nor answer the design of its supporters. Its publication, therefore, ceased on the 25th of June, 1770.\* On this occasion, the subscribers and the public were thus addressed : —

\*.\* The Printers of the Boston Chronicle return thanks to the gentlemen, who have so long favored them with their subscriptions, and now inform them that, as the Chronicle, in the present state of affairs, cannot be carried on, either for their entertainment or the emolument of the Printers, it will be discontinued for some time.

JOHN MEIN, the senior partner in the firm of Mein & Fleming, was born in Scotland, where he received a good education, and was bred to the business of a bookseller. He came to Boston from Glasgow, in 1764, in company with Robert Sandeman, † — a kinsman of whom was, for a short time, in partnership with Mein, in the bookselling business. When this partnership was dissolved, Mein entered more largely into business as a bookseller, and connected with it a circulating library. His advertisements frequently occupy near a page in the Chronicle. When he left the country for England, he engaged as a writer against the Colonies, and in the pay of the ministry. It is not known that he ever returned.

\* History of Printing, vol li. 247.

† This Robert Sandeman was a theological and controversial writer of considerable notoriety. He was the founder of a religious sect, known by the name of Sandemanians, which was, at one time, respectably numerous in Boston, and yet survives in two or three highly respectable families.

Perhaps no man incurred the displeasure of the Whigs to a greater degree than John Mein. On the fifth of November, 1769, as was customary then in New-England, many persons amused themselves and the public by carrying, through the streets, effigies, representing the Pope and the Devil ; and, on this occasion, these effigies were accompanied by others, representing Mein and his servant. On the right side of Mein was a label, bearing the following inscription : —

I nsulting Wretch, we 'll him expose —  
 O 'er the whole world his deeds disclose ;  
 H ell now gapes wide to take him in ;  
 N ow he is ripe — O lump of Sin !  
 M ean is the man — M—n is his name ;  
 E nough he 's spread his hellish fame ;  
 I nfernal furies hurl his soul,  
 N ine million times, from pole to pole !

Labels on the left side, were of a similar character, and addressed to Tories in general. On the lantern, that illuminated the group, was the following : —

Here stands the Devil for a show,  
 With the In—p—rs, in a row,  
 All bound to Hell, and that we know.  
 Go M—n, laden deep with curses on thy head,  
 To some dark corner of the world repair,  
 Where the bright sun no pleasant beams can shed,  
 And spend thy life in horror and despair.

JOHN FLEMING, the other partner in the firm of Mein & Fleming, was also a Scotchman, and arrived in Boston, also, in 1764. He was bred a printer. After forming a connection with Mein, he made a voyage to Scotland, where he purchased materials and engaged workmen for executing printing on a scale rather extensive for that period. Fleming had not rendered himself so obnoxious to popular resentment, as his partner had,

and, after the discontinuance of the Chronicle, he printed books on his own account, and continued in Boston till 1773, when he sold his printing materials, and went to England with his family. At a later period, he visited this country as an agent for a commercial house. Afterwards he resided in France and died there, since the year 1800.



## THE ESSEX GAZETTE.

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IN 1768, on the second of August, Samuel Hall issued, in Salem, the first number of a paper, called *The Essex Gazette*. The head was decorated with the cut here given, but I find no explanation of the device. This was the first newspaper printed in Salem. After publishing the paper three or four years, Hall took his brother, Ebenezer, into partnership, and the paper was published by them in Salem, till 1775. It was well conducted, and ably supported the cause of the people against the unjust measures of the British Parliament.

In the second number of the *Gazette* there is a piece, addressed to the Inhabitants of Salem, purporting to be written by a female, who "was married to an amazing great whig;" and this husband of hers, she says, "since these Liberty times began, has been so excessive fond of

his new mistress, Liberty, that he will not let any body under his roof enjoy one spice of it; no, not even in *thinking*, much less in *speaking*." The writer, — of course, a decided Tory, — called on her fellow-citizens to keep quiet and peaceable, and submit to *lawful* authority, to avoid all exciting company, and all conversation, that should lead to jealousy and suspicion," &c. &c. This was answered in the next paper, in a severe but sober manner. At the head of the communication is a note by the Editor, saying, — "Any disputes among us, especially at this time, must be attended with consequences prejudicial to the community; and it is disagreeable to the Printer hereof to continue them in this paper; but, as a *Lover of Peace* has begun them, thinking, no doubt, that these differences will be happier and more speedily terminated, by means of each party's publishing their sentiments, no one, it is presumed, will object to both parties being heard."

The contributions to the Gazette, by whig writers, were numerous, and some of them were written with great force. The Editor made judicious selections from the writings of Whigs in other papers, and his own paragraphs were the exponents of pure whig sentiments. But his paper was not devoted entirely to news and politics. Wit and humor, morals and religion, had a place in his columns. The annexed article was sent by a correspondent, with a request that it should be inserted, but whether it were original or not the contributor does not say: —

#### THE LIFE OF THE HAPPY MAN.

The happy man was born in the city of *Regeneration*, in the parish of *Repentance-unto-Life*. He was educated in the *School of Obedience*, and

lives now in *Perseverance*. He works at the trade of *Diligence*, notwithstanding he has a large estate in the county of *Christian Contentment*; and, many times, does jobs of *Self-Denial*. He wears the plain garment of *Humility*, and has a better suit to put on, when he goes to Court, called the *Robe of Christ's Righteousness*. He often walks in the valley of *Self-Abasement*, and sometimes climbs the mountain of *Spiritual-Mindedness*. He breakfasts every morning upon *Spiritual-Prayer*, and sups every evening on the same; has meat to eat, that the world knows nothing of, and his drink is the *sincere Milk of the Word*. Thus happy he lives and happy he dies.

Happy is he, who has the Gospel submission in his will, due order in his affections, sound peace in his conscience, sanctifying grace in his soul, and divinity in his breast, true humility in his heart, the Redeemer's yoke on his neck, a vain world under his feet, and a crown of glory over his head. Happy is the life of such a one! In order to attain which, *pray* fervently, *believe* firmly, *wait* patiently, *work* abundantly, *live* holy, *die* daily, *watch* your heart, *guide* your senses, *redeem* time, *love* Christ, and *long* for glory.

The following, from a Marblehead correspondent, is of a different character, but not without a moral: —

#### THE NAKED TRUTH.

Were Fortune more civil, and business more brisk,  
 My Horse not so frantic, or subject to frisk,  
 Should I chance to set eye on a pretty young Lass,  
 Not too fond of dear self, nor too oft at her glass;  
 Not a foe to good-humor, diversion and glee,  
 Not a slave to her pleasures, regardless of me;  
 In deportment so easy; her bosom, beside,  
 The mansion of goodness, unsullied by pride;  
 A lover of neatness; to virtue inclined;  
 Of a sweet disposition, and generous mind;  
 A friend of the Muses, yet no learned thing,  
 Or a wit, to provoke me, and killingly sting;  
 But so friendly and social, so warm and so gay,  
 As to cheer up my heart, and enliven each day;  
 Could I find such a fair one, though Hobby should prance,  
 And kick up his heels, or commence a new dance;  
 With whip, bit, and spur, I'd incessantly trouble,  
 Till Hob. should leave flouncing, and carry us double;  
 Once mounted, a fig for all care and all sorrow,  
 We'd be happy to-day, and as happy to-morrow:

Should Hobby's dear burthen too ponderous grow,  
 Kind Prudence would teach us the means how to go;  
 Should Fortune prove trickish and tumble us o'er,  
 Ten thousand, Dear Girl, have been served so before.  
 Take Courage, my Charmer, we'd mount him again;  
 Ride slowly the mountain, but gallop the plain;  
*Teetit-up, teetit-up*, we'd tilt it along,  
 And cheer up our souls with a glass and a song.  
 What matters it, Sweeting, if others ride single,  
 With horses more sprightly, and purses that jingle,—  
 At night, I am sure, at the Inn nigh the Vale,  
 Though driven by storms, or a sweet pleasant gale,  
 We shall still be *so-so*, not a stiver in pocket,  
 Like a taper burnt out, or a snuff in the socket.

In the summer of 1775, by the advice of many members of the General Court, and other respectable gentlemen of the Whig party, the proprietors of the Gazette removed from Salem, to Cambridge, with their printing apparatus, and continued the publication, under the title of

THE NEW-ENGLAND CHRONICLE,  
 OR  
 THE WEEKLY GAZETTE.

The printing-office was in Stoughton Hall. The first number of the paper printed in Cambridge, was issued on the tenth of August. It contained essays from London papers, a patriotic article from the Connecticut Courant, interesting articles of intelligence, and more than a page of advertisements,—chiefly from Boston customers. It had also an interesting Letter from General Washington to certain independent military companies in Virginia.\* Subsequent papers contain full accounts of the proceedings of the Continental Congress, then sitting at Philadelphia, and of patriotic assemblies in several of the colonies. A review of General Burgoyne's Defence of his treatment of General Lee, signed

\* See Sparks's Washington, vol. iii. p. 4.



"An Old Man," and dated "From my Cottage near Boston," which appeared in the Gazette, is an argument, that would not discredit the best political writer of that or any other age; and it was doubtless written by one of that glorious company of Whigs, that had filled the Boston Gazette with their patriotic essays. From the number and character of the articles concerning the condition of the Colonies, and the relations between them and the "*mother country*," it cannot be doubted that this paper had a powerful influence in awakening and sustaining among the people the spirit of resistance to the parliamentary edicts. Many of these productions, — enough to fill several volumes, — are worthy of republication, and ought to be preserved in a more convenient and enduring form than that, in which they are now to be found.

The following verses, suggested by the Battle of Bunker-Hill and the burning of Charlestown, appeared in one of the early numbers of the Chronicle. They have not quite so much poetry as patriotism; but will serve to illustrate the prevalent feelings of the people, in that painful day of gloom and apprehension: —

Palmyra's prospect, with her tumbling walls,  
Huge piles of ruin, heaped on every side,  
From each beholder tears of pity calls, —  
Sad monuments, extending far and wide: —

Yet far more dismal to the Patriot's eye  
The dear remains of Charlestown's former brow,  
Behind whose walls did hundred warriors die,  
And Britain's centre felt the fatal blow.

To see a town so elegantly formed,  
Such buildings, graced with every curious art,  
Spoiled in a moment, on a sudden stormed,  
Must fill with indignation every heart.

But when we find the reasons of her fate  
To be but trifling — Trifling, did I say?  
For being noble, daring to be great,  
Nor calmly yielding to tyrannic sway: —  
To see the relics of that once famed place,  
Pointing to Heaven, as 'twere, in ardent cry,  
By lawless Power robbed of every grace,  
Yet calling bolts of vengeance from on high: —  
To find, I say, such dealings with mankind,  
To see those *Royal Robbers* planted near,  
More glorious buildings turning into wind,  
And loth to mingle with the common air; —  
Whilst such chastisements, coming from a state,  
Who calls herself our parent, nurse and friend,  
Must rouse each soul, that 's noble, frank and great, —  
Must urge us on, our lives and all to spend.  
O spot, once graceful, but, alas! no more;  
Till signs shall end, and Time itself shall cease;  
Thy name shall live, and on Fame's pinion soar,  
To mark grim blackness on Great-Britain's face.  
Nor shall the blood of heroes, on the plain,  
Who nobly fell that day in Freedom's cause,  
Lie unrevenge'd, though with thy thousands slain,  
Whilst there's a king, who fears nor minds thy laws.  
Shall Cain, who madly spilt his brother's blood,  
Receive such curses from the God of all?  
Is not that Sovereign still as just and good,  
To hear the cries of children, when they fall?  
Yes! there's a God, whose laws are still the same,  
Whose years are endless, and whose power is great:  
He is our God; Jehovah is his name,  
With him we trust our sore oppressed state.  
When he shall rise, (O Britain, dread the day,  
Nor can I stretch the period of thy fate;)   
What heart of steel, what tyrant there shall sway  
A throne, that's sinking by oppression's weight!  
Thy crimes, O North! shall then like spectres stand,  
Nor Charlestown hindmost in the ghostly roll,  
And faithless Gage, who gave the dread command,  
Shall find due torments gnaw upon his soul.

Yea, in this world, we trust those ills so dread,  
Which fill the nation with such matchless woes,  
Shall fall with double vengeance on thy head,  
Nor 'scape those minions which thy court compose.

The Chronicle of February 22, 1776, announced the death of Ebenezer Hall, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, and states that he survived his wife only six weeks. He was taught the printing business by his brother, Samuel. He was a good printer, a man of amiable disposition, agreeable manners, and correct principles. The same paper makes an apology for the omission of one week's publication, as the other partner had been seized with a violent sickness, just after his brother's illness commenced.

Immediately after the publication of April 4, the printing materials were removed to Boston, and placed in a building in School-street, next door to the "Oliver Cromwell Tavern." The last number printed at Cambridge contained a copy of the diploma, which the Corporation of Harvard College had, on the day preceding, given to General Washington. It is an interesting document, printed both in Latin and English — the English version here follows : —

The Corporation of HARVARD COLLEGE in Cambridge, in New-England, to all the Faithful in Christ, to whom these Presents shall come,

#### GREETING,

Whereas Academical Degrees were originally instituted for this Purpose, That men eminent for Knowledge, Wisdom, and Virtue, who have highly merited of the Republic of Letters and of the Commonwealth, should be rewarded with the Honors of these Laurels; there is the greatest Propriety in conferring such Honor on that very illustrious Gentleman, GEORGE WASHINGTON, Esq.; the accomplished General of the confederated Colonies in America, whose Knowledge

and patriotic Ardor are manifest to all: Who, for his distinguished Virtue, both Civil and Military, in the first Place, being elected by the Suffrages of the Virginians, one of their Delegates, exerted himself with Fidelity and singular Wisdom in the celebrated *Congress of America*, for the Defence of Liberty, when in the utmost Danger of being for ever lost, and for the Salvation of his Country; and then, at the earnest Request of that Grand Council of Patriots, without Hesitation, left all the Pleasures of his delightful Seat in Virginia, and the Affairs of his own Estate, that through all the Fatigues and Dangers of a Camp, without accepting any Reward, he might deliver New-England from the unjust and cruel Arms of Britain, and defend the other Colonies; and who, by the most signal Smiles of Divine Providence on his Military Operations, drove the Fleet and Troops of the Enemy with disgraceful Precipitation from the Town of Boston, which, for Eleven Months had been shut up, fortified and defended by a Garrison of above Seven Thousand Regulars; So that the Inhabitants, who suffered a great variety of Hardships and Cruelties while under the Power of the Oppressors, now rejoice in their Deliverance, and the neighboring Towns are freed from the Tumult of Arms, and our University has the agreeable Prospect of being restored to its antient Seat.

Know ye therefore, that We, the President and Fellows of Harvard College in Cambridge, (with the Consent of the Honored and Reverend Overseers of our Academy) have constituted and created the aforesaid Gentleman, GEORGE WASHINGTON, who merits the highest Honor, DOCTOR OF LAWS, the Law of Nature and Nations, and the Civil Law; and have given and granted unto him at the same Time all Rights, Privileges, and Honors to the said Degree pertaining.

In Testimony whereof, We have affixed the Seal of our University to these Letters, and subscribed with our Hand writing this Third Day of April in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Seventy-six.

SAMUEL LANGDON, S. T. D. Præses.

NATHANAEL APPLETON, S. T. D.

JOHANNES WINTHROP, Math. et Phil. P.

Hol. LL. D.

ANDREAS ELIOT, S. T. D.

SAMUEL COOPER, S. T. D.

JOHANNES WADSWORTH, Log. et Eth. Pre.

Thesaurarius.

Socii.

The removal to Boston occasioned a suspension of the Chronicle for two weeks. It appeared then without its second title. When he had published seven numbers in

Boston, Hall sold the whole concern to Edward Eveleth Powars and Nathaniel Willis. He took leave of the public in a short and respectful note, presenting "his thanks to all, who had favored him with their custom, and thereby enabled him to continue the publication of his paper."

Not long after this disposition of his property, Hall returned to Salem, where in October, 1781, he began the publication of a new paper, called

THE SALEM GAZETTE.\*

This publication he continued till near the end of the year 1785, when he again removed to Boston. The reasons for this removal are given in the Gazette of November 15, with the frankness and modesty, which were well-known traits in the character of Samuel Hall. "The printer hereof (he said) has found, by a careful examination, that the tax upon newspaper advertisements has, in conjunction with the decline of trade, operated so injuriously as to deprive him of nearly three quarters of that branch of his business; and he conceives it to be his duty not to suffer so great a diminution in his living, without, at least, *attempting* to repair it. For this purpose he has consulted such, in whose friendship he can fully confide, and they have unanimously advised his removal to Boston." He further stated that he felt impelled to this step, with a view of extending his business, and of avoiding the extraordinary

\* This was the second paper printed in Salem, with the title of Salem Gazette. Mary Crouch, the widow of Samuel Crouch, who had printed a paper in Charleston, S. C. removed from that place to Salem, in 1780, with the press and types that had belonged to her husband, and, in January 1781, issued the first number of the Salem Gazette and General Advertiser. Thirty-four numbers only were published.

expense attending the carrying it on in Salem, — alluding to the difficulty of procuring the latest news, and of distributing his paper when it was printed. “No reasonable person (he added) who has a tolerable acquaintance with the business, and wishes that it might not be *crushed*, can desire that, in addition to this, it should be burthened with a heavy governmental tax.” “He proposes to publish his first paper in Boston on Monday, the 28th inst.” “His good friends and customers in this town [Salem] are requested to consider this step as dictated by what he conceives to be a just regard to his interest, and in compliance with the unanimous advice of his nearest connections. He will always endeavor, in his publications, as opportunity presents, to promote the interest and reputation of the town of Salem, to which he shall ever consider himself as under very great obligations.”

The act laying a duty on advertisements, went into operation on the second of August, preceding. In the Gazette of that day, Hall announced the fact, and added, — “No printer can now advertise, even in his *own* paper, any books or pieces of *piety* or *devotion*, not excepting the HOLY BIBLE, without paying a heavy tax for it. How this accords with His Excellency’s late ‘Proclamation for the encouragement of *Piety, Virtue, Education, and Manners*,’ let the framers of the act determine.” “Were it not for the tax upon advertising *good books*, the Printer hereof would inform the Public, that he has just published ‘Extracts from Dr. Priestley’s Catechism,’ which he sells at five coppers single, and two shillings the dozen.” About a fortnight after, the following communication appeared : —

*To the Printer of the Salem Gazette.*

I hear that you have for sale Dr. Watts's Imitation of the Psalms of David, corrected and enlarged, with a Collection of Hymns, in one volume; — that the Psalms, locally appropriated in the Doctor's version, have been altered by Mr. Joel Barlow, of Hartford, and the whole applied to the state of the Christian Church in general; — and that, by a Law, lately passed, which, like the Stamp Act, is of *extraction truly British*, you are restrained from advertising them, unless you pay a heavy tax for it. As several of my neighbors, as well as myself, are in want of this valuable book, I hope you will not fail of supplying us.

J. R.

Agreeably to his notice, on Monday, the 28th of November, Hall sent out, from his printing-office in Boston the first of his proposed paper, under the title of

## THE MASSACHUSETTS GAZETTE,

which he conducted alone, till June, 1787, when he took, as a partner, J. Wincoll Allen, a young man who had been some time employed in the office. In September following, he sold out his right in the paper to Allen,\* and confined himself to the printing and sale of small books, blanks, pamphlets, &c. at a store which he had rented in State-street, on the north side of the state-house. At a later period, he opened a book and stationery store, at No. 53, Cornhill. In 1789, he printed a newspaper in the French language, for Joseph Nancrede, a French emigrant, who kept a bookstore in Marlboro'-street, nearly opposite the site of the Marlboro' hotel, and received pupils for instruction in French. This paper was given up at the end of six months. Mr. Hall carried on, — extensively for those days, — the printing and publishing of small books, embellished with cuts, and published some octavo and duodecimo volumes.

\* The paper was, probably, discontinued soon after it went into Allen's possession. Only a few numbers, with Allen's imprint, are to be found.

He had almost the whole sale of blanks for legal instruments, for the county of Suffolk and Middlesex, and, for several years had the printing of all the blanks used in the custom house in Boston. In 1805, he sold his whole establishment, — printing materials, books, blanks, &c. — to Lincoln & Edmands, and retired from business.

SAMUEL HALL was born in Medford, Massachusetts, and served an apprenticeship with an uncle, Daniel Fowle, of Portsmouth, N. H. At the age of twenty-one, he went into partnership with Ann Franklin, the widow of James Franklin, at Newport, R. I. In 1768, he left Newport, and opened a printing-office in Salem, — as has been already stated. He died on the tenth of October, 1807, aged sixty-seven years. He was respected by every one who knew him, as a just, an upright, and a religious man. He was an excellent printer, as many of his publications, still extant, abundantly testify. The country had no firmer friend, in the gloomiest period of its history, as well as in the days of its young and increasing prosperity, than SAMUEL HALL.

The sweet remembrance of the just  
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.



## THE MASSACHUSETTS SPY.

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ISAIAH THOMAS, the original projector, one of the original proprietors, and afterwards, for many years, the sole owner of the *Massachusetts Spy*, was born in Boston, on the nineteenth of January, 1749. His ancestors, who were of good repute, emigrated from England, and settled near Boston, soon after the foundation of the town. His father, Moses Thomas, was soldier, mariner, trader, and farmer, at different periods. After losing, by a series of unfortunate circumstances, a generous patrimony, he died in North Carolina, about the year 1752, leaving in Boston a widow in a destitute condition, with five children. Isaiah was the youngest of these, and when six years old, was apprenticed to Zechariah Fowle, — a printer of pamphlets, ballads, tracts, hand-bills, &c. He was employed in setting types, for which purpose he was placed on a bench eighteen inches high, and extending the whole length of a double frame, which contained cases of Roman and Italic letter. His first essay with the composing stick was on a ballad, entitled "The Lawyer's Pedigree;" the types were of the size called Double Pica.

Thomas remained with Fowle eleven years, when they disagreed and separated. He went directly to Halifax, Nova Scotia, intending to go thence to England, for the purpose of improvement in his profession. This intention was defeated by want of means to defray expenses. He remained in Halifax seven months, in the office of the Halifax Gazette. The printer of this paper, whose name was Henry, was not a very skilful mechanic. He is represented as being indolent and inattentive to his business. From this man Thomas accepted an offer of board for his services, and the sole management of the Gazette devolved upon him. While he was thus employed, certain paragraphs appeared in the Gazette, which gave offence to the government of the province. Henry was admonished, and threatened with a prosecution, but was let off with an apology. An effigy of the stamp-master was exhibited, and some other proceedings took place, which were called seditious, in which, it was supposed Thomas had some agency. An attempt was made to intimidate him, but it proved unsuccessful. He, however, deemed it prudent to leave the place.

From Halifax, Thomas went to Portsmouth, N. H. in March, 1767, and worked some time in the printing-offices of Daniel Fowle and Russell & Furber. In July he returned to Boston, and was employed several months in the office of his old master, Zechariah Fowle. Afterwards he went to North Carolina, with an intention of carrying on the printing business at Wilmington; but, after a series of embarrassing incidents, he relinquished his purpose; and, with a second resolution to visit England, he entered as a steward on board a ship bound to

the West-Indies, intending to go thence to London. After performing duty on board for ten days, he changed his views, and went to Charleston, S. C. Here he was employed for a period of two years, in a printing-office. In 1770, he returned to Boston, and entered into partnership with his former master, Fowle. In July, they issued the first number of a small newspaper, called *The Massachusetts Spy*. It was generally printed on a quarter of a sheet, (but occasionally on a half sheet of four quarto pages,) and on a Long Primer type. Their address to the public was simply a few commonplace promises to take great care in collecting the freshest and most authentic intelligence, the material transactions of the town and province, &c. &c.

The first number of the *Spy* was distributed, gratuitously, to the inhabitants of Boston and the vicinity. The publishers proposed to continue it, thrice a week, on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. The second number was published on the second day of August, and it was thenceforward issued three times a week, agreeably to their proposals, for three months. At the end of that time, their partnership was dissolved, and the publication was continued by Thomas, twice a week, for three months longer. Encouraged by his success, he entertained the project of publishing a larger paper than had then been undertaken in New-England; and, on the seventh of March, 1771, he published the *Spy* on a whole sheet, royal size, folio, four pages. To the title he added, — “A weekly political and commercial paper; Open to all parties, but influenced by none.” He considered this as a new publication, and called it No. 1. The title, *Massachusetts Spy*, was in large German text,

engraved on type metal, and stood between two cuts, —



that on the left representing the goddess of Liberty ; — that on the right representing two infants, selecting flowers from a basket. The publication day was Thursday.

When the first paper in this new form was published, the subscribers did not amount to two hundred. After the first week they increased, almost daily, and, at the end of two years the subscription-list was larger than that of any of its competitors. It was well supplied with political essays, adapted particularly to the taste and disposition of that class of citizens, who had composed the majority of its subscribers, when it was published in the smaller and cheaper form. For a few weeks, some communications were sent in by writers, who supported the proceedings of the government ; but those on the other side were more numerous ; and, notwithstanding the readiness, with which he published articles prepared by the friends of the ruling powers, it was well known that Thomas's political partialities were all on the side of the Whigs. It was not long before all the tory writers denounced the paper, and all the

subscribers, who adhered to the government party, withdrew their support. The Spy was then devoted entirely to the cause of the Whigs, and the Whigs gave it a cordial and generous support. Many attempts were made to annoy the publisher, but without effect. He continued to publish, boldly, and to defy all tory opposition, though he was frequently threatened with personal violence. To indicate his resolution to uphold the cause of the Whigs, he added, as a motto, to the head of his paper, the well known lines from Addison's Cato, —

Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,  
And make our lives in thy possession happy,  
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence !

In October, 1772, the words "Thomas's Boston Journal," were added to the title of the Spy.

Various attempts were made to injure the circulation and usefulness of the Spy, and to annoy its editor in the pursuit of his profession. Among other pitiful and paltry acts of the Tories to this effect, was their refusal to permit him to obtain from the custom-house an account of the arrivals and clearances at the port of Boston, — an act, which produced the following Card in the Spy : —

TO THE PUBLIC. A Tyrant may be justly compared to a Polypus, of which the smallest portion broken off becomes almost immediately as big, as voracious, and as deformed a *thing*, as the original ; entangling, plaguing, and engulphing every thing within its reach and power. How applicable this may be to our *petty lords*, the custom-house officers, every one is left to judge, after being informed that *THEY*, to discourage this paper, as they phrase it, have denied THIS Press the SHIP LIST, notwithstanding, according to the title, pieces from *all* sides have been inserted in it. The Printer conceives himself in no wise to blame if the Court side are now at a loss for writers, it being his province only to publish.

In a postscript, it was added that the Shipping List

had been "refused by a Brother Typo, *influenced* by his *masters* at the custom-house."

This produced a note from Richard Draper, the printer of the Massachusetts Gazette and News-Letter, in which he acknowledged that he refused to furnish the Shipping List for the Spy, under the influence of the custom-house officers; and charged Thomas with having altered his publication day, for the purpose of injuring the Gazette. In his reply, Thomas justified the change he had adopted, and added,—"The judicious public will determine for themselves whether your *respectable characters* or their invaluable rights and privileges be most worthy of their attention, and, undoubtedly afford their countenance and patronage accordingly."

Draper continued to pour out his tory invective, and several other measures were adopted by his friends and supporters to crush the Printer of the Spy. One of the mean attempts of Governor Hutchinson, to deprive him of a job, is thus noticed by Thomas:—

"If thine enemy hunger, *feed* him." If thy (supposed) enemy hunger, STARVE him, is the pontifical language of a man in power, of whose piety and virtue we have lately had such blustering accounts.

The generality of the people in this town, and some persons of *distinction* in Cambridge, know very well what pains have been taken by a man, whom we could not more disgrace than by saying, that he is, and how he became, the g . . . . . of this p . . . . . e,\* to bring an innocent man, and even offering to assist in this diabolical work; Long ago would I have stopped the Press, could I but have persuaded the . . . . . † to have joined with me," we are told, were the words of his . . . . . † The effecting this, no doubt, would have been productive of an infernal pleasure; and most likely, his . . . . . † would, as Milton expresses it, have "Grinned horribly a ghastly smile!" The mean and low attempts of this *great man* to get a small job, that came unsought for, out of the hands of the Printer hereof, and put it

\* Governor of this province.

† Council.

‡ Excellency.

into the hands of a tool of his, needs but to be told, to make it appear that he is a TYRANT in the ABSTRACT.

Draper continued his attacks upon the Spy, several of which Thomas suffered to pass unnoticed. At length, his patience appears to have become exhausted, and he gave out his intention of having no more to do in the quarrel, in this manner : —

TO MR. RICHARD DRAPER.

*Recollecting Sir!*

If your customers are satisfied to maintain a weekly newspaper, sacred to the ebullitions of your envy and private resentment, I have nothing to say in the affair. But though I might perfectly equal you in *random* invective, I have not the ambition to conceit my performances would add any thing considerable to the entertainment of my generous encouragers; whom I wish to divert in a much more agreeable manner, than by any thing which can arise from the uninteresting squabbles of Mr. R. Draper and

I. THOMAS.

Among the contributors to the Spy, were several powerful writers. A series of numbers, entitled *The Centinel*, begun soon after the publication of the paper in its new form, exposed, in a powerful style, the injustice of the acts of Parliament, and stated the grievances that the people suffered. The series extended to more than forty numbers. The motto to the first was,

The child, that is unborn, will rue

The hunting of that day, —

from the ballad of Chevy Chase. A writer, under the signature of Leonidas, endeavored to stir up the spirit of the people, and skilfully controverted the essays written for the tory papers. But the boldest writer for the Whigs, was Mucius Scævola. In one of his communications, he proved, by quotations from the records of the Council, that Mr. Oliver, the Lieutenant-Governor, then “stood recorded as a perjured traitor.” In the next paper he attacked Governor Hutchinson, and undertook to

show that Hutchinson was not the legal governor of the province, but a usurper, — that “he ought to be dismissed and punished as a usurper, — and that the Council, according to charter, should take upon themselves the government of the Province.” For the publishing of this article, the attorney-general was ordered to prosecute the printer for a libel; but the Grand Jury refused to indict him. Mucius Scævola continued to write and Thomas to publish.

In July, 1774, during the operation of the Boston Port Bill, and soon after the landing of four regiments of British soldiers, with a train of artillery, the Spy appeared with a new political device at its head, representing a snake and a dragon. The dragon represented Great Britain, and the snake the Colonies. The snake was divided into nine parts: the head was one part, and under it were the letters N. E. denoting New-England; the second part, N. Y. for New-York; the third N. J. for New-Jersey; the fourth P. for Pennsylvania; the fifth M. for Maryland; the sixth V. for Virginia; the seventh N. C. for North Carolina; the eighth S. C. for South Carolina; and the ninth part for Georgia. This device extended across the entire width of the page, and over it, in large capitals was the motto, “JOIN OR DIE.”\*

Having rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to the resentment of the Tories, and being openly threatened with violence by some of the British soldiery, Thomas thought that his personal safety demanded that he should

\* This device was not entirely original with Thomas. The snake, divided, with the motto, was first published in an anonymous paper, called the Constitutional Courant, said to have been printed at Burlington, New-Jersey, in 1768. See page 245.



leave Boston. Accordingly, a few days previous to the affair at Lexington, he packed up his press and a portion of his types, and sent them by night, across the river to Charlestown, — whence they were conveyed to Worcester. The press and types constituted the whole of the property, saved from the proceeds of five years of labor ; the remainder was destroyed or carried away by the followers and adherents of the royal army when it left the town.

On the night of the eighteenth of April, Thomas was concerned with Paul Revere and others in giving information that the British troops were crossing Charles River, with the supposed intention of destroying the military stores, that had been collected by the provincial authorities at Concord. At day-break, the next day he joined the provincial militia at Lexington, to oppose the progress of the British troops. The next day he proceeded to Worcester, and prepared to publish his paper at that place.

On the third of May, — four weeks after the publication had been suspended in Boston, — the *Spy* was presented to the public in Worcester. This was the first printing that was executed in any inland town in New-England. It was now entitled “The Massachusetts *Spy* : Or, An American Oracle of Liberty.” Over the title was the motto, — “Americans ! — Liberty or Death ! — Join or Die !”

The first number published at Worcester was introduced by the following brief notice to the Public : —

The good people of this county, at a meeting some time since, voted to encourage the establishment of a Printing-Office in this place. In consequence thereof, application was made to me, then in Boston, to

issue proposals for publishing a weekly Newspaper in this town, to be entitled, The WORCESTER GAZETTE, or American Oracle of Liberty. This I accordingly did ; Since that time, things have worn a different face in our distressed capital, and it was thought highly necessary that I should remove my printing materials from Boston to this place, and instead of publishing the intended Worcester Gazette, &c. continue the publication of the well-known Massachusetts Spy, or Thomas's Boston Journal: I accordingly removed my printing utensils from Boston on the memorable nineteenth of April, 1775, which will be remembered in future as the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington. I intend publishing this paper regularly every Wednesday, and have made an alteration in the title, in order to take in part of that intended for the Gazette.

I beg the assistance of all the friends to our righteous cause to circulate this paper. They may rely that the utmost of my poor endeavors shall be used to maintain those rights and privileges, for which we and our Fathers have bled ! and that all possible care shall be taken to procure the most interesting and authentic intelligence.

I am the Public's most obedient Servant,  
ISAIAH THOMAS.

In the Spy of May 31, 1776, Thomas gave notice that he proposed to remove to Boston, — urged his customers to settle as soon as possible, — and said he was willing to do all in his power, towards continuing a printing-office in Worcester. He added, “ If a sufficient number of subscribers appear, to continue to support the publication of a newspaper in this town, a Press, in all probability will be continued, and a public paper regularly printed each week after the handbill is out.”

The next number of the Spy was published on the twenty-first of June, following, by William Stearns and Daniel Bigelow, under a lease from the proprietor. They adopted a new motto ; — “ Undaunted by Tyrants, we will die or be free.” After a suitable explanation touching their business arrangements, they say, —

The liberty and free exercise of the Press, is the greatest temporal safeguard of the State. It assists the civil magistrate in wielding the

sword of justice — holds up to public view the vicious, in their truly odious colors — and “is a praise and encouragement to them that do well.” It detects political impostors, and is a terrific scourge to tyrants. None can notoriously transgress the line of duty, who may not be hereby subjected to public contempt and ignominy. It is one grand mean of promoting public virtue. It conveys knowledge to mankind, by acquainting them with the state of the community to which they belong, whereby they are better able to regulate their police — to supply its defects, or lop off its excrescences. It serves to increase *the majesty of the people*, by giving them understanding in the times, and conveying to them “the knowledge of what Israel ought to do.” In fine, it is capable of being made the source of general literature.

DANIEL BIGELOW was born in Worcester, April 27, 1752, and graduated at Harvard College in 1775. After surrendering the Spy to its proprietor, in 1777, he began the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar in 1780. He opened an office in Petersham, represented that town in the General Court from 1790 to 1795, was a member of the executive council in 1801, and was some time county attorney. He died at Petersham, November 5, 1806.\*

WILLIAM STEARNS was a native of Lunenburg, in the county of Worcester, and graduated at Harvard College in 1770. He studied divinity, and preached for a short time, but was not settled as a clergyman. He then devoted himself to the profession of the law, and was admitted to practice in December, 1776. He opened an office in Worcester, and his professional business was considerable, till his early death, in 1784.†

These gentlemen conducted the Spy one year. It was then leased, for another year, to Anthony Haswell. These two years, — or a part of them, — were spent by Thomas in Boston and Salem. In the place last men-

\* Lincoln's History of Worcester, p. 263.

† Ibid. p. 232.

tioned, it was his intention to carry on the business of printing ; but not succeeding according to his wishes, he sold the materials he had carried there, returned to Worcester, and resumed the publication of the Spy, with a new motto, — “Unanimity at Home, and Bravery and Perseverance in the Field, will secure the Independence of America.”

In 1781, the Spy was greatly improved in its paper and typography, with an engraved title, and these two devices at its head, — the design of which would hardly be understood, without the explanation given by Thomas : —



The device on the left is a figure representing America, an Indian, holding the cap of Liberty on a staff with the left hand, and, in the right, a spear, aimed at the British Lion, which appears attacking her from the opposite shore. That on the right is a chain of thirteen links, with a star in each link, representing the union of the thirteen States : the chain is placed in a circular form, leaving an opening for the arms of France, to which the ends of the chain are attached. Above the arms are two hands clasped, and, directly over them a sword, with its hilt resting on the clasped hands.

The title now was “Thomas’s Massachusetts Spy ; or the Worcester Gazette,” with the motto, — “The noble Efforts of a Virtuous, Free, and United People, shall extirpate Tyranny, and establish Liberty and Peace.”

At the conclusion of the war of the Revolution, the paper was enlarged, each page containing five columns, and printed on new types. The motto was again changed to "*Noscere res humanas est Hominis* — Knowledge of the World is essentially necessary for every Man." The *Spy* was well conducted, and filled with excellent matter. Besides selections of news and communications on interesting subjects, the whole of Robertson's *History of America*, Gordon's *History of the Revolution*, and large extracts from Guthrie's *Geography* and other British publications, enriched its pages, and rendered it more valuable than any other paper published in Massachusetts. A series of essays entitled the *Worcester Speculator*, appeared weekly. These were furnished by a society of gentlemen in the county of Worcester, of whom the Rev. Dr. Fiske of Brookfield was one. The numbers, written by him, together with some other pieces of his composition, were afterwards printed in two duodecimo volumes, entitled "*The Moral Monitor*."

Occasional improvements were made in the mechanical appearance and in the literary character of the *Spy*, until March, 1786, when the proprietor suddenly suspended the publication, and issued a few numbers of a periodical, which he called the "*Worcester Magazine*,"—intended as a substitute for the *Spy*,—but the attempt was not successful. The avowed reason for suspending the publication of the *Spy*, was the tax laid on "*licensed vellum, parchment, and paper*," by the Legislature of Massachusetts, passed in March, 1785. This act imposed a duty of two thirds of a penny on newspapers and a penny on almanacks, which were to be stamped.

It was extremely unpopular. It was to take effect on the first day of July next after its passage; but the opposition to it was so extensive and determined, that, at the next session of the Legislature, in June, 1785, it was repealed. But another act was passed, which imposed a duty on all advertisements, printed in the newspapers. This was no less offensive than the former act; and was considered by the Printers as a greater grievance,—“a shackle, which no legislature but ours, either in British or United America, have laid on the Press, which, when free, is the acknowledged great bulwark of Liberty, and the boast of a Free and Independent People.”\* The Spy of March 30, 1786, has the following article, in large and imposing type:—

*Extra Information. Real!*

THE MASSACHUSETTS SPY (which it is acknowledged has been of very essential service to the cause of the United States, and to this Commonwealth in particular, before, at, and since the late Revolution) is now languishing with a *dangerous Wound*, given it by the *Legislature of Massachusetts*, on the second day of July last. Humble and united application has been made for a particular kind of *Court Plaister*, which could speedily have wrought a *Cure*; but as that *Power*, only, who gave the *Wound*, could apply the *Remedy* with effect, it could not be obtained! The wound grows worse daily—*Mortification* has taken place, and in all probability will soon prove fatal to the existence of that *Old Publick Servant*!—“Alas, POOR SPY!”

Gentle Reader, if thou hast a benevolent heart, thy compassion will be moved, when thou art informed that the *Wound* given was as unjust as it was unmerited—it was given at a time when this faithful Servant of the Publick, after having fought the battles of its country, was sounding forth her Praise—endeavoring to clear her from the Aspersions thrown upon her by her enemies, and diligently watching their motions.

Generous Reader, the services rendered by the SPY to the Publick, were not for the sake of sordid gain, but from *Principle*:—The *only Reward* for *fifteen years* hard duty was this inhuman attack upon its

\* Mass. Spy, Sept. 29, 1785.

existence ! and the existence of all its near Relations, the whole *Family of Gazettes* in this Commonwealth.

During the suspension of the publication, Thomas was engaged in the publishing and selling of books, and in making additions to his printing apparatus. On the second day of April, 1788, the *Spy* reappeared, with the following salutatory : —

The Printer has the happiness of once more presenting to the Publick, the *MASSACHUSETTS SPY*, or the *WORCESTER GAZETTE*, which at length is restored to its *Constitutional Liberty*, (thanks to our present Legislature,) after a *suspension of two years*. Heaven grant that the *FREEDOM* of the *PRESS*, on which depends the *FREEDOM* of the *PEOPLE*, may, in the United States, ever be guarded with a watchful eye, and defended from Shackles of every *form* and *shape*, until the trump of the celestial messenger shall announce the final dissolution of all things.

The *Spy* was an advocate for the constitution of the United States, and joined with most other papers in their rejoicings when that instrument was adopted, and went into operation. Its editor was strenuous in favor of the introduction and use of titles. For a year or two after the organization of the Federal government, it seldom spoke of the President but as "His Highness, George Washington," or "His Highness the President-General," &c. Mr. Thomas was connected with the *Spy*, till the year 1801. In 1792 it purported to be "printed by Isaiah Thomas and Leonard Worcester ;" — in 1793, "for Isaiah Thomas and Leonard Worcester, by Leonard Worcester ;" — in 1794, "by Leonard Worcester, for Isaiah Thomas ;" — in 1801, "by Isaiah Thomas, jun. for Isaiah Thomas & Son ;" — and afterwards, "by and for Isaiah Thomas, jun." The name of the senior never afterward appeared in connection with the ownership of the paper.

About the year 1814, William Manning, of Boston, became the publisher of the *Spy*, "for Isaiah Thomas, jun." A few years after, the establishment was sold to John Milton Earle, by whom it is still owned and published. It is the oldest newspaper in Massachusetts.

Previous to his relinquishing the *Spy* to his son, Mr. Thomas had extended his business relations to several places. He was the senior partner in the house of Thomas & Andrews in Boston, which carried on the business of printing and bookselling for many years subsequent to 1788. The *Massachusetts Magazine*, a monthly periodical, was published by them from the commencement of their partnership till 1795. In 1793, he set up a press, published a paper, and opened a bookstore at Walpole, N. H. in connection with David Carlisle, one of his freed apprentices, a native of Walpole. In connection with another of his apprentices he established a paper at Brookfield, in the county of Worcester. He also had business connections at Albany, Baltimore, and Newburyport. Among the most important works, which came from his press at Worcester, was an edition of the Bible in folio, with plates; an edition in quarto, with a concordance; another edition in octavo, and a fourth in duodecimo. The types for this edition were kept standing, and were afterwards transferred to the office of Thomas & Andrews, in Boston.

In 1810, Mr. Thomas published his *History of Printing*, in two volumes octavo, — a work of great labor, and which will give him an undisputed claim to the regard of posterity. He was the founder of the American Antiquarian Society, to which he bequeathed his valuable Library and a building for its accommodation. He



also gave to the county of Worcester the land, on which a Court-House was erected, and to the town he made many donations of great value. From Dartmouth College he received the honorary degree of Master of Arts, and that of Doctor of Laws from Alleghany College. He was a member of the Historical Societies of Massachusetts and New-York, and of various other Philosophical, Literary, Humane, Charitable, and Typographic Societies. In Freemasonry he filled the highest and most honored stations of the institution, and probably presided on, or was present at, more public conventions, dedications, installations, and festivals, than any other individual of the fraternity. He was President of the Antiquarian Society from its foundation to his decease. He was appointed a Justice of the Court of Sessions in 1812, but never legally qualified himself to perform the duties of the office, and, it is believed, never took a seat on the bench.

Mr. Thomas died at his residence in Worcester, on the fourth of April, 1831, at the age of eighty-two years, and his remains were deposited in a tomb, which he had erected many years before, as their intended place of rest. "His memory will be kept green, when the recollection of other eminent citizens shall have passed in oblivion. His reputation, in future time, will rest, as a patriot, on the manly independence, which gave, — through the initiatory stages and progress of the Revolution, — the strong influence of the press he directed, to the cause of freedom, when royal flattery would have seduced, and the power of government subdued its action." \*

\* Lincoln's History of Worcester, p. 294.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL COURANT, referred to in the preceding account of the Spy, page 236, purports to be "Printed by Andrew Marvel, at the sign of the Bribe refused, on Constitution Hill, North-America," and is dated "Saturday, September 21, 1765." It has for a motto, "Containing matters interesting to *Liberty*, and nowise repugnant to *Loyalty*." It is a half sheet of medium size. In the centre of the title is the annexed device: —



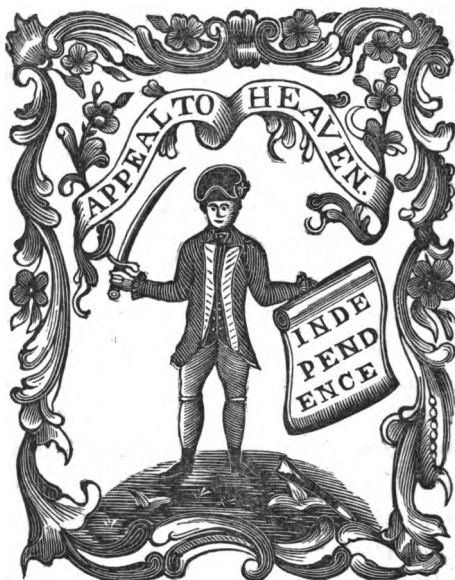
## JOIN or DIE

A large number of copies of this paper were secretly transmitted to New-York, and there sold by hawkers and pedlers, employed for the purpose. Mr. Thomas says it was printed at Burlington, and the copy now before me, which belongs to the library of Harvard College, has "Burlington, N. J." written under the words "Constitution Hill." The same copy has, under the name "Andrew Marvel," in the same hand, the words "pseudonyme Wm. Goddard." This copy was presented to the College by the heirs of the late Rev. James Freeman, D. D.; but these explanations are not in his handwriting. Mr. Thomas, probably, had not a copy of the

paper before him, when he wrote his account of it ; for he calls it the *Constitutional Gazette*. He says, — It excited some commotion in New-York, and was taken notice of by the government. A council was called, and holden at the Fort in that city, but as no discovery was made of the author or printer, nothing was done. One of the council demanded of a hawker named Samuel Sweeney “where that incendiary paper was printed?” Sweeney, as he had been instructed, answered, “At Peter Hassenclever’s iron works, please your honor.” Peter Hassenclever was a wealthy German, well known as the owner of extensive iron works in New-Jersey. Afterward, other publications of a like kind, frequently appeared with an imprint — “Printed at Peter Hassenclever’s iron works.” Only one number of the *Constitutional Gazette* [Courant,] was published ; a continuance of it was never intended. It was printed by William Goddard, at Parker’s printing house at Burlington, — Goddard having previously obtained Parker’s permission occasionally to use his press.\*

This paper contained but two articles, beside the address of the fictitious Andrew Marvel.

\* *History of Printing*, vol. II. p. 332.



## THE INDEPENDENT CHRONICLE.

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IN the early part of the summer of 1776, Powars & Willis, having purchased the New-England Chronicle of Samuel Hall, presented themselves to the public as editors and proprietors of the paper, saying, — “As we shall, besides inserting all the most material advices, both foreign and domestic, endeavor to select such pieces of speculation as will best tend to encourage virtue and good order in society, and particularly such as may inspire all orders of men with a true spirit of resolution and heroism, in support of our invaluable rights and lib-

erties, we hope to be favored with the custom of all the late and present subscribers of this paper. They may be assured, that the character it has hitherto sustained in exposing, condemning, and execrating the jesuitical and infernal machinations of Tories and tyrants, and in rendering praise and honor to the manly and virtuous supporters of the GLORIOUS CAUSE OF AMERICA, we shall, with assiduity and zeal, endeavor to persevere." To the extent of their ability, these editors were faithful to their engagements, and never faltered in condemning and opposing all, who were supposed to entertain any affection for the British government. Their paper was an important auxiliary in promoting and sustaining the cause of the country.

Until November, 1776, they made no change in the title of the paper. In that month, they made sundry typographical improvements, gave it the name of "Independent Chronicle and Universal Advertiser," and decorated the head with the device, which is given above. Independence had been declared, and the war with Great Britain had begun in good earnest. All the incidents of the conflict were regularly detailed, and frequently accompanied with remarks, indicating entire devotion to political national independence, and a firm resolution to support the position assumed by the Continental Congress. They were occasionally aided by correspondents. Samuel Adams, and John Hancock, and other prominent Whigs, were among the contributors to the columns of the Chronicle. One of their correspondents sent for publication the following verses, which he said had just fallen into his hands. The author's name is not given. They are a parody on a well-known Song, that was popular before the breaking out of the war:—

In a mouldering cave, where the oppressèd retreat,  
 Columbia sat, wasted with care;  
 She wept for her Warren — exclaimed against Fate,  
 And gave herself up to despair.  
 The walls of her cell she had sculptured around,  
 With the form of her favorite son,  
 And even the dust, as it lay on the ground,  
 Expressed the high deeds he had done.  
 The sire of the gods, from his crystalline throne,  
 Beheld the disconsolate dame;  
 And, moved at her tears, he sent Mercury down,  
 And these were the tidings that came:—  
 “Columbia, forbear! not a sigh to alloy,  
 For thy Warren, so justly beloved;  
 Thy griefs shall be changed into triumphs of joy,  
 Thy Warren ’s not dead, but removed.  
 “The sons of the earth, the proud giants of old,  
 Have broke from their darksome abode;  
 And this is the news — for in heaven it is told —  
 They are marching to war with the gods.  
 A council was held in the chambers of Jove,  
 And this was the final decree,  
 That Warren should soar to the armies above—  
 And the charge was entrusted to me.  
 “To Bunker’s tall heights with the orders I flew;  
 He begged for a moment’s delay;  
 Like Wolfe, cried, — ‘Forbear! let me victory hear,  
 And then thy commands I’ll obey!’  
 He spake — with a film I encompassed his eyes,  
 And bore him away in an urn,  
 Lest the fondness he felt for the heroes he left  
 Should tempt him again to return.”

At the beginning of the year 1777 the Chronicle thus saluted the public:—

The Printers and publishers of the Independent Chronicle and Universal Advertiser, (to keep pace with others of their profession of more ancient standing) beg leave, through this channel, to congratulate their customers on the arrival of the New Year, — being the first that has rolled over since their publication.

At the same time that they welcome in the New Year, they cannot pass over, in silent forgetfulness, the cruel, inhuman treatment, that America has experienced, during a series of months, without mention-

ing the desolating conflagration of Charlestown, Falmouth, Norfolk, &c. from those, whom she *once* embraced as her bosom friends; and whose interest would, to this day, have been considered as inseparably connected with her own, had not a sincere love to America, in general, and the great and good law of self-preservation, dictated a *total* separation: Which the Grand Council of these Confederated States, in their Wisdom, have seen fit *for ever* to dissolve.

That America may prove victorious, and all, who have spirit, resolution, fortitude, and virtue, sufficient to assert her much injured (though glorious) cause, obtain what the whole collective wisdom of these States say they have an "unalienable right" to, viz. "PEACE, LIBERTY, and SAFETY," is the ardent wish of the Public's most obliged, and most devoted, humble servants,

THE PRINTERS, &c.

Powars & Willis published the Chronicle till near the close of the war of the Revolution. The Rev. William Gordon, one of the ministers of Roxbury, wrote for it a great number of communications, on the subject of government, intended chiefly to *enlighten* the people in regard to the nature and effects of the constitution of Massachusetts, — a draft of which had been reported by the convention called for that purpose. He also wrote other articles, in aid of the Colonies against the Parliament.\*

After Powars left the concern, the Chronicle was published by Willis alone, till the first of January, 1784, when it passed from his possession to the hands of Thomas Adams and John Nourse.

EDWARD EVELETH POWARS, the senior partner in

\* Dr. Gordon was a native of Hertfordshire, and, early in life, was settled as pastor of a large independent church at Ipswich, in England. It is said that his partiality for America caused him to emigrate to this country, in 1770. He was settled over the third parish in Roxbury, in 1772. He took an active part in public measures, during the war, and was chosen chaplain to the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts. After the war, he returned to his native country, and published his *History of the American Revolution*, — a work, which had occupied his attention for some years, and for the composition of which he had the advantage of consulting the records of Congress, and of reading the letters of Washington, Gates, Greene, Lincoln, and others. See *Allen's Biographical Dictionary*.

the firm of Powars & Willis, was, I believe, a native of Boston or Charlestown. He had been the printer of a paper before he joined Willis in the purchase of the Chronicle. After he left that paper he was connected with several others, none of which had the good fortune to gain extensive circulation, or to afford much profit to the publisher. One of these, called the American Herald, he published in Boston, for six or seven years, previous to 1788, when he removed to Worcester, and continued the publication, under the title of the American Herald and Worcester Recorder. It was discontinued in about two years. I became acquainted with him in 1803, when he was at work as a compositor in the office of Samuel Etheridge, in Charlestown. Afterwards he held the office of Messenger to the Governor and Council of the Commonwealth. At a later period, he was a traveling bookseller, and died on one of his expeditions in the Western States.

NATHANIEL WILLIS, mentioned above as the partner of Powars, was a native of Boston, and learned the trade of a printer in the celebrated house of Green & Russell. After disposing of his interest in the Chronicle, at the close of the year 1793, he removed to Winchester, Virginia, and published a paper there, for a short time. He then removed to Shepardstown, where he also published a paper, and thence to Martinsburg, in which place he published a small paper, called the Potomac Guardian. His next, and, I believe, his last removal was to Chilicothe, in Ohio, — then the Northwestern Territory. There he printed the Scioto Gazette, which was the official paper of the territorial government, and probably the only paper printed within its limits.



He purchased and cultivated a farm, near Chillicothe, on which he ended his days. He was the father of Nathaniel Willis, — well known as the publisher of the Boston Recorder, — and the grandfather of Nathaniel P. Willis, one of the present editors of the Home Journal, in New-York, — whom merely to name is sufficient to awaken a sentiment of esteem and admiration for one of the most agreeable prose-writers, that our country has produced, and a poet, whose numbers will live to delight a future age, and place him in the foremost rank of those, who have invested wit with modesty and decorum, and added grace and innocence to the refinements of fashion.

About the time when the treaty of 1783 with Great-Britain was a subject of general interest, attempts were made in the Legislature of Massachusetts to restore the Tories, who had left the country, to their original rights. The writers in the Chronicle were zealous opponents of this plan. As an illustration of the temper and tone of their writings, take the following, from the Chronicle of May 22, 1783: —

As Hannibal swore never to be at peace with the Romans, so let every Whig swear — by the abhorrence of Slavery — by liberty and religion — by the shades of those departed friends who have fallen in battle — by the ghosts of those of our brethren who have been destroyed on board of prison-ships and in loathsome dungeons — by the names of a Hayne and other virtuous citizens whose lives have been wantonly destroyed — by every thing that a freeman holds dear, — never to be at peace with those fiends the Refugees, whose thefts, murders, and treasons have filled the cup of wo; but show the world that we prefer war, with all its direful calamities, to giving those fell destroyers of the human species a residence among us. We have crimsoned the earth with our blood to purchase peace, — therefore are determined to enjoy harmony, uninterrupted with the contaminating breath of a Tory.

When Adams & Nourse took possession of the Chronicle, in 1783, they published a very short address to the

public, soliciting a continuance “of such speculations, as shall be adapted to promote the liberty of our country, and the general welfare of mankind.” With many others, they took a decided stand against the Society of Cincinnati. One of their correspondents said, March, 1784, — “The institution of Cincinnati is concerted to establish a complete and perpetual *personal* distinction between the numerous military dignitaries of their corporation and the whole remaining body of the people, who will be styled Plebeians through the community.” In a note on this article the editors said, — “If the order of Cincinnati should appear to be fraught with danger to the exalted rights of human nature, tending rapidly to the introduction of an American nobility, as has been publicly affirmed, and not gainsaid, — such a military nobility, as plagued and domineered over Europe for centuries, — or if it tends to introduce even the mildest nobility, since nobility itself is reprobated by these confederated republican states, is it not the duty of legislators, governors, and magistrates, *and their ELECTORS*, by all judicious and proper means in their power, to prevent such an institution from acquiring any degree of strength or influence in this free commonwealth? \*

In the course of this year, Adams & Nourse were appointed “Printers to the General Court,” and the Chronicle became the official paper of the government. Some typographical improvements were made; and the old device, at the head, gave place to a new one, which, with the explanation given of it, in the technical language of the *sublime science of heraldry*, here follows: —

\* In 1784, the town of Cambridge, by a formal vote in town-meeting, instructed their representative in the General Court to use his endeavors to cause the Society of Cincinnati to be suppressed.



**EXPLANATION** of the **DEVICE** for the **Arms** of the **Commonwealth** of *Massachusetts*.

**SAPPHIRE**, an Indian dressed in his **Shirt** and **Mogginsins**, belted proper; in his right **Hand** a **Bow**, **TOPAZ**; in his left an **Arrow**, its **Point** towards the **Base** of the **Second**; on the **dexter** side of the **Indian's** **Head**, a **Star**, **PEARL**, for one of the **United States** of **America**: **CREST**, on a **Wreath** a **dexter** **Arm**, cloathed and ruffled proper, grasping a broad **Sword**, the **Pummel** and **Hilt** **TOPAZ**, with this motto, *Ense petit placidam sub Libertate Quietem*.

At the same time, the motto, — “**Truth** its guide, **Liberty** its object,” — was adopted, and continued as long as the paper was published.

The **Chronicle** now assumed an important stand, both as a political and commercial journal. Parties had not then taken the names, by which they were afterwards distinctly known, nor had the people in general adopted the peculiar principles, partialities, and prejudices, which afterwards constituted the creeds of the two great antagonistic divisions of **Republicans** and **Federalists**. But it is easy to perceive, in the columns of the **Chronicle**, that its editors and correspondents had a strong and emphatic affection for **France**, as the ally and friend of

America, and an equally forcible and overpowering hatred of Great-Britain. It was not, however, till the Constitution of the United States was adopted, and the Federal Government began its operations, that the dividing line was distinctly drawn, and every man's political allegiance was known from the plainness and freedom with which he avowed his opinions concerning the conduct of those two foreign powers, and his character, as a Federalist or Republican, was determined accordingly.

The partnership of Adams & Nourse continued till January, 1790, when it was dissolved by the death of Nourse. Adams continued the publication of the Chronicle, as sole editor and proprietor, till some time in 1793, when he formed a partnership with Isaac Larkin. From this time the Chronicle was published twice a week, on Monday and Thursday, and was the second semi-weekly paper published in New-England. The partnership of Adams & Larkin was dissolved by the death of Larkin, in December, 1797, and Adams was again left as the only known proprietor and editor of the paper. Larkin was born in Charlestown, and was educated to the profession of a printer. He was a brother of Ebenezer Larkin, a respectable publisher and bookseller in Boston. His character was that of an amiable and intelligent gentleman, a good printer, and a faithful friend.

In 1798, the editor of the Chronicle and his correspondents opposed with great vehemence the "alien and sedition laws," so called, passed, during that year, by Congress, in consequence of which the editor was prosecuted, under the provisions of the sedition act, and arraigned before the Federal Circuit Court, charged with sundry libelous and seditious publications. In an-

nouncing the fact, Mr. Adams said, — “ Every remark on this important business will be deferred, till after the trial, finding ourselves too **INDEPENDENT** in principle to attempt to prepossess the public mind on this interesting question. The citizens of the United States may rest assured that the Chronicle, ever attached to a republican system of government, will always support the **RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE**, agreeably to the sacred Charter of the Constitution.” The arraignment of the editor was at the session of the Court in October, 1798; the trial was continued to the next term, to be held in June, 1799. The result will be seen in the sequel.

In the beginning of the year 1799, certain resolutions of the Legislature of Virginia, denying the constitutionality of the alien and sedition laws, which had been passed by Congress the preceding year, were transmitted to the Governor of Massachusetts, and by him laid before the Legislature for its action. The Chronicle had taken a determined stand against both these laws, and was bold and vehement in its opposition. The Legislature passed a “ declaration,” prepared by a joint committee, affirming the constitutionality of the laws, and, of course, disapproving of the Virginia Resolutions. This official declaration was published in the Chronicle of February 18. In the same paper, in the editorial department, appeared the following article : —

**HISTORICAL FACTS.** A correspondent observes, that, on the last Wednesday in May, 1798, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts was a “ *free, sovereign, and independent State*, in all matters not specially committed to the Continental Government; and, in proof of it, appeals to the affidavits of about two hundred respectable witnesses, who made oath to the fact, as well as to the opinion that the Commonwealth “ ought to be ” so, in order to the admission of the witnesses to a seat in the Legislature of the Commonwealth.

A question being started by the Legislature of Virginia, whether the sovereignty of the individual states was not invaded by certain acts of Congress, which the state of Virginia deems unconstitutional ; a majority of the same witnesses, quoted in the preceding paragraph, disclaim for themselves, as members of the Legislature of Massachusetts, and deny to all other States in the Union, *any right to decide on the constitutionality of any acts of Congress.*

As it is difficult for common capacities to conceive of a *sovereignty* so situated that the *sovereign shall have no right to decide on any invasion of his constitutional powers*, it is hoped, for the convenience of those tender consciences, who may hereafter be called upon to swear allegiance to the State, that some gentleman, skilled in Federal logic, will show how the oath of allegiance is to be understood, that every man may be so guarded and informed, as not to invite the Deity to witness a falsehood.

In the same paper was the following, alluding to the speech of one of the Senators from Berkshire : —


Mr. Bacon's speech in the Massachusetts Senate, on the Virginia Resolutions, has been read with delight by all true Republicans, and will always stand as a monument of his firmness, patriotism, and integrity. The following lines of the *Jacobin Milton* come near to the point : —

“ — So spake the Senator, faithful found  
Among the faithless, faithful only he ;  
Among innumerable false unmoved,  
Unshaken, unseduced, untterrified ;  
Nor number nor example with him wrought  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,  
Though single.”

These articles were viewed as libels on the Legislature, and the Grand Jury for the county of Suffolk found a bill of indictment against Abijah Adams,\* the person employed as clerk and book-keeper in the office of the Chronicle. The trial came on before the Supreme Court, on the first of March. It was conducted by the attorney-general for the Commonwealth, James Sullivan,

\* It does not appear that Thomas Adams, who was the editor and ostensibly the proprietor of the Chronicle, was indicted for this libel. I have not been able to obtain any explanation of this singular fact.

who zealously upheld the doctrine of libels according to the common law of England. The doctrine was agreed to by the court. Benjamin Whitman and George Blake, in behalf of the defendant, contended that the common law was inconsistent with the republican principles avowed in the constitution of Massachusetts, and inapplicable to the nature and genius of the government. The evidence fully proved that Adams was the book-keeper *for the editor*, and generally delivered out the papers to the customers. The plea urged by the prosecutor was, that, as he delivered the papers, he was so far the principal, and guilty of publishing. The jury returned a verdict in these express words, *That Mr. Abijah Adams was guilty of publishing only*; — which under the direction of the Court was reduced to the customary form. Mr. Adams was sentenced to thirty days imprisonment in the county gaol, to pay the costs of prosecution, and to find sureties, in the sum of five hundred dollars, for his good behavior for one year. He was immediately taken to the gaol, and passed the period of his imprisonment “with that resignation and fortitude, which becomes a man who can appeal to his conscience for the rectitude of his conduct.”

The paper which announces the imprisonment of Mr. Adams, says, — “ The Patrons of the Chronicle may still depend on the regular supply of their papers. The Editor is on the bed of languishment, and the Book-keeper in prison, yet the CAUSE OF LIBERTY will be supported amid these distressing circumstances.” During the confinement of Mr. Adams, he was visited by many respectable citizens, who felt an interest for the cause, in which he suffered; and among them was the venera-

ble *proscribed* patriot, Samuel Adams. He was discharged from prison on the 24th of April, and, in the Chronicle of the next day, returned "his thanks to his numerous friends for their attention and kindness to him during his confinement;" and assured them "that the Liberties and Constitution of the country would ever be the objects contemplated in the prosecution of the Chronicle." His release from prison was announced, *editorially*, as follows: —

Yesterday Mr. Abijah Adams was discharged from his imprisonment, after partaking of an *adequate proportion* of his "*birth-right*," by a confinement of thirty days under the operation of the Common Law of England.\*

An elaborate review of the trial of Mr. Adams, embracing arguments in opposition to the principles laid down by the Court, — written, it has been said, by Mr. George Blake, — was published in the Chronicle, occupying several columns of each successive publication, from the eighth to the twenty-ninth of April, inclusive.

Thomas Adams, the editor and proprietor of the Chronicle, had long been laboring under severe indisposition, and such was the nature of his physical disorder, that he relinquished all hope of recovery, and, on the first of May, 1799, disposed of all his interest in the Chronicle, to James White, a respectable and well known bookseller, whose store was in the same building with the Chronicle office, and was for many years designated, — and is still remembered by many, — by the sign of "Franklin's Head." In announcing his proprietorship, Mr. White (who was a Federalist) said, — he would "aim to have the paper conducted with decency and

\* Judge Dana, in his charge to the jury, pronounced the common law of England to be the birth-right of every American.



fairness" — that "without making pompous promises for the variety and excellence of matter" it should contain, he would "leave it with the public to determine whether 'Truth is its guide and Liberty its object,' and to give it such support as it may justly merit."

Ebenezer Rhoades, a young man, who served an apprenticeship with Samuel Hall, and who had been employed as foreman, by Thomas Adams during his sickness, was engaged as the editor and printer of the *Chronicle* for the new proprietor, Mr. White. He opened his career in this new responsibility, with an Address to the Patrons of the *Chronicle*, from which the following is an extract: —

The great first principles of civil liberty are, that all legislative power proceeds from the people; — that they have a right to inquire into the official conduct of their substitutes, the rulers; — to censure public measures when found to be wrong, and to use constitutional means to remove those, who violate the confidence reposed in them. These principles require, that there should be a public and free examination of the doings of the government. Information on these subjects cannot be generally disseminated, but through the medium of newspapers. It is, therefore, necessary to the existence of civil liberty, that these should be open to writers, who discuss freely public measures, and even censure them when faulty. Under this impression, the editor solicits his republican friends to enrich the *Chronicle* with remarks on the administration of the government of our country. It is presumed the friends of the present system will not object to this. It is certain they ought not to do so; for poor indeed must that cause be, which cannot bear an examination. As long as truth and decency are not violated — and these shall ever be held most sacred — the editor will not fear the noisy railings of zealots in party, who wish to deprive their antagonists of a fair hearing. On the contrary, as the PEOPLE are to exercise their *sovereignty* in judging the conduct of their rulers, he will never lead them to condemn without a fair hearing; and giving full opportunity to all of defending the conduct of the administration before the impartial and just tribunal of public opinion. Pieces written in justification of the government, therefore, will not be refused admittance. It is hoped, however, that such pieces will contain reasoning instead of invective;

and will answer the objections made against the administration, rather than exclaim *Jacobin* and *Traitor*. In short, it is the intent of the editor to belong to no party; to content himself with doing the duties of an editor, without abusing the public, by garbling and misrepresenting for party purposes. Men of opposite opinions may here express them, and the public shall weigh their merits. By hearing both sides, the people will be able to get at the truth, and form a righteous judgement.

With respect to intelligence, the editor can only pledge himself for diligence, and presenting facts impartially to the public, as early as possible. He will aim to state, truly, the interesting events of Europe, whether they enliven or blast the laurels of France or of Britain. The American mind is to be informed of facts, and not to be deluded by fiction. If victory shall continue still constant to the French, and monarchies be still changed to republics, the advocates for kingly power ought not to censure the newspaper that informs them of it; and if the British lion is again to become rampant, and disquiet the world with his roarings, those, who have depended on seeing mankind enlightened and enfranchised by the French Revolution, ought to receive the story of their disappointment with the magnanimity of patriotism, and not criminate the newspaper which publishes it.

The paper, which contained this address of the new editor, announced the death of "Capt. Thomas Adams, late editor of the Chronicle, in the forty-second year of his age." During his confinement, and at his death, Mr. Adams was under bonds to appear at the United States Court, then to be held in June, to answer for certain publications, that were made while he was confined to his sick room. A few days before his death, a physician, appointed by the Court and accompanied by an officer, to examine into the state of his health, reported that his condition would not admit of his appearance in Court. Heaven canceled the obligation and removed him from all responsibility to earthly tribunals. "The character of Mr. Adams, notwithstanding the malignity of party spirit, could never be impeached. His honor and integrity, benevolence and affability, as a citizen and friend, were never called in question by the most impla-

cable of his enemies. Some, who had experienced his charity, may have demonstrated their ingratitude by their subsequent conduct, but, as a Christian and a brother, he forgave them. During his confinement, he ever expressed his warm attachment to the liberties of his country. The principles advocated in the *Chronicle* he often dwelt upon with the most pleasing satisfaction, and seemed to feel a consolation in his dying moments, that his Press had been devoted to the propagation of those sentiments, which had a tendency to promote the blessings of peace and independence." \*

The connection of Mr. White with the *Chronicle* continued only one year. On relinquishing the proprietorship, in May, 1800, he explained to the public the nature and cause of his connection with the paper, in an Address, which for its candor and frankness, and the pleasant style, characteristic of the author's general good nature and gentlemanly deportment in all his transactions, is worth transcribing: —

When the subscriber became the proprietor of the *Independent Chronicle*, he had two inducements to make the purchase. One, That the late proprietor, who was anxious for the future welfare of his family, might ascertain the situation, in which he should leave them. The other — That the paper should be carried on so impartially as that men of opposite opinions might have an opportunity of expressing them; and the public be enabled to decide upon their merits. With these views the purchase was made. But many, who approved of them, doubted whether a paper could be supported upon the plan suggested. However difficult or novel it might appear, believing the principle just, the subscriber was determined to make the attempt, and hazard the issue. He engaged Mr. Rhoades as publisher, and enjoined on him a strict adherence to the plan; — which was to give intelligence as he received it, and not to abuse the public by garbling and misrepresenting for party purposes; to endeavor, in the strictest sense, to make "Truth

\* *Independent Chronicle*, May 16, 1799.

his Guide," and not to violate it to oblige, nor withhold it through fear of offending, any one:—to support acts of justice, and reprobate every unjust measure, without regarding the individual or nation, from whom it might proceed—not to become the tool of domestic or foreign, but to endeavor to harmonize and make every American a friend to his own, country. To this manner of conducting a paper no objection could be made; for, if it did not succeed, no loss could accrue to the Printer, as the expenses were entirely at the risk of, and paid by, the Proprietor. A paper like this, must, from the nature of it, contain various sentiments; but when any have advanced opinions contrary to those of others, it has been open for writers on both sides to discuss the subject fairly. If any have neglected the opportunity, it is their own fault, and the Editor ought not to be censured: he made the paper free ground for those who chose to advance with small arms, or more weighty pieces. The parties engaged have sometimes been bomb-proof, although attacked with solid arguments. They have often smoked their antagonists—have frequently made random shots—and sometimes true fires. Some of the pieces have been raised rather too high, and now and then, either by frequent firing or bad ammunition, have become a little foul, and required sponging before they could be brought into fair action.

One year has now elapsed, since Mr. Rhoades undertook to publish the Chronicle on this impartial plan. The experiment has been fairly tried and has so far succeeded, as to have obtained a respectable list of subscribers, fully sufficient to make it an object to continue it; but the profits not being the principal object of the Subscriber in becoming the Proprietor, and his engagements in business being such as makes it not only very inconvenient, but out of his power to pay attention to a paper, he has for some time determined to dispose of the property, whenever he could realize the first cost, and find a purchaser, who would undertake to conduct the press on the present plan. With this intention, Mr. Eben. Rhoades and Mr. Abijah Adams have made the purchase, and become the Proprietors. The next paper will be published by and for them. Mr. Adams has been in the office for ten years. Mr. Rhoades has been the Editor for twelve months. They well know the reception the paper has met with at different periods, and can judge of the effects both of *Good Custom* and *Common Law*; and certainly will find it for their interest to secure the one and avoid the other. It is therefore presumed that they will continue to be impartial; to merit and receive the support of the present customers. . . . J. WHITE.

The next number of the Chronicle contained the salutatory address of the new proprietors,—written with

commendable brevity. After declaring that, "with as much correctness as they are able to command" in the management of the paper "Truth shall still be its Guide, Liberty its Object," they add the following sentiments with marks of quotation : — "Every departure from truth is pernicious. Impartiality should be a perpetual attribute of the press. Neither *fear* on the one side, nor the *hope of reward* on the other, should intimidate or influence its inquiries. It should neither be bribed to lavish unmerited applause, nor menaced into silence. The usefulness of periodical publications depends upon their steady adherence to rectitude. The moment corrupt or foreign considerations are suffered to bias or stain their pages, they become injurious to the general interests of society."

ABIJAH ADAMS died on the 18th of May, 1816, aged sixty-two years. He was a native of Boston, and was bred to the trade of a tailor — a business, which he could not have pursued many years, as he was a clerk in the Chronicle office some time before the death of his brother, Thomas Adams. The following obituary notice, from the Chronicle, probably does no more than justice to his character : —

On his sepulchre may be inscribed, *Here lie the remains of an honest man.* In the present state of society it is not from "high life" that "high characters are drawn." The man, who discharges his duty as a patriot, a parent, and a friend, is entitled to a eulogium. Mr. Adams, in domestic life, was exemplary; in his friendship, undeviating; and, as a member of society, possessed those amiable qualities, which must ever endear him in the memory of his fellow-citizens. Mr. Adams, for many years, had been the senior editor of the Chronicle, and was ever desirous to conduct his paper with that propriety, which the tongue of calumny cannot depreciate, though often aimed to detract. He was not so much concerned in the editorial department, as to make him responsible for every publication offered him; he pursued his business

with that circumspection as not to excite party prejudices, but to give publicity to principles calculated to elucidate political subjects, as they occasionally rose in our national controversies. Examination was the object contemplated, and though he frequently suffered persecution as an editor, yet the energies of his pursuits never failed him. He sustained his misfortunes with a dignity becoming a Christian and a patriot.

After the death of Adams, the paper was carried on by the surviving partner for himself and the heirs of Adams, till the summer of 1819, when the Chronicle was sold to DAVIS C. BALLARD, (a son of Mrs. Adams by a previous marriage) and EDMUND WRIGHT, JUN. publishers and editors of the Boston Patriot. It was united with that paper, and thenceforth ceased to exist as a separate publication.

EBENEZER RHOADES was a native of Boston, the son of Jacob Rhoades, long known and celebrated as a ship-builder. He served an apprenticeship as a printer with Samuel Hall. Though connected with a paper, which often poured out gall and wormwood on its political opponents, his deportment in private life was remarkable for its suavity and gentleness; and, in his social intercourse, he knew no difference between a Republican and a Federalist. He died in August, 1819, about a year after he sold his interest in the Chronicle. The following lines, which appeared in the Chronicle and Patriot, present a well-deserved tribute to his memory: —

If for the hero tears are shed,  
And laurels spring above his head,  
Who sought, through blood, a deathless name,  
And sacrificed his life to Fame —  
For thee shall fairer flowerets bloom,  
And shed their incense on thy tomb,  
FRIENDSHIP shall cull the unfading wreath,  
For him who sleeps in peace beneath —

While weeping LOVE, with mournful grace,  
 Shall there the hallowed token place,  
 And o'er the humble mound shall bend,  
 To mourn the husband, parent, friend.

Ere yet had gently closed thine eyes,  
 Ere yet thy spirit sought the skies,  
 Full many a heart, with feeling fraught,  
 On thee had turned the anxious thought,  
 And, as was breathed the silent prayer,  
 It found in Heaven a record there.

Now peals the deep-toned funeral knell! —  
 'Tis done! — Lamented shade, FAREWELL!  
 That soul which cheered us while on earth,  
 Springs to the region of its birth —  
 Its path of duty, faithful trod,  
 Shines in the PARADISE OF GOD.

LOTHAIR.

For a period of near thirty years, the *Chronicle* was the principal organ, in New-England, of a large and powerful political party. Of this party, the great original, head, and leader in the *Union*, was Thomas Jefferson. In the foremost rank in the party in *Massachusetts*, stood that unwavering and consistent patriot, Samuel Adams. After the close of the revolutionary war, many of those, who had been the correspondents of the *Chronicle*, discontinued their contributions, and for three or four years the paper was almost barren of original discussion upon political affairs. When, from experience, the people discovered the fact that the Articles of Confederation of the United Colonies but imperfectly answered the purposes of a permanent government for the Union, and the idea of forming a Constitution began to assume an interesting aspect, one of the most popular and influential writers, which, after Otis, Adams, and Quincy, — had undertaken to direct the public mind, chose the *Chronicle* as the vehicle of his political com-

munications. Of this writer, who filled so large a space in the public vision, and who probably wrote more for the newspapers than any other man, not an editor or proprietor of a paper, it seems to be proper to give something more than a mere passing mention of his name.

**BENJAMIN AUSTIN, Jun.** was born in Boston in the year 1752. He was the youngest son of Benjamin Austin, and was connected, on the mother's side, with the Waldo family, — formerly among the most influential and wealthy merchants of the province.

Benjamin, the father, was one of the firm of Box & Austin, doing business largely as merchants, especially in the importation of cordage, and other articles for purposes of navigation, most of which were then procured from abroad. He had enjoyed good opportunities for education, had visited England in his younger days with uncommon advantages, had been there introduced to the early friends of America, and had brought home and retained those principles of freedom and civil liberty, which form so conspicuous a feature in the writings of his son. He took an active part in public affairs; — was repeatedly a member of the executive council of the province, until negatived by the Governor; — was one of the selectmen of the town of Boston, at the commencement of **THE SIEGE**, — and suffered severely in his property, during the military occupation of the town. He died on the 14th of March, 1806, in the ninetieth year of his age. Some there are, who still remember him as one of the Patriarchs of the ante-revolutionary age, all of whom have disappeared under the inexorable decrees of Time. His upright and ven-



erable form, the large white wig, scarlet roquelot, and gold-headed cane, were the personification of the manners and dress of a period in our history as a people, which may be studied with profit and satisfaction.

Benjamin, the son, had no other education than such as was to be acquired in the public and private institutions of the town, which, even then, were not without distinction. After the preliminary studies, which these schools enabled him to procure, he was placed in the mercantile establishment of his uncles, the Waldos, and remained with them during the usual term of apprenticeship. In their service he was also occupied some time afterwards, and in the mean time, he made one or more voyages to Europe and the West-Indies. It was during his connection with the Waldos, that he made his first attempt as a political writer. The act of Parliament, of 1767, imposing taxes on the Colonies, struck directly upon the business, in which those gentlemen were engaged. In the year following, the act was carried into operation in the case of a vessel belonging to Mr. Hancock, on which occasion the public mind was strongly excited, and the persons of the officers of the crown were assaulted, and their property destroyed. Soon afterwards, two regiments of British soldiers arrived and were encamped in the town.

During the excitement of this period, an article appeared in one of the newspapers, which attracted the attention of Samuel Adams, and his associates, who held frequent meetings in a small wooden building in Milk-street, then occupied by Samuel Shed. Mr. Shed kept a respectable grocery store in the front and lived with his family in the rear. His inner parlor was well known as

the place where these leaders of the opposition to British tyranny congregated. There it was, that the first idea of Independence suggested itself to these men. There it was, that the freedom of the country from the British yoke was conceived by the little band of noble spirits, that boldly pushed forward to accomplish it.

Mr. Adams and his colleagues were astonished at the energy and boldness of this article, and wondered the more that it had been written and published without their previous assent. Who was this new and unknown ally? They sent for the printer. He was unable to inform them. He had received it anonymously, and could give no indication of the author. It was followed by others of equal ability. But the secret, though carefully kept from the public, and especially from the custom-house commissioners, was not long undiscovered by this conclave of Patriots. They soon ascertained that the writer was Benjamin Austin, Jun. and under their direction, the pen of this young man was repeatedly employed to aid their plans.\*

The Revolution broke up the business of the Waldos. I have not been able to obtain any precise information of Mr. Austin's employment during the period, which followed their embarrassments, but am inclined to believe that he was engaged with them in the arrangement and settlement of their widely-extended affairs. In 1784, he was in England, making preparations for a mercantile partnership with his only brother, then just formed,

\* This anecdote was related by Mr. Austin himself to the gentleman, to whom I am indebted for it. I am not able to state in what paper these articles appeared, — though it was doubtless Edes & Gill's Boston Gazette, as the other publishers were extremely cautious of inserting articles that might subject them to the resentment of the officers of government.

under the firm of Jonathan L. & Benjamin Austin, and which was continued through the greater part of his life. In addition to their commercial transactions, this firm was engaged for some years in the manufacture of cordage, having extensive works for this purpose, at the foot of Beacon Hill.

It was soon after this, that Mr. Austin became a steady correspondent of the Chronicle. The financial affairs of the country, the embarrassments of trade, the excessive importations of British goods by British agents, and many other causes of public excitement, afforded him subjects for comment. While the Constitution of the United States was a subject of interesting discussion, his pen was not inactive; and when that instrument was submitted to the people for their decision, he reviewed some of its features, with expressions of distrust that they would prove too aristocratical in their results, and lead to the creation of privileged orders, that might be destructive of the liberties of the people.

Mr. Austin was several times a member of the Legislature, both as a representative of the town of Boston, and as a Senator from the county of Suffolk. In 1801, he was appointed by Mr. Jefferson, then President of the United States, to the office of Commissioner of Loans, — an office, which he held many years, and the duties of which he discharged with distinguished talent and fidelity. He was twice elected a member of the Board of Selectmen of Boston. It was soon after his second election to that office, that he died, on the 4th of May, 1820, in the 69th year of his age.

The personal and private character of Mr. Austin was much misunderstood, — and, perhaps, often mis-

represented, — in consequence of the violent political passions, which agitated the public mind, during many years of his life. He was an ardent advocate of the political principles of Thomas Jefferson, and a conscientious defender of popular rights. This attachment to Jefferson brought him in conflict with the leading Federalists of his day, and rendered him an object of vituperation and wrath. But, whatever may have been said of him, by those who were opposed to him in politics, and however severely he may have handled those, whom he thought pursuing a course inconsistent with the honor and prosperity of the country, he was exemplary in all the relations of social life, — a good neighbor, a kind friend, a pleasant and agreeable companion. He was a man of considerable wit and humor. Sometimes he ridiculed his political opponents with great effect. His conversation was remarkable for its good-natured tone, and though his remarks were occasionally spiced with a little sarcasm, they were not tinged with offensive bitterness. He was unmercifully lampooned in the federal newspapers, and his personal appearance was caricatured in a work called a "Review of the Jacobiniad." But I believe he never sought legal redress for any of the multifarious libels, that he endured from political opponents.

The Chronicle was indebted, mainly, to Mr. Austin for its influence and success. His contributions were entirely gratuitous. He lived at the corner of Hancock and Cambridge-streets, and transacted business in State-street or on Long Wharf. It was his ordinary custom, while on his way from his residence to his place of business, to stop at the Chronicle office, — to have a chat

with the editors, and to write a paragraph, — perhaps an essay, — for the paper. The office was also frequented by several of the prominent men of the party, to which he belonged. Frequently, while they were in earnest conversation, Mr. Austin would write paragraph after paragraph, uninterrupted by the conversation and often joining in it. He often wrote articles of considerable length, in such circumstances, on the back of a hand-bill or on any scrap of paper that first fell in his way. For twenty years, at least, hardly a number of the *Chronicle* was issued, that did not contain something from the pen of Mr. Austin. His style was vigorous and clear, and though he wrote with great rapidity, and seldom revised what he had written, his sentences are in general, symmetrically constructed, and seldom (though still too often) disfigured by the interpolation of foreign words and phrases ; — a species of affectation, which frequently disgraces the composition of many, who make high pretensions to scholarship. I believe he never attempted to conceal the origin of any thing, which he wrote, though innumerable paragraphs were published without a signature. But his longer and more important contributions are signed “ *Honestus* ” and “ *Old South.* ” So numerous were his writings under the first of these signatures, and so well was he known as the writer, that he was as frequently spoken of by the newspaper epithet as by his real name. It passed into a by-word among his political opponents, on the Exchange, and in the public streets. The essays of *Honestus* were begun in March, 1786. The first number was entitled “ *Some Observations on the Practice of the Law, offered for the serious consideration of the Legislature ;* ” and this sub-

ject was pursued through a long series of communications, which very naturally produced essays of an opposite character, some of which were published in the Chronicle, but they were chiefly in the Centinel. The following lines stand as a motto to the first essay of Honestus: —

When will Benevolence the Lawyer warm?  
 Or when plain Honesty the Courtier charm?  
 How flames my blood, indignant at the thought  
 That Laws are bartered; human Passions bought!  
 That men no more the soft sensations feel,  
 And gold — cursed gold, — the bosom turns to steel.

In 1798, Mr. Austin wrote several articles under this same signature, in defence of the policy of President Adams, who, it will be remembered, entertained views somewhat different from those of Alexander Hamilton and other Federalists, in relation to a war with France. For this he was assailed by writers in the federal papers, but by none other with quite so much vulgarity as one in the Mercury, who began his attack in this fashion: —

“HONESTUS” — A hungry, lean-faced fellow,  
 A mere anatomy, a rope-maker,  
 An envious, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch;  
 This living dead man, this incessant scribe,  
 Forsooth, took on him as a chronicler,  
 And, with no face, out-facing federal foes,  
 Cries out, They are possessed.

Who would have thought it? Honestus is again in print. This abominable *booby* has not yet learnt that he is universally despised, and his doings and looks are alike *sickening*. . . .

The rest need not be quoted. A portion of the essays signed “Old South” were republished in 1803, in an octavo volume of more than three hundred pages. In an introductory number, he refers to the town-meetings,

which had been held in the Old South Meeting-house, when the merits of the British treaty of 1794 were the subject of discussion, and adds, — “To commemorate this important era, the signature of *Old South* is now taken.”

The contents of this volume, — if now read, — will excite sentiments very different from those, with which their first publication was received. Readers of this and future generations, who have taken, or may take, the character of Mr. Austin, from traditionary report, or from the effusions of newspaper writers of the period, in which he lived and wrote, will probably be surprised to find nothing that is inconsistent with public order or private morality — no single line or sentiment, in violation of the duties of a Christian or an honest man. In his Prefatory Address, he remarks : —

Harmony, peace and moderation depend on the body of *republican citizens*, acting upon one consolidated principle in support of the constitution and laws of the government. An union of republicans and monarchists can never be expected; an union with those who advocate unnecessary taxes and those who are opposed to them, is chimerical; an union of those, who use scurrility and defamation, with those, who substantiate their measures by reason and sound policy, is reversing every logical decision; an union with friends of order and the revilers of an administration, which inculcates peace abroad and harmony at home, is as impossible as a cordiality between God and mammon. The union sought after depends on the candid deliberation of the well-disposed citizens, whose happiness is involved in the permanency of a wise and economical administration. An union of this kind may be effected; as we have reason to think that many honest men have been in opposition, from the arts and intrigues of such classes as are above-described; and we charitably hope, a pre-eminent character,\* now in retirement, is convinced that he was deceived by them, who pretended the highest friendship towards him. We ever wish to revere his character for the part he took during our revolution; and we pray God that his last days may be employed in exposing those culprits, who pretend to venerate him, while they eulogize the man,† who attempted to blast his name with infamy and reproach.

\* John Adams.

† Alexander Hamilton.

Taking this ground, the author has considered the various subjects contemplated. He has noticed every individual in his *political character*. As private men, he estimates them in proportion to their social virtues, and does not wish to invalidate whatever may be essential to their moral rectitude. He acknowledges to have written with freedom; but the controversy of the present day, as connected with the future happiness of our common country, demands an unequivocal investigation of men and measures. He is willing to stand the test of principles; and, for this purpose only, has he consented to give his name as a voucher for the sincerity of his observations.

The cause of *real, undefiled religion*, as inculcated in the *Gospel*, he is ever desirous to espouse; and if any remarks on its professors appear pungent, it is for the sole purpose of discriminating between piety and hypocrisy. Neither would he uncharitably condemn all such men as differ from him, as hypocrites or apostates; yet the severity and indecency, with which some have replied to his remarks, justify him in administering the *tartar of retaliation*.

Those, who wish to be more particularly informed of the character of Mr. Austin's intellectual capacities, the power of his political prejudices and predilections, and the motives, by which he was animated as a writer, will do well to consult his published writings, — but an inconsiderable part of which are contained in the volume here referred to.

In 1806, an incident of a most extraordinary and agitating nature occurred, in the fatal consequences of which Mr. Austin and his family were deeply and painfully involved. The fever of political animosity was at its height. Each political party projected a celebration of the 4th of July. The Federalists held their festival in Fanueil Hall; the Republicans had theirs on Copp's Hill. The entertainment was provided for the Republicans, by a man who kept a tavern in Charlestown; that for the Federalists by the man who kept the public house, known as Concert Hall. A few days after the celebration, rumors were circulated about the town that the Republicans had a difficulty in settling their account



with the contractor for their dinner, and this rumor was accompanied with reproachful comments in the federal papers. As an offset, it was stated in the Chronicle that the tavern-keeper, who supplied the entertainment for their party, was paid, and that "a receipt in full could be produced for every minutiae furnished on that occasion," and added, "Let the federal gentry produce a receipt in full for their entertainment." This was followed up by paragraphs and communications, by both parties, of a character highly irritating, and tending to exasperate passions, that were easily inflamed. The persons more immediately concerned in carrying on this unfortunate controversy were Mr. Austin, who was chairman of the republican committee, and Thomas O. Selfridge, who was one of the most active members of the federal party. A controversy had arisen between the federal committee and some of the persons, who contracted for the entertainment. Mr. Selfridge had been employed, professionally, to adjust the difference, and this gave to Mr. Austin occasion for some offensive remarks. On the fourth of August, the following notice appeared conspicuously in the Boston Gazette:—

## AUSTIN POSTED.

BENJAMIN AUSTIN, Loan-Officer, having acknowledged that he has circulated an infamous falsehood concerning my professional conduct, in a certain case, and having refused to give the satisfaction due to a gentleman in similar cases:—I hereby publish said Austin as a COWARD, a LIAR, and a SCOUNDREL; and if the said Austin has the effrontery to deny any part of the charge, he shall be silenced by the most irrefragable proof.

THOMAS O. SELFRIDGE.

P. S. The various editors in the United States are requested to insert the above notice in their journals; and their bills shall be paid to their respective agents in this town.

The Chronicle and Gazette being issued on the same

morning, a considerable number of copies of the Chronicle had passed through the press, before the Gazette was seen by Mr. Austin. A part of the edition of the Chronicle contained the following : —

Considering it derogatory to enter into a newspaper controversy with one *T. O. Selfridge*, in reply to his insolent and FALSE publication in the Gazette of this day ; if any *gentleman* is desirous to know the facts on which his *impertinence* is founded, any information will be given by me on the subject.

BENJAMIN AUSTIN.

Boston, Aug. 4.

☞ Those who publish Selfridge's statement are requested to insert the above, and they shall be paid on presenting their bills.

About one o'clock of the day, on which these publications appeared, Charles, a son of Mr. Austin, and Mr. Selfridge met on the side-walk, on the south side of State-street, not far from the corner of Congress-street. No person was near enough to hear any words that might have passed between them. In less than a minute after they met, Selfridge was seen to draw a pistol from his pocket, and discharge it at Austin. Austin instantly struck Selfridge, — or at him, — with a small stick he had in his hand, and fell from the side-path on to the pavement, and, without speaking, expired, — the blood gushing from his mouth. The ball had entered his breast, just below the left pap, and passed through the body. This sad and agonizing event, the judicial proceedings, which followed, and the acquittal of the man, whom the jury of inquest charged with murder, had a deep and painful influence on the after-life of Mr. Austin. The expressions of sympathy were many and sincere, even from political adversaries. Whatever provocation might have been given by the bitterness of political controversy, it is certain that none, but the most implacably

vindictive, could fail to be softened by a knowledge of the agony of this tremendous infliction, and by the suffering it carried into the midst of a family, which his domestic habits and attachments had made the centre of all his affections.

Charles Austin was in the nineteenth year of his age. He was a member of the Senior class of Harvard College. He acquired the rudiments of a collegiate education at Phillips Academy, in Andover, and had frequently received from the instructors in that institution, as well as those at Harvard, testimonials of approbation. The Faculty of the College had assigned to him one of the highest parts in the exercises of the Commencement, that was then soon to follow. His friends looked forward to that day, with pleasing anticipations of a performance, that would justify the estimate they had formed of his talents and principles. He died by the hand of violence, in the midst of his hopes. His funeral was attended by a long procession of citizens of Boston and the neighboring towns.\* The pall was supported, and the corpse preceded, by the Senior class of Harvard College, and followed, immediately after the relatives, by the President, Professors, and Tutors of that institution.

For many weeks succeeding this tragedy, the Chronicle poured out its anathemas on the Federalists, whom it charged with art, intrigue, and deception, and a desire to stifle all investigation of their measures, even by the use of the pistol. The "Reflections" of the editors, and the communications of correspondents, were not adapted to allay excitement. The federal papers of

\* See Independent Chronicle, August 7 and 11, 1806.

Boston maintained a general silence in relation to the subject; but numerous letters, written from Boston, were published in other places, and tended to provoke a continuance of the animadversions of the Chronicle. The charge of Chief Justice Parsons to the Grand Jury, at the commencement of the term of the Court when Selfridge was to be tried, occasioned elaborate comments in the Chronicle, many of which bore evident marks of legal knowledge in the writer, and practical investigation of the laws concerning murder, manslaughter, and homicide. The reader who may wish to examine the articles relating to these exciting transactions, may gratify his curiosity by consulting the columns of the Chronicle, for several months succeeding the beginning of August, 1806.

During some of the later years of his life, — after the asperities of political hostility had, in some measure, become softened, and the federal party had dissolved its organization, — Mr. Austin continued to indulge his disposition to write for newspapers, and wrote several columns of criticism on the theatre — exposing what he thought the immoralities, vulgarities, and absurdities of the stage. Though amusing enough, and not always unworthy of the consideration of the reflecting philosopher and moralist, these essays added nothing to his reputation as a writer. Literary reputation, indeed, he never coveted. The field of politics was that, in which it seemed he was created to labor, and in that field he had ample employment.

There were other writers of considerable notoriety, who contributed political communications, — among whom were Perez Morton, afterwards the attorney-general of the Commonwealth, and Dr. Charles Jarvis.

The last-named gentleman was often a representative from Boston in the General Court, before the federal party gained the entire ascendancy. He was celebrated for his oratorical powers, which were really of a high order. I am not able to identify the writings of either of these gentlemen, nor those of numerous others, who frequented the office of the Chronicle, and aided the editor in his labors.

From an obituary notice in the Chronicle of September 24, 1798, it appears that Thomas Greenleaf had at some time been employed as editor or assistant editor of the paper. It is there said, — “He was a steady, uniform, zealous supporter of the Rights of Humanity ; a warm friend to civil and religious liberty, unawed by persecution or prosecution, both of which it has, not unfrequently, been his lot to experience. He loved his country ; and if, at any time, as Editor of this paper, he dipped his pen in gall, and exercised it with unusual severity, it was occasioned by that strong abhorrence he felt against political apostacy, and the fervor of his wishes to preserve the Constitution from encroachment.”

Though the leading traits in the character of the Chronicle were of a strong political complexion, yet there are many evidences that the conductors, — at least, from the time of Adams & Nourse, — were not deficient in literary taste. Their selections of poetry, which often occupied an appropriate corner, were frequently of a higher character than ordinary. The origin of the piece which follows, is unknown. It is introduced by a note, saying it was suggested by a passage in Edwards’s History of the West Indies, which describes the once celebrated “Obi,” — a farrago, composed of blood, feathers,

parrots' beaks, broken bottles, grave dirt, rum, and egg shells. By the proper mixture of these ingredients, the negroes imagined they could effect the destruction of their enemies : —

#### THE NEGRO INCANTATION.

HAIL ! ye sacred horrors, hail !  
Which, brooding o'er this lonely vale,  
Swell the heart, impearl the eye,  
And raise the rapt soul to the sky.  
Hail ! spirits of the swarthy dead,  
Who flitting through the dreary shade,  
To rouse your sons to vengeance fell,  
Nightly raise the troublous yell !  
Hail ! Minister of Ill, whose iron power  
Pervades resistless earth, and sea, and air,  
Shed all thy influence on this solemn hour,  
When we with magic rites the white man's doom prepare.  
Thus Congo spokē, " what time the moon,  
" Riding in her highest noon,"  
New beamed upon the sable crowd,  
Now vanished in the thickening cloud.  
' Twas silence all — with frantic look,  
His spells the hoary wizard took ;  
Bending o'er the quivering flame,  
Convulsion shook his giant frame ;  
Close and more close the shuddering captives throng,  
With breath repressed, and straining eye they wait,  
When midst the plantains bursts the awful song,  
The words of mystic might, that seal their tyrant's fate.  
Haste ! the magick shreds prepare —  
Thus the white man's corse we tear,  
Lo ! feathers from the raven's plume,  
That croaks our proud oppressor's doom.  
Now to aid the potent spell,  
Crush we next the brittle shell —  
Fearful omen to the foe,  
Look ! the blanchèd bones we throw.  
From mouldering graves we stole this hallowed earth,  
Which mixed with blood, winds up the mystic charm ;  
Wide yawns the grave for all of northern birth,  
And soon shall smoke with blood each sable warrior's arm.

Hark! the pealing thunders roll,  
 Grateful to the troubled soul.  
 See! the gleamy lightnings play,  
 To point you to your destined prey,  
 Hence! with silent foot and flow,  
 And sudden strike the deadly blow:  
 Your foes, the balmy shade beneath,  
 Lie locked in sleep — their sleep is death!  
 Go! let the memory of the smarting throng  
 Outlead the pity that would prompt to save;  
 Go let the oppressor's contumelious wrong,  
 Twice nerve the hero's arm, and make the coward brave.

Of the original *political* poetry the following specimen must suffice. It was written at Suffield, Conn. and proposed as a Psalm for the Fast Day, appointed by the President of the United States, to be observed in the beginning of May, 1798. It will be perceived that it is a parody on Dr. Watts's version: —

PSALM FOR THE FEDERAL FAST.

To the tune of the 148th Psalm.

Ye federal States combine,  
 In solemn Fast and Prayer;  
 And urge the powers divine  
 To drive us into war;  
     With voices strong,                      On pension list  
     Each Federalist                        Begin the song.

Thy voice, O Pickering, raise,  
 And Wolcott join the song;  
 Sing to Britannia's praise,  
 Let Jay the strain prolong;  
     Your ancient friend,            In this dark hour  
     Ye men in power,                With zeal defend.

The British Empire, lo!  
 In matchless order stands,  
 Or moves, when bid to go  
 By Guelph's supreme commands;  
     He sends his fleet,                In reverence low  
     And France must bow            At George's feet.

For bribery moved their *wheels*  
 Through many ages past,  
 And each his word fulfils  
 While cash and credit last.  
     In different ways      You hope the fame  
     Your works proclaim ;      You so much praise.  
 Let all the WELL-BORN race  
     With SIMPLE MEN unite,  
 Three frigates cleave the seas  
     And haughty Frenchmen fight ;  
     Both sea and shore      And still display  
     Their tribute pay,      Our wondrous power.  
 Ye Clergy, on this day  
     On Politics discourse,  
 And when ye rise to pray,  
     Both France and Frenchmen curse ;  
     For you 've a right      Exhort and teach  
     To pray and preach,      Mankind to fight.  
 Ye funding gentry, join  
     In Hamiltonian choir,  
 And all your strength combine  
     To blow the warlike fire :  
     Our debt will then      That when we 've peace  
     So much increase,      We 'll fund again.  
 Ye Federal Judges, too,  
     Devoutly pray for war ;  
 You 've little now to do  
     In distributing Law.  
     Nor let the *dream*      Make you forget  
     Of power and state      The *power supreme*.  
 Let Hartford wits proceed  
     To sing John Adams' praise,  
 Canaan's poets feed  
     Shall high his *honours* raise ;  
     Then will the song      And through the air  
     Join well with prayer ;      Waft smooth along.  
 Let all the States attend,  
     At this his solemn call,  
 To curse their ancient *friend*  
     And bless our rulers all :  
     For this' the day,      Through the whole land  
     That, heart and hand,      For WAR we pray.



The following piece is said to be the production of "a minor." As poetry, it may not survive the test of severe criticism ; but as a specimen of juvenile composition, imbued with moral sentiment, it may be worthy of republication in this place : —

## MEDITATIONS AND VISION OF CASSEM.

## A MORAL TALE.

To give my mind a short reprieve,  
I passed a pleasant summer's eve,  
On Lima's western hill.

Above my head, thro' space profound,  
The stars, like diamonds, twinkled round,  
Whose revolutions know no bound,  
But the Eternal will.

The moon, with solemn pomp, had spread,  
Her silver brightness, through the shade.

I view'd the landscape o'er.  
Here, the whole town lies sunk in sleep ;  
There, rugged deserts vast and deep ;  
While waves, beneath the mountains creep,  
And nod against the shore.

I felt a transport, more refined,  
Than can be felt, but by a mind  
Free from a guilty stain ;  
And as I melted with delight,  
Imagination took her flight,  
And left the gloomy shades of night,  
To seek the Elysian plain :

Methought I saw, the happy few,  
Searching the depths of nature too,  
But with enlarg'd ken ;  
(Said I) Oh Cassem ! do not these,  
Indulge the same propensities,  
Do they not search Infinities,  
And contemplate, like men ?

Their faith to ample vision flows ;  
They view the systems, that compose  
The universal frame ;

Here, the first stars, like suns, appear,  
 And spread their influence far and near,  
 While their respective planets, here,  
     Wheel round in liquid flame.

Thus musing, I myself forgot;  
 But now a philosophic thought,  
     Perplexed my troubled breast;  
 I started back, but how, (said I,  
 Can immateriality,  
 Possess a sensual quality?

Or, how is void imprest?  
 Can they see verdure, without eyes?  
 Or, hear the music of the skies,  
     Without the ears of men?  
 Spices, in vain, perfume the air,  
 If smelling be extinguished there;  
 And, without taste, the trees would bear  
     Their blushing fruit in vain.

As thus I sat, confus'd with doubt,  
 I chanced to turn my eyes about,  
     And saw a form divine;  
 Celestial love dawn'd in his face;  
 A voice of majesty, and grace,  
 Commanded me t' approach the place;  
     My willing feet incline.

' Cassem! (said he) draw near, attend,  
 ' I am the Genius your friend:  
     ' No more perplex thy mind;  
 ' Of what avail is it to thee,  
 ' To know how they converse, or see?  
 ' Cease, then, thy curiosity,  
     ' For God is wise and kind.

' Oh Cassem! be assured of this,  
 ' However formed, their happiness  
     Exceeds a glimmering thought;  
 ' Body and soul shall reunite,  
 ' Dust shall revive, forever bright  
 ' And vigorous, as morning light,  
     ' Without a guilty spot.

' Inquire no more, how this shall be;  
 ' Go to the Persian looms, and see  
     ' The little shining worm;

' He winds the nest, wherein he lies,  
' Completes his work, contracts, and dies ;  
' Yet you behold this insect rise,  
    ' A most surprizing form.  
' It was a worm, despised and slow ;  
' On gilded wings, it flutters now,  
    ' A little kind of bird ;  
' How much improved is its dress,  
' Adorned, in all its loveliness,  
' While every gem, with readiness,  
    ' Its native tint conferred.  
' Here, you behold, in miniature,  
' The glories of that wondrous hour ;  
    ' Let this inspire thy heart :  
' Cassem ! regard the specimen ;  
' Thy dust shall be inspir'd again,  
' And ever shine ; hope humbly then,  
    ' But study to depart.'

Here, ceased the heavenly messenger,  
When lo ! the music of the air  
    Filled me with sweet surprize.  
Anon, the Genius soared away,  
And, as I traced his wondrous way,  
I turned, and saw the dawning day,  
    Smile in the eastern skies.

The Chronicle was a zealous advocate and sturdy supporter of the war of 1812.

## THE PENNSYLVANIA JOURNAL

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**WILLIAM BRADFORD**, the grandson of that William Bradford, who was the first person that followed the business of printing in Pennsylvania, was born in New-York. He was adopted by an uncle, — Andrew Bradford, — who, having no children of his own, educated him as his son, and instructed him in the art of printing. In 1741, he visited England, and returned in 1742, with printing materials and a stock of books, and immediately began business as a printer and bookseller. In December of that year, he began the publication of a newspaper, under the title of *The Pennsylvania Journal*, which was continued by him and his successors for more than sixty years.

This paper was devoted to the cause of freedom from the dominion of Great Britain. The only volume of it, which I have seen, embraces the publication from January 3, 1765, to December 25, 1766 — a period of great interest in the history of our country. Among other articles of importance, is the discussion concerning “the appointment of Mr. Franklin as agent for the Province.” It may not be generally known, that Franklin was suspected by some persons, of advising to the enactment of the Stamp Act. The *Journal* of January 10, 1765, contains a letter from John Hughes, de-

sending Franklin against the remarks of an anonymous writer in a former paper. The annexed extract from this article may serve as a specimen of the style of the writer, who was, afterwards, appointed commissioner of stamps for the province of Pennsylvania, and was active in carrying the act into effect : —

Permit me to whisper one piece of advice in your ear. Tell your friends, that their money, their offices and pride seem to have effected their senses, that they whose *originals* are like the fountains of the Nile unknown, ought to treat with tenderness and caution, the honest tradesmen and mechanics of Philadelphia, many of whom are on a level with, if not greatly superior, to themselves with respect to family, fortune, understanding and merit. Let them know that they have been out in their policy, when they instructed you to endeavour to ridicule me on account of my having been once a *tradesman*. For if it be disgraceful to be an honest *farmer* or *mechanic*, I glory in my disgrace. Tell them that the wealth, strength, liberty and prosperity of the province are owing to the labour, industry, vigilance, and steadiness of these men, and these chiefly. And tell them seriously one thing more, that should another occasion be given, their own origins shall be traced as far as they can be discovered. Where perhaps we shall find some at the *petty work* of filing the brazen wire and forming the heads of pins; others at the laborious toil of *plying the oars* of an *unwielded flat*; others at pushing the *awl* and drawing the waxen thread through the greasy *leather*, or as your present *Poet Laureat* has formerly observed

“ *From patching shoes have rose to patch the state ;*”

others with difficulty emerging from the disabled state of *Bankruptcy*; and others . . . but I forbear the ignominious and infamous part of the catalogue. Nothing shall prevail on me, but the highest aggravation, to tarnish the characters of the living with the crimes of the dead. Know this that merit is the only true nobility. . . .

“ *A wit's a feather and a chief's a rod,*

“ *An honest man's the noblest work of God.*”

And that this nobility is as often to be found among the honest *Farmers, Mechanics, and Tradesmen* of *Pennsylvania*, as among those who affect the character of *gentlemen*, and assume the airs of *quality*. But if you dare not be thus free with them for fear of *losing your bread*, desist however from ridiculing mankind, on account of their trades and

occupations, lest you gnaw a file which will render you toothless, and incapable of biting forever.

Hughes was a Tory and a hypocrite as is manifest from several of his letters to the commissioner of the stamp-office in London, published in the Journal of September 4, 1766.

The Journal of October 31, 1765, has its pages enclosed in broad black lines, with the picture of a skull and bones, a spade and pick-axe, and other emblems of mortality, over the title ; under the title is printed in large type : —

**EXPIRING:** In Hopes of a Resurrection to **LIFE** again.

At the head of the first column is a notice from the editor, saying, — “ I am sorry to be obliged to acquaint my readers, that, as the Stamp act is feared to be obligatory upon us after the *First of November* evening, (the *fatal* To-morrow,) the Publisher, unable to bear the Burthen, has thought it expedient to stop awhile, in order to deliberate, whether any methods can be found to elude the chains forged for us, and escape the insupportable Slavery ; which, it is hoped, from the just representations now made against this Act, may be effected. Meanwhile I must earnestly request every individual of my Subscribers, that they would immediately discharge their respective arrears, that I may be able, not only to support myself during the Interval, but be the better prepared to proceed again with the paper, whenever an opening for that purpose appears, which I hope will be soon.

**WILLIAM BRADFORD.”**

Running along the border of the first page is the following : —

**Adieu, adieu, to the LIBERTY of the PRESS.**

At the foot of the last column of the third page are the words, "Farewell LIBERTY." At the foot of the third column of the fourth page, is a cut representing a coffin, underneath which is the inscription : —

The last Remains of  
The PENNSYLVANIA JOURNAL,  
Which departed this Life, the 31st of October, 1765,  
Of a STAMP in her Vitals,  
Aged 23 Years.

It seems, however, that the publication was not discontinued. The next paper is destitute of the title, and in its place are the words, "*No Stamp-Paper* to be had." In the next succeeding publication, the title is restored, and remains unchanged, except by the addition of a very handsome device, representing an open volume, on which appears the word JOURNAL; underneath the volume is a ship under sail; the volume is supported by two figures, one, a female representing Fame with her trumpet, the other an aboriginal American, with his bow and arrows.

Accompanying the first publication in January, 1766, are the following verses, printed on a quarter of a sheet of writing paper, and which are the earliest that I have met with in this department of Newspaper Literature : —

THE NEW-YEAR VERSES  
OF  
THE PRINTER'S LADS, WHO CARRY  
THE  
PENNSYLVANIA JOURNAL  
*To the Customers.*

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 1ST, 1776.

She comes! She comes! — I hear the festive Sound,  
The Goddess comes! — Let Hills and Vales resound!  
Before her Car the white-wing'd Minutes fly,  
And Light unbars the Portals of the Sky.

Old *Phæbus*, rolling up the eastern Way,  
 Exultant leads the rosy-featur'd Day,  
 While grim-ey'd Darkness, from Night's sable Rear  
 Retiring, scowls upon the new-born Year.

Then Fancy, haste, and with thee bring along,  
 To grace the Scene, *Apollo's* tuneful Throng.  
 Fair *Clio*, haste, our eager Souls inspire,  
 And shake soft Music from your dulcet Lyre.  
 'Tis done: — And lo where springs the Fount of Day,  
 The blooming Sisters wing their orient Way.  
 "Hoarse *Delaware* the joyful Tidings brings,  
 "And all his Swans, transported, clap their Wings."

No more stern War, exulting in her Slain,  
 Horrific stalks along the gory Plain.  
*Peace*, blue-ey'd Goddess, gave the mild Command,  
 And bade Destruction hold his ruthless Hand.  
 Contending Nations heard the pow'rful Word,  
 And all obedient sheath'd the reeky Sword!  
 Yon wilder'd Scenes where oft at Midnight drear,  
 The gloomy Savage roam'd devoid of Fear,  
 Religion there shall build her radiant Shrine,  
 And Science blossom to the latest Time.  
 There too at Eve, along the dewy Grove,  
 Shall future *Popes* and future *Miltons* rove.  
*Ohio's* Banks, where gentle *Braddock* fell,  
 No more shall learn th' infernal savage Yell;  
 No more its Streams, deep-dy'd with Warrior's Gore,  
 Shall roll their crimson Billows from the Shore.  
 In after Times, some venerable Seer  
 Shall tell his hapless Story with a Tear;  
 How there, the Wound unable to sustain,  
 He, undistinguish'd, join'd th' uncoffin'd Slain.

Charm'd into Peace, within the breezy Shade,  
 The painted Boy shall woo his nut-brown Maid.  
 His melting Tale shall soothe her list'ning Ear,  
 And from her bosom force the tender Tear.  
 She too when Evening hushes all the Plain,  
 With Haste shall run to meet her faithful Swain,  
 Within the Grove, where o'er the Mountain's Height,  
 The full-orb'd *Cynthia* sheds her maiden Light.  
 There first her tender Breast shall catch the Flame,  
 And glow and tremble with the pleasing Pain;



The rising Blush Love's conscious Pow'r shall own,  
And speak a Passion to the Maid unknown.

But ah, my Muse! — what sudden Horrors rise!  
The smiling Prospect swims before my Eyes!  
What boding Sadness checks my ling'ring Mind! /  
I hear a Voice in each low Gust of Wind.  
'Tis he! 'tis he! Oh hide the dreadful Scene,  
Rise, Mountains, rise, and boundless Worlds between!  
Tis he, whom late in Victory array'd,  
We hail'd triumphant in the peaceful Shade! \*  
As lost in Thought, along *Ontario's* Shore,  
The Indian Sage new Wonders shall explore,  
His gentle Form shall startle on his View,  
And all his throbbing Soul shall bleed anew.  
O sacred Shade! if yet thou deign'st to hear,  
Forgive this rude involuntary Tear;  
And as bright-mounted on the Wings of Day,  
Thou rid'st sublime along th' empyreal Way,  
When War arous'd leads on his hardy Train,  
And all the Battle gleams along the Plain,  
Then let thy Guardian-Spirit hover nigh,  
And teach to conquer, or, untam'd, to die.

In September, this year, Bradford took into partnership his son, Thomas Bradford, and the Journal was thenceforth published by William and Thomas Bradford.

The Journal of September 4, 1766, is nearly filled with letters from John Hughes (before mentioned) to the Commissioner of the Stamp-office in London, from which it is manifest that he was a Tory and a hypocrite. He complained, in the next paper, that some anonymous persons, with a view of hurting his reputation, and serving their purpose at the approaching election, (Hughes was a member of the Legislature) had furnished copies of these letters, which were not genuine, &c. He pronounced them forgeries, and commenced an action

\* General Bouquet.

against the printers, as he said, "in order to do himself justice."

To this notice, the editors annexed an article written with dignified manliness and courtesy, but with becoming severity against Hughes, whose notice they called a "fresh instance of his regard to the Liberties of his fellow-subjects, in his impotent but ill-natured attempt against the Liberty of the Press." They proceed to say : —

His suing the Printers of the Pennsylvania Journal, for printing an exact copy of his own letters, is no more than the ill-judged effect of that insatiable passion which he has, to trample upon the most sacred Rights and Privileges of British subjects in America. The letters themselves, which are but the history of his own conduct for a considerable time past, plainly discover how heartily and passionately he wished for the favourable opportunity which would put it into the power of this excellent patriot, to execute the detestable STAMP ACT, which no American can mention without abhorrence, and to reduce the free born Sons of Britain to a state of the most wretched slavery. What else can be the meaning of his barefaced Falsehood, in representing North-America as in a state of absolute rebellion against the best of Kings, and in using all his feeble endeavours to excite his Majesty and his Ministers to send over an armed force to quell us, as he modestly terms it? But such is his insensibility to all the dictates of Honour or publick Virtue, that to compleat his character, he would now attempt to demolish the Liberty of the Press, that invaluable privilege of a free people; because through that channel his hidden arts are brought to Light.

'Tis but a piece of justice to the public, to let them know his last effort to prop his sinking character, which has long laboured under violent suspicions. He procured a writ for the printers of his letters, on Saturday last, which was executed by the Sheriff on Monday morning following; as twelve hundred pounds damages were marked upon the writ, the printers sent him a notice about 12 o'clock, to appear before a Magistrate to shew cause of action; but he refused to appear. At 4 o'clock, the same afternoon, they sent him another notice, to appear for the same purpose at 10 o'clock the next day, and informed him, that unless he appeared, they would move for a discharge from the arrest. But such was the consciousness of his guilt, that he refused again to

appear, and as he could not be compelled by law to shew cause of action, the arrest was accordingly discharged. We are only the printers of a free and impartial paper, and we challenge Mr. Hughes and the world, to convict us of partiality in this respect, or of even an inclination to restrain the freedom of the press in any instance. We can appeal to North-America not only for our impartiality as printers, but also for the great advantages derived to us very lately from the unrestrained liberty, which every Briton claims of communicating his sentiments to the public thro' the channel of the press. What would have become of the liberties of the British Colonies in North-America, if Mr. Hughes's calls on Great Britain had been heard, to restrain the printers here from publishing what he is pleased to stile *inflammatory pieces*, and if every prostitute scribbler, and enemy to his country had been suffered, without control from the pens of true patriots, to rack their distempered brains, to find out arguments to gull a free-born people into a tame submission to perpetual slavery, and to impose their flimsy cobwebs upon us, instead of solid and substantial reasoning? To the freedom of the press in America we may in a great measure attribute the continuance of those inherent and constitutional privileges, which we yet enjoy and which every Briton, who is not enslaved to private or party interests, prefers to his life. We cannot therefore doubt, but that the happiness, which now reigns through all the British plantations, will inspire every friend of his country with an honest and generous indignation against the wretch that would attempt to enslave his countrymen by restraints on the press.

We would now inform the publick, that the letters of Mr. Galloway and Mr. Hughes, which we printed in our last week's paper, were transmitted to Philadelphia, by Capt. Sparks, from a gentleman in London of character and integrity, who is a friend of North-America, and never was accounted capable of imposing upon the publick. They were publickly seen and read in the Coffee-Houses in London by great numbers, were laid before the Parliament, and are copied verbatim in their Books. They came as genuine into our hands, as such we laid them before the publick, and such, we have it in our power to prove them. But were there no other evidences of his writing the letters we printed, there may be sufficient Proofs of the Fact taken from the very letters themselves, to shew them the genuine Productions of his accurate pen.—Let not Mr. Hughes therefore think that his weak and faint denial of the Genuineness of the Letters will pass with the impartial world, as sufficient to overthrow such a Variety and Strength of Evidence, as the Public is already possessed of against him. Let him reconcile the assurances he has given to the Commissioners of the

*Stamp-office, that he would faithfully execute the stamp-office when it would be in his power, with his full resignation of it which he made to the public, before he can expect to be believed in any matter by his fellow-citizens.*

WILLIAM & THOMAS BRADFORD.

Subsequent papers contain "An Essay towards discovering the Authors and Promoters of the memorable Stamp Act, written by a gentleman in London to his friend in Philadelphia," in which the writer endeavors to prove that Dr. Franklin was guilty of duplicity in relation to the passage of that act; that in his intercourse with the British ministry, he approved and commended the measure, while, to the American people, he professed to oppose it; that he had nothing else in view, than to obtain a change in the government of Pennsylvania, and get himself placed at the head of it; and thus, grossly betraying his constituents, he could not be safely trusted as their agent.\*

WILLIAM BRADFORD was one of the first persons in the city of Philadelphia, to oppose the Stamp Act, and entertained uncompromising hostility to all the succeeding measures of the British government, in relation to the Colonies. He took arms in an early stage of the Revolutionary war: and although he had reached the age, at which the law exempts men from military service, he encountered the fatigues of a winter campaign, and performed duty as a major in the militia, in the memorable battle of Trenton. He shared the honors of the day at Princeton, and returned Colonel of the regiment, of which he went out Major. He was at Fort Mifflin when it was attacked by the Hessians, and in several other engagements. A few days before the

\* These changes are refuted in Sparks's Life of Franklin, "Continuation," chap. iv.

British troops took possession of Philadelphia, he was entrusted by the Governor with the command of the city, and the care of removing the stores. Having performed this service, he left the city as the enemy was entering it, and went to Fort Mifflin, where he remained till that fortress was evacuated. From that time, he remained at Trenton, till the British army left Philadelphia. He then returned to the city, and re-opened his printing-office, and resumed the publication of his paper, which had been suspended while the city was in the possession of the enemy. He returned from the hazards of public service with a broken constitution and depreciated property. A few years after he had an attack of paralysis, which ultimately proved fatal. Bradford complied, literally, with a resolve of the early Revolutionists, "to risk his life and fortune for the preservation of the liberties of his country." After the peace was established, he consoled himself under his misfortunes; and in his solitary hours, reflected with pleasure, that he had done all in his power to secure, for his country, a name among independent nations; and he frequently said to his children, "though I bequeath you no estate, I leave you in the enjoyment of liberty." \*

\* Thomas's History of Printing, vol. ii. pp. 50, 51.

## THE ESSEX JOURNAL.

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A PAPER entitled "The Essex Journal, and Merri-mack Packet; Or the Massachusetts and New-Hampshire General Advertiser," was published in Newburyport. "It was issued from the press, December 4, 1773, by Isaiah Thomas, printed on a crown sheet folio, equal in size to most of the papers then published in Boston. At first its day of publication was Saturday, afterward Wednesday. Two cuts were in the title; one, the left, representing the arms of the Province, that on the right, a ship under sail. Imprint, — 'Newbury-Port: Printed by Isaiah Thomas and Henry Walter Tinges, in King-street, opposite the Rev. Mr. Parsons's Meeting-house,' &c. Thomas was the proprietor of the Journal; he lived in Boston, and there published the Massachusetts Spy. Tinges, as a partner in the Journal, managed the concerns of it. Before the expiration of a year, Thomas sold his right in the paper to Ezra Lunt; and, about two years after, Lunt sold to John Mycall. Tinges was a partner to both; but to the latter only for about six months, when the partnership was dissolved, and Mycall became the sole publisher of the Essex Journal, — the publication of which he continued many years."

Thus far the history of this paper is given by Mr. Thomas, and nothing can be added, except a few speci-

mens of the composition of its editors and their correspondents. The first article in the first number is an address to the Public, signed Isaiah Thomas, stating, that, — “Many respectable Gentlemen, Friends to LITERATURE, having expressed their earnest desire that a PRINTING-OFFICE might be established in this populous Town, the Inhabitants in general being sensible of the great Want thereof, and the Patronage and Assistance they have kindly promised to give, has encouraged me to procure the necessary Apparatus for carrying on the PRINTING BUSINESS, and OPENING here; and animates me to hope that *every* PUBLIC SPIRITED GENTLEMAN, in this and the Places adjacent, will promote so USEFUL an Undertaking.”

This is followed by the conditions on which the paper was proposed to be published, and more than two columns of remarks on “the great utility of a Printing-Press,” and the circulation of newspapers; and an exposition of what the publishers considered to be their duty, and the principles by which they intended to govern their conduct. They promised, when political disputes ran high, readers might depend on *hearing both sides of the question*, “with the greatest impartiality.”

In the second number they returned their “sincere thanks to those gentlemen and ladies, who, by *their* encouragement, had so far *assisted* them, that Number II. of the Essex Journal, makes its appearance,” and, in the form, customary at that day, solicited further aid.

The first original articles are a couple of communications, ironically describing the advantages of patronizing “the much injured Lady TEA,” about whom the world made such a bustle. These articles produced

others, but none of them had a superabundance of wit or humor, though some of them discovered a spice of ill-nature in the writers. The following verses, — which have been frequently published, — appear in the Journal of March 16, 1774, as original : —

**A PROPER SUBJECT OF MEDITATION TO SMOKERS OF TOBACCO.**

*In Two Parts.*

**FIRST.**

This Indian weed, now withered quite,  
 Though green at noon, cut down at night,  
     Shows thy decay :  
     All flesh is hay :  
 Thus think and smoke Tobacco.  
 The Pipe, so lily like and weak,  
 Does thus thy mortal state bespeak ;  
     Thou 'rt even such,  
     Gone with a touch ;  
 Thus think and smoke Tobacco.  
 And when the smoke ascends on high,  
 Then thou behold'st the vanity  
     Of worldly stuff  
     Gone with a puff ;  
 Thus think and smoke Tobacco.  
 And when the Pipe grows foul within  
 Think on thy soul, defiled with sin ;  
     For then the fire  
     It does require ;  
 Thus think and smoke Tobacco.

**PART II.**

Was this small plant for thee cut down ;  
 So was the Plant of great renown,  
     Which Mercy sends  
     For nobler ends :  
 Thus think and smoke Tobacco.  
 Doth juice medicinal proceed  
 From such a naughty foreign weed ?  
     Then what 's the power  
     Of Jesse's flower ?  
 Thus think and smoke Tobacco.



The promise, like the Pipe, inlays,  
 And, by the mouth of faith, conveys  
     What virtue flows  
     From Sharon's Rose :  
 Thus think and smoke Tobacco.  
 In vain the enlightened Pipe you blow ;  
 Your pains in outward means are so :  
     Till heavenly fire  
     Your heart inspire :  
 Thus think and smoke Tobacco.  
 The smoke, like burning incense towers :  
 So should a praying heart of yours,  
     With ardent cries,  
     Surmount the skies :  
 Thus think and smoke Tobacco.

The communication, that follows, is an exponent of opinions that were prevalent a century ago in New-England. Some parts of the censure may pass for sound doctrine at this time, or at all times ; but there are some among us, who will hardly subscribe to the whole of it, — especially those who repudiate the writer's notion, that " submission to the male sex is an indispensable part of the female character " : —

**MESSERS. PRINTERS,**

There are several vices, to which the female world are, (I wish I could not with justice say) generally prone ; if you will let them know what they are, you will oblige, &c.

1. *Vanity*. This vice is, if possible, more absurd in woman kind than in the other sex. Men have bodily strength, authority, learning, and such like pretences for puffing themselves up with pride. But woman's only peculiar boast is beauty. For virtue and good sense are never the subjects of vanity. There is no endowment of less consequence than elegance of form and outside. A mass of flesh and blood, humors and impurities, covered over with a well colored skin, is the definition of beauty. Whether is this more properly a matter of vanity or mortification ? Were it incomparably more excellent than it is, nothing can be more absurd than to be proud of what one has no manner of hand in getting, but is wholly the gift of Heaven. A woman

may as well be proud of the lilies of the field, or the tulips of the garden, as her own face; they are both the work of the same hand—equally out of human power to give or to preserve; equally trifling and despicable, when compared with what is substantially excellent; equally frail and perishing.

2. *Affectation* is a vice, capable of disgracing beauty, worse than pimples or the small pox. I have often seen ladies in assemblies and public places, of the most exquisite forms, render themselves, by affectation and visible conceit, too odious to be looked at without disgust, who, by a modest and truly female behavior, might have commanded the admiration of every eye. But I shall say less upon this head, in consideration that it is (generally speaking) to our sex that female affectation is to be charged. A woman cannot, indeed, become completely foolish or vicious without our assistance.

3. *Talkativeness*. This, in either sex, is generally a proof of vanity or folly; but is in woman kind, especially in company with men, and, above all, with men of understanding and learning, wholly out of character, and particularly disagreeable to people of sense. If we appeal either to reason, scripture, or universal consent, we shall find a degree of submission to the male sex, to be an indispensable part of the female character: And, to set up for an equality with the sex, to which nature has given the advantage, and formed for authority and action, is opposing Nature, — which is never done innocently.

4. *Dress*. Too great delight in dress and finery, by the expense of time and money, which they occasion in some instances, to a degree beyond all bounds of decency and common sense, tends naturally to sink a woman to the lowest pitch of contempt, amongst all those of either sex, who have capacity enough to put two thoughts together. A creature, who spends its whole time in dressing, prating, gaming, and gadding, is a being, — originally indeed of the rational make, but who has sunk itself beneath its rank, and is to be considered at present, as nearly on a level with the monkey species.

If this should have the desired effect, you may possibly, in some future paper, hear more from

A FRIEND TO THE PUBLIC.

*Newbury-Port, April 4, 1774.*

Whether this lecture had the “desired effect” or not, is not to be ascertained from the very imperfect file of the Journal.

While Tinges was connected with this paper, it was well conducted, and was the channel, through which

some able writers communicated with the public. After it fell into the hands of Mycall, the writers, who had aided the former editor, seemed to abandon it altogether. The files in my possession, are very imperfect ; and it is rare to meet with an editorial paragraph of any merit, or a communication worthy of notice.

Of those, who were connected with the Journal as editors, little is known. THOMAS TINGES was a printer, and served his apprenticeship, in part, with Fleming, and the rest with Thomas. He was a native of Boston. From Newburyport, he went to Baltimore, and thence to sea ; but it is not known that he ever returned.

EZRA LUNT was a native of Newburyport, and was the proprietor of a line of stages, when he became a partner with Tinges. He knew nothing, previously, of the printing business, and probably acquired no knowledge of it during the short time he was connected with the Journal. During the Revolutionary war, he entered the army, and afterward removed to Ohio.

JOHN MYCALL was not educated as a printer. He was an Englishman by birth, and kept a school in Newburyport before he purchased the Journal. He published the paper about twenty years ; afterwards purchased and resided on a farm in the county of Worcester. From thence he removed to Cambridge, where he died about the year 1826.

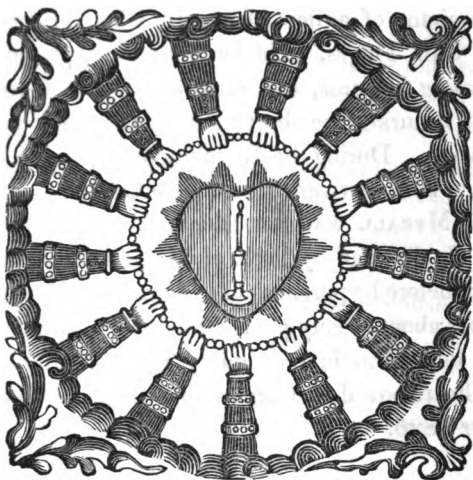
# THE INDEPENDENT LEDGER

AND

## AMERICAN ADVERTISER.

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ON Monday, June 15, 1778, Draper & Folsom laid before the public the first number of a paper with this title, in the centre of which was this device : —



Under the device was the motto, "All hands with one inflamed and enlightened Heart."

It was proposed to continue the publication on Mondays, in accordance with the wishes of "many gentle-

men," there being two on Thursday. In a very respectful and modest address the publishers said,—“We mean not to raise and deceive the expectations of the public, by pompous pretensions; but we dare to promise that we will spare no pains or cost to procure the freshest advices from Europe and all parts of America, which we will deliver to the public in a faithful manner and clear arrangement; doing every thing in our power to render this paper both useful and entertaining. . . . We are young beginners, and hope for the candor and countenance of the community,” &c. &c.

As might be supposed, from the device and motto at the head of the paper, the publishers were pure Whigs. There is very little of their own composition in their columns, but what there is, indicates their entire devotion to the independence of the Colonies. Their selections were made from the best sources, and many of the original communications, are productions worthy of the times, and of the character, which the publishers professed to maintain.

In one of the early numbers of the Ledger, the annexed article appears as a communication:—

MESSRS. DRAPER & FOLSOM,

I am no great writer or talker, but have an opportunity of seeing much, and now and then give out a watchword for the safety of my neighbors. Formerly, the first military word given to the soldiers at their exercise, was, *Take Heed!* afterwards, it was changed to *Have a Care!* now, it is, *Attention!* I see no difference in the sense, but, not to be out of the fashion, I will take the last.

ATTENTION! my fellow-citizens,—to your *rulers* of every order; for, if you do not attend to *them*, they will attend to *themselves*, and not to *you*. No free people ever long preserved their liberty and happiness, without watching those, who held the reins of government.

ATTENTION!—to the men, that handle public money, either for civil or military service; for the gridiron, over which it is told, often enriches

individuals to the impoverishment and ruin of the community. Many think, perhaps, that paper money is not so apt to slip through as dollars were; but they are mistaken; some men can *double* their money, and slide it through a chink where a dollar would not enter.

ATTENTION!—to the form of government you may adopt; for, if you do not *look* to that, posterity will *look* back upon you with curses, and all the world will *look* upon you as a pack of fools, who have thrown away the fairest opportunity, which any people ever had to secure their own liberty and happiness. Look then, that rotation in office be not left out of your constitution.\* It was *designedly* omitted in that, lately proposed, though wisely adopted by Congress, and almost all the other states. A few men, continued in the most important places, for a succession of years, may so extend their connections and influence, as to become *really*, though not *openly*, masters of the State.

ATTENTION!—to the *accumulation* of offices on one man. Nothing is more unreasonable in itself, nothing more contrary to the genius of a free government, than that one, equally well qualified, should have no public employment, while others have more than they can *properly* attend to. In the last case, they, who *confer* them, want *wisdom*; they, who *accept* them, want *modesty*.

ATTENTION!—to the *army of your enemies* in every quarter; for, be assured, whether you watch *them* or not, they watch *you*, and would be glad, in some place or other, to catch you *napping*.

ATTENTION!—to your *own army*, that it be well filled up; well fed, well clothed, well paid; and then, that the capable, the active, the brave, be at least *well honored*; and the incapable, negligent, and cowardly, be *well despised*. But watch, with all your eyes, that, in no place, and upon no occasion, the *military* encroach upon the *civil* power.

ATTENTION!—to your *naval affairs*, and in what manner *they* are conducted, from the highest to the lowest department. Observe with what expedition your ships are fitted out; when they sail; with what capacity their commanders and officers behave; what service they perform in proportion to their force; and what public rewards and punishments are dispensed according to their different behavior. Let those be extolled even to the *stars*, who support the honor of your flag, your new constellation, the thirteen stars; and those, who stain it, be overwhelmed with confusion, and sink into darkness.

ATTENTION!—to your *commissaries of prisoners*, that they treat the unfortunate men under their care with all the humanity and indulgence,

\* This was written while the Constitution of the Commonwealth was under consideration.

consistent with the public safety, and *no more*; that the prisoners, we have, be faithfully exchanged for the redemption of our brethren; that no *clandestine trade* with our enemies be carried on in our flags, &c. and nothing done, that may wear the least appearance of a *secret bargain*, between a British officer, tory merchant, or mercenary Whig, and an American commissary.

ATTENTION!—to British commissaries, British insinuations, and British arts; and take care that their *gold* be not more fatal to you than their *lead*. The *last* has slain its thousands, the *first* may purchase chains for millions. Observe where it is like to go; mark its effects in every order; and let the sovereign remedy be ever kept, a wakeful attention in the *body of the people*. No people, in their senses, would refuse a good peace; but, take care, that, in the shape of peace, you do not embrace the most miserable bondage, and without a remedy.

ATTENTION!—to the freedom of the Press. Some people, who have talked for it, who have wrote for it, may, upon a change of situation, be ready to wince at it. This shows the constant necessity for it. Never let the Press be over-awed, either by public or private persons. Only let truth and decency be preserved, and then, my Countrymen, speak freely, write freely, of *all* men and of *all* measures. If you attend to this, and some other things I have hinted at, you will secure *all*, that is worth your *Attention*.

BOB CENTINEL.

The latest number of this paper, which I have seen is dated December 29, 1783. Whether it was continued to a later period I have not been able to ascertain. No notice is given in that paper of any proposed discontinuance. A few weeks before that date, the name of Draper is dropped from the imprint, and the remaining numbers appear in the name of John W. Folsom, only.

Folsom had a printing-office and bookstore in Union-street. The building was burned, and most of his property destroyed in 1797. He was the first Secretary of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, and some time Secretary of the Board of Health in Boston.

# THE CONTINENTAL JOURNAL

AND

## WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

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**THE** partnership of Edes & Gill having been dissolved and the Boston Gazette remaining the property of Edes, Gill began the publication of a new paper, on the 30th of May, 1776, under the title of the Continental Journal and Weekly Advertiser. In a brief and modest address to the public, he said he had complied with the solicitation of his friends, in proposing to furnish the public with a newspaper of intelligence every Thursday, provided it should meet with their approbation and encouragement. He chose "to omit all pompous representations and promises respecting his intended publication, and only engaged his utmost fidelity in collecting and printing the newest and best accounts of things that could be obtained, and gratefully to accept and insert any original pieces that are decent and worthy the public notice." The motto of the paper was "☞ The entire prosperity of every state depends upon the discipline of its armies. *King of Prussia.*"

In the way of news, the Journal was well conducted. All important state papers, whether emanating from the Continental Congress, or from state conventions and



legislatures, were promptly laid before the public. There is very little in the files of the Journal, that appears to have been written by the editor. There are numerous original communications, such as the public affairs naturally called forth. Useful and judicious selections from English papers and books were often inserted. The whole of Robertson's History of America was published during the years 1784 and 1785. Gill was a sound Whig, but, it was said, he did not possess the political tact and energy, that characterized his former partner, Edes, and which had raised the reputation of the Boston Gazette. He was industrious, constantly in the printing-office working at the case or press, as occasions might demand.

JOHN GILL was born in Charlestown, served a regular apprenticeship in Boston with Samuel Kneeland, and married one of Kneeland's daughters. He was a brother of Moses Gill, — who, after the Revolution, was several years Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts. When Edes removed to Watertown, during the siege, — as has been related, — Gill remained in Boston, but “did no business, and thought it prudent to confine himself to his own house. He had, fortunately, acquired a competency for the support of his family under that trial.” He continued the publication of the Continental Journal till some time in the year 1785, when he sold the right of it to J. D. Griffith. He died on the 25th of August, 1785. The Journal which announced his death, says, — “Capt. John Gill, for disseminating principles destructive of tyranny, suffered during the siege of this town, in 1775, what many other printers were threatened with, *a cruel imprisonment*. He, however, was so

fortunate as to survive the conflict ; but had the mortification, lately, of seeing the press ready to be shackled by a *stamp act*, fabricated in his native state ; he, therefore resigned his business, not choosing to submit to a measure, which Britain artfully adopted as the foundation of her intended tyranny in America." \*

In one of the early numbers of the Journal is a Song, called "The Soldier's Sentimental Toast," a few stanzas of which are annexed. From the date, it may be inferred that the Song was taken from a New-York paper : —

Come, ye valiant Sons of Thunder,  
Crush to death your haughty foes ;  
Burst their slavish bands asunder,  
Till no Tory dare oppose.

Haughty tyrants fain would rule us,  
With an absolute control ;  
But they never thus shall fool us,  
Cries the brave, the martial soul.

'Tis for right we are contending, —  
Children, sweethearts, wives, and friends ;  
And our holy faith defending  
From delusion, which impends.

\* \* \* \*

O the happy scene before us !  
Happy, who in battle dies !  
See his spirit rise victorious, —  
Angels guard it through the skies.

\* See Thomas's History of Printing, vol. i. 345. The only file of the Continental Journal, that I have seen, is in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society. It is complete to the end of the year 1784, and contains no number later than that date. Whether the "cruel imprisonment," mentioned in the extract from the Journal means any thing more than what is stated by Mr. Thomas, that Gill "thought it prudent to confine himself to his own house," I am not able to ascertain.

Happy, living, — happy, dying —  
 If we live, our rights we gain;  
 If we die, our souls, when flying,  
 Fly from slavery, grief, and pain.

Shall we then behave like dastards?  
 Shall we yield in such a cause?  
 To be duped by tyrants' bastards?  
 No, — forbid it, Nature's laws.

No, my boys, we 'll act like heroes,  
 Order, right, and truth maintain,  
 And convince these modern Neroes  
 That we 'll fight, nor fight in vain.

So we shall regain our freedom,  
 And, in freedom, freely live;  
 Grant our alms to those, who need 'em, —  
 What is right we 'll freely give.

To conclude — Let 's fill our glasses, —  
 Drink a health to soldiers brave;  
 Leave to chains those impious asses,  
 Who their country would enslave.

Health to every valiant soldier;  
 Health to those, who lead their bands;  
 May their boldness, waxing bolder,  
 Crush their foes beneath their hands.

*New-York, May 21, 1776.*

A Poem, written by Thomas Dawes, on the death of James Otis, who was killed by lightning, at Andover, in 1783, was originally published in the *Continental Journal*. The following are the opening and concluding lines of this Poem: —

When flushed with conquest and elate with pride,  
 Britannia's monarch Heaven's high will defied,  
 And, bent on blood, by lust of rule inclined  
 With odious chains to vex the freeborn mind, —  
 On these young shores set up unjust command,  
 And spread the slaves of office round the land;

Then Otis rose, and, great in patriot fame,  
To listening crowds resistance dared proclaim.  
From soul to soul the bright idea ran,  
The fire of freedom flew from man to man ;  
His pen, like Sydney's, made the doctrine known,  
His tongue, like Tully's shook a tyrant's throne :  
Then men grew bold, and, in the public eye,  
The right divine of monarchs dared to try ;  
Light shone on all, despotic darkness fled,  
And, for a *sentiment*,\* a nation bled.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hark ! the deep thunders echo round the skies !  
On wings of flame the eternal errand flies ;  
One chosen *charitable* bolt is sped,  
And Otis mingles with the glorious dead.

\* " No taxation without representation."

# THE CONNECTICUT JOURNAL,

AND

## NEW-HAVEN POST-BOY.

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THE first number of this paper was published in October, 1767, by Thomas and Samuel Green, and was continued by them till February, 1799. They were grandsons of the first Timothy Green of New-London, and were born in that place. In 1775, the second title of the paper was dropped. Samuel Green died in 1799, and the publication was continued by Thomas Green and Son, till 1809, when it passed into the possession of other proprietors. It had previously undergone many changes in size and typography; and since that period has changed owners, I believe, more than once, and, in size and mechanical execution, has corresponded with the improvements that have taken place in cotemporary journals.

A few numbers of this paper are in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The earliest is No. 17, dated February 12, 1768: and the latest is No. 806, April 10, 1783. Some of these fugitives are sheets smaller than common letter-paper; others are respectable demy. That it was not a source of great wealth to the proprietors, previous to the Revolution, may be con-

cluded from a Notice, in the paper of April 12, 1773, which says, — “The Printers are sorry, they can with truth inform the public, that they have not, for this year past, received from all the customers for this Journal, so much money as they have expended for the blank paper, on which it has been printed; and that they shall be under the necessity of reducing it to its original size and price, unless subscribers for it are more punctual in their payments. The next week’s paper, (No. 286,) completes one year since its enlargement, and to which time all those, who are indebted, (whose accounts are of more than one year’s standing) are earnestly requested to make immediate payment to the PRINTERS.”

From the small number of the papers to which I have had access, copious extracts, as specimens of the talent of its editor and contributors, cannot be expected. The editors were Whigs, and the original political matter is strongly impregnated with whig principle. The annexed Song is apparently original : —

#### THE EARLY RISER.

The man, who, at day-breaking, breaks off his rest,  
And, in spite of its softness, leaps out of his nest,  
Still finds to his comfort, in all sorts of weather,  
His head clear as crystal, his heart light as feather,  
Derry down, &c.

If the clouds be dispersed, and th’ horizon show fair,  
With what pleasure abroad he breathes the fresh air !  
But if rainy or dull, how sincere his enjoyment  
In following, at home, his lawful employment !

When breakfast time comes, you may see him at board,  
Regaling on whate’er his house will afford;  
For nought to his stomach goes ever amiss,  
Be it roast, baked, or boiled, or fowl, flesh, or fish.

With choicest of all earthly blessings abounding,  
A soundness of body, a mind that is sound in,  
Through life's shifting scenes, whether serious or gay,  
His part of the drama he with spirit can play.

No sickness comes near him, nor vapor, nor spleen,  
With nights all refreshing, with days all serene,  
His years roll along as a still summer wave,  
Till, like well-ripened fruit, he drops into the grave.

## THE NEW-LONDON GAZETTE.

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THIS was the second paper printed in New-London, and was first issued in November, 1763. The printer was Timothy Green, the third printer of that name in that place. It was a sheet of the foolscap size, four pages, folio. At first it had a cut of the king's arms at the head; but this was banished in December, 1773, and the title was altered to Connecticut Gazette. Thirty years after its first appearance, the paper was enlarged to a royal sheet; and about the same time, its original proprietor resigned it to the hands of his son, Samuel Green, in whose possession it remained for many years.

My earliest recollections of newspapers are those of the Connecticut Gazette. It was in that paper that I first saw the picture of a ship, and that was one which stood at the head of *Allen's Marine List*. There I read the debates on the Federal Constitution, the accounts of Shays's Rebellion, the beginning of the French Revolution, and the beheading of Louis XVI. But that, which made the strongest and ineffaceable impression, was the trial of Warren Hastings, and the narration of the atrocities he perpetrated in India. The remonstrance of the wife of Almas Ali Cawn, addressed to that robber and murderer, had a most powerful effect on my imagination, and a term of more than sixty years is not sufficient to wear it out.



Some good writers appear to have aided in conducting the Gazette, during the years that preceded the passage of the Stamp Act, and the progress of the Revolution. One of their communications here follows, published in 1765 : —

. . . . *Quid non Mortalia Pectora cogis*  
*Auri sacra Fames.* VIRGIL.

Since the late Impositions on the American Colonies by the Parliament of Great-Britain, our Papers have been filled with woeful Exclamations against Slavery and arbitrary power. One would have thought, by this mighty outcry, that all America, to a Man, had a noble Sense of Freedom, and would risque their Lives and Fortunes in the Defence of it. Had this been really the Spirit of the Colonies, they would have deserved Commiseration and Relief.

Nothing can fill a generous Breast with greater Indignation than to see a free, brave, and virtuous People unjustly sunk and debased by Tyranny and Oppression. But who can pity the heartless Wretches whose only Fortitude is in the Tongue and Pen? If we may judge of the whole by those who have been already tampered with, the Colonies are now ripe for Slavery and incapable of freedom.

Have three hundred Pounds a Year, or even a more trifling Consideration, been found sufficient to debauch from their Interest those who have been intrusted with the most important Concerns by the Colonies? If so, O Britain! heap on your Burthens without Fear of Disturbance. We shall bear your Yoke as tamely as the overloaded Ass. If we bray with the Pain, we shall not have the Heart to throw off the Load, or spurn the Rider. Have many already become the Tools of your Oppression? and are Numbers now cringing to become the Tools of those Tools, to slay their wretched Brethren? 'Tis impossible! But alas! if so, who could have thought it! . . . . Those who lately set themselves up for Patriots and boasted a generous Love for their Country, are they now suing (O Disgrace to humanity!) are THEY now creeping after the Profits of collecting the Unrighteous *American Stamp Duty*? If THIS is credible, what may we not believe? Where are the Mercenary Publicans who delight in Nothing so much as the dearest Blood of their Country? Will the Cries of your despairing, dying Brethren be Music pleasing to your Ears? If so, go on, bend the Knee to your Master Horseleach, and beg a share in the Pillage of your Country. — No, you'll say, *I don't delight in the Ruin of my Country, but, since 'tis decreed she must fall, who can blame me for taking a Part in the Plunder?* Tenderly said! why did you not

rather say,—*If my father must die, who can accuse me as defective in filial Duty, in becoming his Executioner, that so much of the Estate, at least, as goes to the Hangman, may be retained in the Family.*

Never pretend, whoever you are, that freely undertake to put in Execution a Law prejudicial to your Country, that you have the least Spark of Affection for her. Rather own you would gladly see her in Flames, if you might be allowed to pillage with Impunity.

*But had you not rather these Duties should be collected by your Brethren, than by Foreigners?* No! vile Miscreant! indeed we had not. The same rapacious and base Spirit which prompted you to undertake the ignominious Task, will urge you on to every cruel and oppressive Measure. You will serve to put us continually in Mind of our abject Condition. A Foreigner we could more cheerfully endure, because he might be supposed not to feel our Distresses; but for one of our *Fellow Slaves*, who equally shares in our Pains, to rise up and beg the Favour of inflicting them, is intolerable. The only Advantage that can be hoped for from this is, that it will rouse the most indolent of us to a Sense of our Slavery, and make us use our strongest Efforts to be free. Some, I hope there are, notwithstanding your base Defection, that feel the Patriotic Flame, glowing in their Bosoms, and would esteem it glorious to die for their country! From such as these you are to expect perpetual Opposition. These are Men whose Existence and Importance does not depend on Gold. When, therefore, you have pillaged from them their Estates, they will still live and blast your wicked Designs, by all *lawful* Means. You are to look for Nothing but the Hatred and Detestation of all the Good and Virtuous. And as you live on the Distresses, you will inherit the Curses of Widows and Orphans. The present Generation will treat you as the Authors of their Misery, and Posterity will pursue your Memory with the most terrible Imprecations.

CATO.

There is a small collection of stray numbers of the Connecticut Gazette in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, reaching from its beginning to 1783. They are all in one volume. They are chiefly filled with communications in favor of the freedom of the country from British misrule, — many of them original, and many from the Boston Gazette, and other whig journals. The editor appears to have taken great interest in all the patriotic proceedings in Massachusetts, and

to have felt much sympathy with the Bostonians during the Siege of their town by the British army. The Song annexed appeared as original in the Gazette of February 23, 1776. The sentiment is a sufficient apology for the defects in the poetry : —

Smile, Massachusetts, smile ;  
 Thy virtue still outbraves  
 The frowns of Britain's isle,  
 And rage of home-born slaves.  
 Thy free-born sons disdain their ease,  
 When purchased by their liberties.

Thy Genius, once the pride  
 Of Britain's ancient isle,  
 Brought o'er the raging tide,  
 By our forefather's toil ;  
 In spite of N—th's despotic power,  
 Shines glorious on this western shore.

In Hancock's generous mind  
 Awakes the noble strife,  
 Which so conspicuous shined  
 In gallant Sydney's life :  
 While in its cause the hero bled,  
 Immortal honors crowned his head.

Let zeal your breasts inspire ;  
 Let wisdom guide your plans ;  
 'Tis not your cause entire  
 On doubtful conflict hangs :  
 The fate of this vast continent,  
 And unborn millions share th' event.

To close the gloomy scenes  
 Of this alarming day,  
 A happy union reigns  
 Through wide America,  
 While awful Wisdom hourly waits  
 To adorn the councils of her states.

Brave Washington arrives,  
 Arrayed in warlike fame ; —  
 (While in his soul revives  
 Great Marlboro's martial flame ; )

To lead your conquering armies on  
To lasting glory and renown.

To aid the glorious cause  
Experienced Lee is come,  
Renowned in foreign wars,  
A patriot at home.

While valiant Putnam's warlike deeds  
Amongst the foe a terror spreads.

Let Britons proudly boast  
"That their two thousand slaves  
Can drive our numerous host  
And make us all their slaves."

While twice six thousand quake with fear,  
Nor dare without their lines appear.

Kind Heaven has deigned to own  
Our bold resistance just ;  
Since murderous G—e begun  
The bloody carnage first,  
Near ten to one has been their cost,  
For each American we 've lost.

Stand firm in your defence,  
Like Sons of Freedom fight :  
Your haughty foes convince  
That you 'll maintain your right.  
Defiance bid to tyrant's frown,  
And glory will your valor crown.

# THE HERALD OF FREEDOM, AND THE FEDERAL ADVERTISER.

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ON the fifteenth of September, 1788, EDMUND FREEMAN and LORING ANDREWS, issued a paper in Boston, with the title recited above. It was published twice a week, on Monday and Thursday. In the centre of the head was a cut, on which Justice, Wisdom, Liberty, and Fortitude were represented by four standing figures, each holding its appropriate emblem. The first number contains no exposition of the editor's principles, nor any notice of the intended mode of publication. The second number has a note of five or six lines, containing a request of "such of their patrons, as can make it convenient, to advance a quarter or half a year's pay ; — if they can do this, without detriment to themselves, they will confer a great obligation on the editors." The paper was well supplied with original communications, on morals and manners, religion and politics. It was the intention of the editors that it should be an impartial journal, and their intention seems to have been permanently adhered to. Political affairs were discussed with freedom, by their correspondents ; and so far as the private views of the editors are developed, there is no

indication of strong personal prejudices or affections in regard to candidates for political offices. The editorial paragraphs, — quite numerous, but always brief, — are more in the style of a scholar than those of most of the cotemporary papers.

In the political contest, which took place just before the annual election of Governor, in 1788, between the friends of Hancock and Bowdoin, the rival candidates, most of the writers for the Herald were in favor of Hancock. "Laco," a writer in the Centinel, who had attacked him with some acrimony of temper, was treated by them with little courtesy; and the editor of the Centinel came in for a share of their rebuke, for the indulgence he had shown to his correspondent. He and they were lampooned after this fashion: —

*To the Public, and All whom it may Concern.*

Whereas, WE, Laco & Company, alias, S—— H——, T—— P——, and J—— W——,\* have undertaken to vilify the character of Mr. H.; though, in the beginning, our materials consisted of a large number of lies, vulgar epithets, and abusive language, yet they are all expended; "WE," with all our ingenuity and invention, cannot find wherewith to proceed: — "We" hereby promise to reward any person or persons, who can supply us with any or all of them — the more infamous and notorious they are, the larger will be the gratuity — for further particulars, inquire of our trusty and well-beloved S—— H——, in Federal-street, where they will be thankfully received, or of the "uninfluenced" and impartial Editor of the Centinel, at the head of Black Sam's Alley.

LACO & Co.

Some of the articles in defence of Hancock, against the charges, and innuendoes of the correspondents of the Centinel, were written in a more dignified manner.

A series of essays appeared in this paper, under the

\* Stephen Higginson, Theophilus Parsons, and James Warren, were supposed to be the writers against Governor Hancock in the Centinel.

title of "How to make an Apple Pudding, being a curious, elaborate, and sublime Dissertation, never before published, by Yankee Doodle, Esq." The aim of the writer appears to have been to satirize some of the prevailing follies of the time; but the pungency of his satire has been lost with the knowledge of its subjects. In one of the early numbers are two or three letters, said to have been written by a young lady, who, not long before, had committed suicide, under circumstances, which produced intense agitation in the fashionable circles of Boston, and which laid the foundation of a novel entitled "The Power of Sympathy, or the Triumph of Nature." This "novel founded in truth," was no sooner announced as published, than an attempt was made to suppress it, by purchasing and destroying all the copies that could be found. Few, if any, are now in existence.

At the end of the first year, the name of Loring Andrews disappeared in the imprint of the Herald, and the publication was carried on by Edmund Freeman alone.

In February, 1790, the following article appeared in the Herald:—

*From a Correspondent.*

"While the curiosity of the public is excited by the professed reformation in the law practice,—while the enemies of the lawyers wait with anxious expectation the result,—it may not be improper to turn our attention to the character of the gentleman from whom the professed reformation originates. The tongue is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison; it cannot be tamed; it sets on fire the whole course of nature, and is "set on fire of hell." This saying of the Apostle James, is peculiarly applicable to this gentleman, the virulence of whose tongue none can escape, no, not even the dead. His malicious disposition is such, that he cannot pass in silence the memory of his deceased father, but treats his character with such abusive and scurrilous language, as

would strike even a savage with horror and amazement. A wife murdered by his cruelty, receives not a tear from his humanity; and even her friends, who are supposed to mourn her loss, are the subjects of his unnatural and inhuman reflections. A daughter, whose innocence and modest appearance, one would think, were sufficient to disarm a ruffian, and arrest from the most virulent tongue its stings, cannot escape his barbarity; but even in company, and before strangers, receives from her unnatural father such odious and shocking epithets, as would hardly be thought to proceed from the mouth of a madman. His turbulent temper knows no rest; troubles and tempests have attended him wherever he has resided; and indeed it is impossible in any place, which is so unfortunate as to have him for an inhabitant, to be at peace. Prejudice, upon which he has expatiated so largely, never appeared in a greater degree or more striking manner, than in this man. Prejudice against quietness and peace — prejudice against sobriety and temperance — prejudice against every one, who appears to differ from him in his opinion, who opposes his injudicious schemes, or who stands in the way of his importance; in short, prejudice against every body and every thing, that is good, and in favor of every thing that is bad. His prejudice is likewise very liable to change. While in Europe and St. Kitt's, we may, from his present conduct, fairly conclude, that his prejudice was very violent against *New-England*, and as violent in favor of Old-England, or rather *West-India*. Immediately upon his arrival in America, we find all his praise lavished upon the former, and nothing belonging to the latter escaped his virulence. His whole soul is so bound up in *New-England*, that he keeps it in *his head*, and at *his side*, by *night* and by *day*, and not a moment are his thoughts turned from it to the contemplation of other objects. Even on the *Lord's Day*, his God receives no part of his adoration, but the *spirit of New-England* rises so high as to remove the *centre of gravity*; and, as second cousin to the *Elect Lady*, the iniquities of his brethren and grievances of the people *stream* from his mouth, in *plentiful effusion*. This, my fellow-citizens, is the man, who proposed to alter the present method of Law Practice, and redress your grievances. Can you bring a clean thing out of an unclean? Can the fig-tree bear olive berries, or the vine figs? So neither can the same fountain send forth salt water and fresh. Whoso curseth his father, his lamp shall be put out in utter darkness!

I shall make no apology for this piece; the gentleman himself has told us, that a reverence for the dead ought not to tie the tongue, nor ought the pen of the historian; and certainly a reverence for the character of the living, who have rendered themselves infamous by their conduct, ought not to have this effect.



Very soon after the appearance of this article, John Gardiner, a representative in the Legislature, from the town of Pownalborough, entered a complaint against Freeman for the publication of a libel, and a warrant for his arrest was granted by Thomas Crafts, a justice of the peace. Gardiner, on his part, conducted the examination himself. Harrison G. Otis and R. G. Amory were counsel for Freeman. He was bound in a penalty of two hundred pounds, with two sureties in one hundred pounds each, for his appearance at the next term of the Supreme Court. Gardiner recognized in the sum of one hundred pounds, to appear and prosecute his complaint at the same court.

The trial came on in February, 1791. Gardiner asked leave of the court to assist the attorney-general in the management of the prosecution. The attorney-general, — James Sullivan, Esq. — said he thought the request a very improper one. He was, himself, the common medium of all prosecutions on the part of the government, and the present case was *the first of the kind*, which had happened in this country. It was an arduous and difficult task to draw the proper line between the *liberty* and the *licentiousness* of the press. It was a matter of vast importance, in which the government, as well as every class of citizens, was concerned. He was appointed by the government to conduct all causes, in which the commonwealth was concerned; and, as this was such a cause, he should not commit the management of it to Mr. Gardiner, or any other man. Gardiner still urged his request; but after consultation, the court determined to proceed in the usual manner, and directed the attorney-general to go on with the prosecution.

The fact of the publication by Freeman was proved by witnesses, who bought the paper. Two witnesses testified that they went to Freeman's office with Gardiner, who accosted the printer, in substance thus:—"How dared you, Sir, to assert in your paper of yesterday, that I had murdered the most excellent woman that ever lived?" That the printer replied,—"I do not know that I did any such thing." That Gardiner then read to the printer the supposed libel, particularly that part where it says, 'a wife murdered by his cruelty,' &c. and asked, "Pray Sir, what did you mean by *murdered by my cruelty*?" "I suppose," said the printer, "by your severe usage. It was brought to me by a person about twenty-five or twenty-six years of age,—whom I told, if I was called upon, I must look to, and through him trace up the author. I don't say he was the author." Gardiner then said he would trace up the author, if possible, and see the infamous villain in the pillory.

Two witnesses were examined for the defence. One of them testified, That Gardiner told Freeman, when he applied to him for one of his speeches, that "he had given Mr. Russell, the printer of the Centinel, the exclusive privilege of printing all his observations, references, &c. as delivered by him in the Legislature, upon the express condition that he should publish every thing that came from the *black birds*, however *smutty* it might be, against the *man* and the *measures*." Another testified, "That Gardiner told him, that he had engaged all his speeches and writings to the printer of the Centinel, upon condition that he published *every thing*, which might be brought against him."

This trial, — the first trial for a libel in the courts of Massachusetts, — was pretty fully reported in the Independent Chronicle, where the reader, who wishes to see the arguments of the attorney-general for the prosecution, and of Messrs. Otis and Amory for the defendant, together with the charge of the Chief Justice, may find them. The jury brought in a verdict, — NOT GUILTY.

About two months after this trial, Freeman took leave of the public, in a very brief acknowledgement for favors received, and stating that the right and title of the paper were transferred to John Howell, whom he recommended as worthy of support. Howell began his career with a suitable address, in which he said, — “The mean, through which the editor will seek the flattering reward of public approbation, will be — preserving inviolate the laws of decency and truth — exercising the fullest impartiality and most extensive candor — and sedulously gleanings, from the fruitful harvest of Politics and Commerce, the earliest, most interesting, and best authenticated intelligence.” In just three months, Howell published his intention of changing the name of his paper, in the following nonsensical and bombastical language : —

The Herald of Freedom, conscious that she is now but dust, and feeling her dissolution daily approaching, hereby declares, that she dies *literally* from a *typical* disease ; and though she must submit, in common with the element of which she is composed, to the general laws of mortality, yet for a few days she sleeps in hope of a joyful resurrection ; the fruition of which shall clothe her in the bright and stable rays of information, entertainment, and intelligence.

The trance of business, like that of life, though it may suspend awhile the operations of her activity, yet by opening a second morning to her being, will discover new objects of interest, pursuit, and ambition ; and, like the benighted traveler, who, having passed the rocks, waves, and precipices of life without a guide, will secure herself in the haven, where industry and attention can alone find rest.

The public are now respectfully informed, that *This Paper* will DIE TO-DAY, and that, on Friday next, like the Phoenix from her ashes, will arise the ARGUS, to view with his hundred eyes, the literary, political, commercial, and agricultural interests of this great western hemisphere. Thus, various as his attentions, will, we trust, be the faculties of his entertainment; and having already so liberally experienced the patronage of a discerning public, under another name, will in future be as sedulous in *his* endeavors of merit, as *they* have already been liberal in the bounties of bestowing it.

The paper, which contained this absurd attempt at *fine writing*, was, of course, the last number of the Herald of Freedom. A paper called the Argus, was afterwards published by Edward Eveleth Powars, but whether Howell was connected with it or not, does not appear from any of the numbers, which I have seen.

EDMUND FREEMAN, one of the first publishers of the Herald of Freedom, was a native of Sandwich, Mass. and was educated a printer. After he relinquished the publication of this paper he was connected with a magazine, and, I believe, with another newspaper, in Boston.

· LORING ANDREWS was a native of Hingham, Mass. and was also bred to the printing business. After he left Freeman, he published a paper at Stockbridge, in the county of Berkshire, called the Western Star. At one time he was editor of the Albany Centinel, and was printer to the state. Subsequently he went to Charleston, S. C. and there established the Charleston Courier. He died in that city, about the year 1807.

## THE HAMPSHIRE GAZETTE.

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By the advice and encouragement of a number of gentlemen of Hampshire county, William Butler set up a printing-office in Northampton, and issued the first number of the Hampshire Gazette, on the sixth of September, 1786. It was while the insurgent Shays and his companions, Day, Parsons, and others, were doing their utmost to stop the operations of the courts of justice in Massachusetts. Conventions had been held at sundry places in the county, at which resolutions, expressing the supposed grievances of the people, had been adopted. A convention at Hatfield was composed of delegates from fifty towns. This convention issued a manifesto, in which seventeen distinct articles stated as many causes of dissatisfaction. A paper was printed at Springfield; but the county then stretched across the state from north to south, and intelligence, by means of the press, was not very rapidly communicated. To supply this deficiency, and to support the government against the insurrectionary plans of Shays and his associates, was the chief motive, that led to the establishment of the Hampshire Gazette. Among the writers, who immediately came forward in opposition to the insurgents, were the Rev. Joseph Lyman, of Hatfield, who wrote a series of articles, signed "An Old Republican," and

Caleb Strong, of Northampton. The venerable Major Hawley, then near the close of life, was also a contributor. These, with others less known, kept the Gazette, for some time, nearly filled with articles, the object of which was to allay popular excitement, by exposing the schemes of demagogues, and recommending more peaceful measures to procure the redress of grievances.

I am not able to identify the communications of Caleb Strong; but there are many essays in the Gazette, which for political wisdom, sound morals, and irrefutable argument, are worthy of his pen, and would not discredit his fame as a patriot, a statesman, a lawyer, or a Christian. Dr. Lyman wrote, as he always preached, with great plainness and simplicity, and often with eloquence. In one of his essays, he closes his argument against mobs, in the language, which follows, after quoting an appropriate passage of scripture concerning "the flying roll":—

Leaving this divine denunciation to the sober reflection of those military officers, who were active in the late tumult, let me observe, that *mobs* never did any good to the cause which they intended to support. Their natural operation is to make the hand of power more weighty and severe; when continued, they produce perplexities and animosities among friends and brethren; they raise sad contentions; they frequently issue in bloodshed, and murder, and executions. When most successful, the page of history tells us, that popular insurrections, after lamentable devastation, end in the utter subversion of the people's liberties, and the bloody tyranny of one man,—an event, by which the whole community is rendered certainly and irretrievably wretched. But, resting upon the divine compassion, we presage more joyful events for a people, although ungrateful, whom he can so easily fit for his astonishing goodness. Tokens for good do even now daily arise. The people begin to be sensible of their privileges and happy security under the government. I see the honest, the brave, the stable yeomanry of this ancient and large county, who from their love of rest, have too easily been lulled asleep in perilous times,—I see them rub open their eyelids

to discover their imminent danger. In detestation of violent measures, I hear them say, This government, so unreasonably attacked, is **OUR** government. We will have neither king nor tyrant. I see them smite their hands upon their thighs and say, By the grace of Heaven, our government, bought for our children with our blood, shall be protected from the dishonest artifices of fraud, and the violence of fell ambition.

With them, under an indulgent Heaven, the issue rests,—whether we shall be virtuous, free and happy; or whether, driven into tyranny by the storms of anarchy and confusion, we fall, degraded and vile, slavish and enslaved;—whether we shall reign kings in our own government, or like Issachar, be as the strong ass, crouching down between two burdens. To those, who have been seduced from their duty and happiness, I give this friendly and faithful caution, which I wish them timely to remember,—**THAT WHILE JUSTICE HAS LEADEN FEET, SHE HAS IRON HANDS.**

The Gazette was not entirely devoted to the suppression of complaint and insurrection. Essays on morals and religion occasionally appeared, and, some times, an original piece of wit and humor diversified its sober countenance. Of the latter description is the following, which might stand by the side of Peter Pindar's best stories, without unfavorable comparison:—

#### THE PARSON AND WIDOW.

A worthy, pious clergyman of late,  
Who ranked it with his gospel labors  
To guard his flock, and visit oft his neighbors;—  
(A practice now grown something out of date;)

Good faithful man, with unremitting zeal,  
From house to house would daily go;  
Eager his Master's duty to fulfill,  
And curious his parishioners to know.

Full oft the cot of wretchedness he sought,  
Where death or pale disease had brought distress,  
With many a balmy consolation fraught,  
To cheer the widow and the fatherless.

Abroad, o'er mug of cider or his pipe,  
Would he inculcate lessons moral;

From misery's cheek the tear of anguish wipe,  
Decide a cause, or terminate a quarrel.

One day, on his important charge intent,  
His mind to unburthen and his maw to feast,  
To a poor widow's house the Parson went,  
Whose spouse had recently deceased.

John to a small estate was rightful heir,  
But lived an idle, dissipated life;  
Would fight, get drunk, and rave, and swear,  
Abuse his family and maul his wife;  
Indulged his vices, till his all was spent,  
Got drunk, and died a vile impenitent.

Down sat his reverence and began his theme—  
“Afflictions, woman, spring not from the dust;  
Our life 's a vapor—'tis an airy dream;  
Death is the lot of all, but God is just.

“Your husband 's gone, alas! we know not where;  
The yawning grave doth every man await;  
Pray, can you tell me, did he not despair?  
Was he concerned about his *future state*?”

“*Future estate!*” exclaimed poor Joan,  
With squeaking tone;  
Then wiped her eyes and sighed;  
“*Future estate! why, ducky man, he 'd none,  
He spent it long enough before he died!*”

**WILLIAM BUTLER**, the original proprietor and editor of the Hampshire Gazette, was a man of correct principles and habits, an unwavering supporter of order, liberty and law. He was one of the most industrious of men. All his available means he used to extend his business, and carried on book-printing and book-binding as well as a newspaper. He also erected a paper-mill, where he manufactured paper for his own accommodation, and more than he used at his own press. Soon after the close of the war of 1812, he sold the Gazette; and, being much afflicted with chronic rheumatism, retired



from active business, with a decent competency, but without the affluence, which thousands enjoy, who never practised a tithe of economy and industry like his.

The Gazette has passed through the hands of several persons, and is now in possession of William A. Hawley. It is the oldest paper in Massachusetts, except the Massachusetts Spy.

## EXETER FEDERAL MISCELLANY.

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IN the latter part of the year 1798, a paper bearing this title was published at Exeter, N. H. by Henry Ranlet. I have only two numbers of it, and am uninformed as to the length of its existence. It was printed on a royal sheet, and, though the two numbers contain nothing that give any indications of original talent in the editorial department, the selections of political articles are sufficient to justify the propriety of the title. The paper of February 13, 1799, has the Song hereto annexed, which it is stated, editorially, "was composed by an undergraduate of Dartmouth College. Notwithstanding some little deficiencies in point of language, it discovers enough of poetic, as well as patriotic, fire, to entitle it to publication": —

### THE TIMES.

Beneath the soft shade of the clustering vine,  
With the branch of the olive, — of virtue the wages,  
Where laurels with roses and myrtle entwine,  
Columbians have flourished, — the choicest of ages:  
Round Liberty's throne,  
Her heroes have grown,  
And to the wide universe ever have shown,  
*That ne'er to a tyrant shall patriots fall,*  
*While Phæbus his chariot impels round the ball.*

Dark glooms the grim tempest of havoc and war,  
The thunder of tyranny shakes the wide ocean;

War waves the red flag of fell carnage from far ;  
But freemen, undaunted, behold the commotion :  
Each, firm to his post,  
To resist the mad host,  
Resolve all assailants to drive from the coast :  
*To the shrine of no tyrant, &c.*

The spirit of Liberty flashes around,  
Brave heroes assemble, while danger approaches ;  
Of trumpet and drum boldly march to the sound,  
To meet the proud foe, whose ambition encroaches :  
Determined to stand,  
And shield their blest land,  
Or leave their dead bodies to bleach on the strand ;  
*To the shrine of no tyrant, &c.*

Proud Gallia may boast the extent of her sway,  
Show cities in ashes and kingdoms subjected ;  
Point to Holland enfranchised, make Venice obey,  
Boast of kingdoms and empires, when plundered, protected :  
Of their fate we 'll beware ;  
Our rights we 'll declare,  
And unitedly look up to heaven, and swear,  
*That ne'er to a tyrant, &c.*

When the gauntlet of power was by tyranny thrown,  
When Slavery threatened, and Freedom lay bleeding,  
Americans made the fair jewel their own,  
To hand it, unblemished, to ages succeeding.  
Proud Britain, in vain,  
Had bridged o'er the main,  
Intending to rivet harsh Slavery's chain.  
*To the shrine of no tyrant, &c.*

How vain the attempt of the minions of pride,  
With the engines of death, to appall our firm nation !  
Not all Europe's cohorts, to Britain allied,  
Could have driven Americans from their fixed station.  
Like a mount, to the flood,  
Great Washington stood,  
And rolled back the foe in a torrent of blood.  
*To the shrine of no tyrant, &c.*

Again, when the clarion of War spreads alarm,  
From the venerable Mount comes the Patriot hoary,

To shield Freedom's altars and temples from harm,  
And raise them, sublime, to the summit of glory.  
Though silvered with age,  
When Jacobins rage,  
He comes, like a tempest, their force to engage :  
*To the shrine of no tyrant, &c.*

Midst Faction enkindled, just bursting to flame,  
See ADAMS, like Atlas, our glory supporting ;  
While the foes of our freedom, encrimsoned with shame,  
Scarce own the mad rabble, whose smiles they've been courting :  
Then, ADAMS our guide,  
In him we 'll confide,  
And safe o'er the whirlpools of Faction we 'll ride :  
*And ne'er to the shrine of a tyrant will fall*  
*While Phæbus his chariot impels round the ball.*

## APPENDIX TO VOL. I.

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### JAMES FRANKLIN'S IMPRISONMENT.

IN a note, page 68, it is said, "What Franklin was imprisoned for does not distinctly appear." Since that part of the volume was printed, the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT has furnished me with an explanation of this obscure point in the history of Franklin, which he obtained by consulting the manuscript records of the General Court, for the month of June 1722, and which is here abridged : —

In the Courant of June 11, 1722, there was an article, dated Newport, R. I. June 7, containing an account of the appearance of a pirate off Block Island, and of the prompt steps taken at Newport to send out two vessels to cruise against him. The article concludes with this remark : — "We are advised from Boston that the government of the Massachusetts are fitting out a ship to go after the pirates, to be commanded by Captain Peter Papillon, and *'tis thought he will sail sometime this month, wind and weather permitting.*" The insinuation of tardiness, in the conclusion of the pretended article from Rhode-Island, seems to have been taken as an affront to the government. On the 12th of June, the day succeeding the publication, the council had the Courant before them, and apprehending that a para-

graph therein, said to be written from Rhode-Island, contains matter of reflection on this government,

*“Ordered, That the publisher of said paper, be forthwith sent for to answer for the same, and accordingly James Franklyn, of Boston, printer, was sent for, examined, and owned that he had published the said paper.”*

The council, having had consideration of the paragraph relating to the fitting out of a ship to proceed against the pirates, “resolved that the said paragraph is a high affront to this government.” The sheriff of the county of Suffolk was forthwith ordered to commit, to the gaol in Boston, the body of Franklin, and the order was immediately executed.

The records of the General Court contain the following entry the next week : —

“In Council, 20th June, 1722, a petition of James Franklyn, printer, humbly shewing, that he is truly sensible and heartily sorry for the offence he has given to this court in the late Courant, relating to the fitting out of a ship by the government, and truly acknowledges his inadvertency and folly therein in affronting the government, as also his indiscretion and indecency when before the court, for all which he intreats the court’s forgiveness, and praying a discharge from the stone prison where he is confined by order of the court, and that he may have the liberty of the yard, he being much indisposed and suffering in his health by the said confinement; a certificate of Dr. Zabdiel Boylston being offered with the said petition.

“In the House of Representatives, read, and

*“Voted, that James Franklyn, now a prisoner in the stone gaol, may have the liberty of the prison house and yard, upon his giving security for his faithful abiding there.*

“In Council, read and concurred; consented to.

“SAMUEL SHUTE.”

It is rather singular that Mr. Thomas should have overlooked these documents in his examination of the colonial records. He has transferred to his History the following records, which may be interesting to the reader,

as an elucidation of this part of the History of the New-England Courant : —

“In Council July 5th, 1722.”

“Whereas in the Paper called the *New-England Courant* printed Weekly by James Franklin, many passages have been published boldly reflecting on His Majesty's Government and on the Administration of it in this Province, the Ministry, Churches and College; and it very often contains Paragraphs that tend to fill the Readers' minds with vanity to the Dishonor of God, and disservice of Good Men.

“Resolved, that no such Weekly Paper be hereafter Printed or Published without the same be first perused and allowed by the Secretary, as has been usual. And that the said Franklin give Security before the Justices of the Superior Court in the Sum of 100*l.* to be of the good Behaviour to the End of the next Fall Sessions of this Court. Sent down for Concurrence.”

“Read and Non-concurred.”

#### LETTERS FROM REV. S. PETERS.

Page 195.

The proceedings of the Provincial Congress published in the Boston Gazette, embrace some interesting papers, and among them are the following Letters, — which were read in the congress, — from the Rev. Samuel Peters, minister of an Episcopal Church at Hebron, Connecticut : —

Dear Mother,

Boston, September 28, 1774.

I am yet well, and doing business for my intended route; I hear that a mob was gathered for me the day after I left Hebron; what they have done, I cannot yet find out. As Jonathan will be obliged to attend at New Haven when the assembly sits, I desire him to let Mr. Jarvis, Andrews, Hubbard, &c. collect all facts touching mobs and insults offered the clergy of our church or her ministers, likewise to send me a copy of the clergy's petition to Governor Trumbull, and what he said in answer. If Jonathan is hurt, or my house hurt or damage done, let that be transmitted me within fourteen days, or after that send those accounts to the care of Mr. Rice Williams, a woollen-draper in London. I am in high spirits. I should be happy if my friends and relations at Hebron were provided for at these bad times, when things are growing worse. Six regiments are coming over from England and sundry men-of-war; so soon as they come, hanging work will go on,

and destruction will attend first the sea-port towns; the lintel sprinkled on the side-post will preserve the faithful. I wish Hannah to take some papers which she and I laid away, and bring them to me: she knows where they be; or burn them, if this letter appears to be opened before it is opened by you. Mr. Beebe and Mr. Daniel Jones, Mr. Warren and Griffith of Millington, must draw up a narrative of their sufferings, and such words as Col. Spencer, &c. have spoke by way of encouragement to mobs, and let Dr. Beebe send the same to me, to the care of Mr. Thomas Brown, merchant in Boston.

*To the Rev. Dr. Auchmuty of New-York.*

BOSTON, October 1, 1774.

Rev. Sir,

The riots and mobs, that have attended me and my house, set on by the G—— of Connecticut, have compelled me to take up my abode here; and the clergy of Connecticut must fall a sacrifice, with the several churches, very soon, to the rage of the Puritan mobility, if the old serpent, that dragon, is not bound. Yesterday I waited on his excellency the admiral, &c. Dr. Caner, Mr. Trothbeck, Dr. Byles, &c. I am soon to sail for England. I shall stand in need of your letters, and the letters of the clergy of New-York. Direct to Mr. Rice Williams, wool-len-draper in London, where I shall put up at. Judge Auchmuty will do all that is reasonable for their neighboring charter; necessity calls for such friendship, as the head is sick and heart faint, and spiritual iniquity rides in high places; halberts, pistols, and swords; see the proclamation I sent you by my nephew, on their pious Sabbath day, the 4th of last month, when the preachers and magistrates left their pulpits, &c. for the gun and drum, and set off for Boston, cursing the King and Lord North, General Gage, the bishops and their cursed curates, and the church of England; and for my telling the church people not to take up arms, &c. it being high treason, &c. The sons of liberty have almost killed one of my church, tarred and feathered two, abused others, and on the 6th day, destroyed my windows,—and rent my clothes, even my gown, &c. crying out, down with the church, the rags of popery, &c. Their rebellion is obvious, and treason is common; and robbery is their daily devotion. The bounds of New York may directly extend to Connecticut River, Boston meet them, and New-Hampshire take the province of Maine, Rhode-Island be swallowed up as Dathan. Pray lose no time, nor fear worse times than attend,

Rev. Sir, Your very humble servant,

To Dr. Auchmuty, New-York.

SAMUEL PETERS.

P. S. I wrote the clergy of Connecticut; the letters may be intercepted; pray acquaint Mr. Dibble, &c.



## BENJAMIN EDES.

Page 197.

The editors of the *Centinel* having been threatened with personal violence, in consequence of a publication concerning a club, called *Sans Souci*, Edes published the following remarks, which illustrate his boldness in defence of the liberty of the press, even when that liberty was invaded by an attack on a political opponent: —

☞ The attack made upon the printers of the *Centinel* on Saturday last, by a number of *well-known* persons, ought to excite the serious attention of all those, who duly regard the bulwark of our liberties, **THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS**. If a printer, for advertising that he intends to publish a certain book for the information, or merely the amusement or innocent diversion of his fellow-citizens, is to be beset and abused by a set of club-men, because the title-page does not happen to hit *their* taste, we may take a farewell of our independence, which we have gloriously obtained, not without great expense of our treasure, and the loss of some of our best blood. A wound in so tender a point must surely prove fatal! Should the government appoint licensers of the Press, it would give just cause of offence. What right, then, has any set of men to forbid the printing a book, till it has had *their* imprimatur, or to punish a printer with club-law, for advertising it? The institution of a society under the name of *Sans Souci*, or *Free and Easy*, has raised the apprehensions as well as curiosity of many men of sober sentiments in this community, and such a manner of defending it does not tend to diminish their apprehensions. But since this mode has been taken for its defence, it concerns the PUBLIC to inquire into its nature and design; — that, if it be innocent, it may have the common protection; but if it tends to promote GAMING, IDLENESS, and DISSIPATION, it may be, as it ought, discountenanced and suppressed.

## LEONARD WORCESTER.

See page 243.

As the name of Mr. Worcester does not appear in the *Spy*, after the year 1794, it is presumed that he then retired from the business of printing, and began a course of study preparatory to entering on the profession of a

clergyman. Where or with whom, he pursued his studies, I am not informed. He began preaching in the course of two or three years after dissolving his connection with Isaiah Thomas, and was ordained pastor of a church at Peacham, in Vermont, previous to the year 1799. A near relative of Mr. Worcester, has obligingly permitted me to copy a part of a letter from him to his father, written while he was an apprentice to Mr. Thomas, which beautifully illustrates his character as a pure-minded and most conscientious man. It will be perceived that his purpose of becoming a preacher of the gospel was formed several years before it became practicable to put it in execution. His remarks concerning the business, in which he was then laboring, will be interesting to printers, and must be acknowledged to be as applicable to the mode of carrying on the business now as they were in 1787.

*Worcester, September 18th, 1787.*

Honored Sir,

The many proofs which I have received of your affection for me, excites in my breast the warmest sentiments of gratitude. But when I shall be able to make any other compensation for your numerous favors, is known only to Him who reads the pages of futurity. But, it is my fervent prayer, that my conduct in life, and that of all those who have had the happiness to derive their existence from so kind a Parent, may ever be such, as in some measure to reward the assiduity with which you have labored to promote our happiness;—and while many other parents have the unhappiness of seeing their children sacrifice their interest, happiness, and even their lives in the pursuit of those pleasures which finally end in irretrievable ruin, may you have the solid satisfaction of seeing yours walking in the paths of virtue, and seeking a crown of immortal glory—that in the decline of life, you may reflect with pleasure on the prospect there may then be of each of your children's being useful members of society,—and when you shall be brought to the closing scene of this transitory existence, may the hopes of meeting your family in a future and happy world, enable you to meet with calmness and serenity the messenger of death, and welcome his approach.

For me to alter my course of life, and determine upon following any other occupation than the one I do at present, without laying the matter before you, and asking your advice, you might justly deem an ungrateful piece of conduct. I shall therefore, honored sir, lay my mind open to you with freedom, and ask your friendly advice. For me to follow the printing business any longer than necessity obliges me, there appears to be but little encouragement. You are sensible that the cost attending setting it up so as to follow it with any advantage to myself, or usefulness to others, must be very considerable. And it is a trade which, of all others, requires money to carry it on. Your circumstances are such, as to put it out of your power to afford me much assistance, nor can I reasonably expect it of you — journeymen's wages at this business are very low, and journeymen numerous, and daily increasing. Nor do I think that master printers are so favorable to them as in justice they ought to be, for they will sooner take apprentices to do their work, than employ journeymen — and if printers increase as fast for a few years to come as they do at present, they will not, many of them, procure a subsistence by their trade. Besides, there are printing-offices already established in almost every populous town in this part of the country. These, sir, are circumstances which I consider as very discouraging — and I doubt not but you will view them in the same light.

I suppose you will by this time be ready to inquire what other occupation will be more agreeable to my inclinations? I almost blush to mention it, even to the tenderest of parents. But you will pardon me, sir, when I inform you that I shall not presume to do any thing concerning this matter, without your consent. From my childhood my inclination has led me to desire that I might one day become a preacher of the gospel. These desires I have been obliged to suppress, because I knew you could not give me a liberal education. And I believe I should wholly have conquered them, if persons of my acquaintance had not repeatedly informed me that it was their expectation that this would be the case. What led them to form this opinion, I cannot tell. Sure I am that I gave them no intimations of any such thing in any of my conversations. It being frequently mentioned to me, awakened the desire that it should be so. And my brother Noah's informing me that it was his opinion that this would be the case, when I saw him last, has kindled these desires into a flame. And upon the whole, I want nothing but your approbation to determine upon it. If I gain that, I shall endeavor to improve myself in writing and arithmetic, so as to be able to take the charge of a school for some time after I have done living here, where I shall probably be able to pursue the necessary studies,

with greater assiduity than I can to continue at this business. I hope you will advise with caution, remembering that the future usefulness and happiness of your son depends in a great measure upon your decision. Perhaps you will think that if I now alter my course, I shall lose the time which I have spent in acquiring a superficial knowledge of this business. But unless you consider that I have had greater advantages of gaining knowledge here than I should have had in most other places, that objection will not need an answer. Possibly, if you should approve the design, I might persuade Mr. Thomas to give me up the bond for my last year, or a part of it at least. You will please to give me a plain and full answer, by the first opportunity. \* \* \*

I am your most dutiful son,

LEONARD WORCESTER.

NOAH WORCESTER, ESQ.

The writer of this admirable letter was connected with the church in Peacham, Vermont, more than fifty years. He died at a very advanced age, respected and regretted by all that knew him.

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